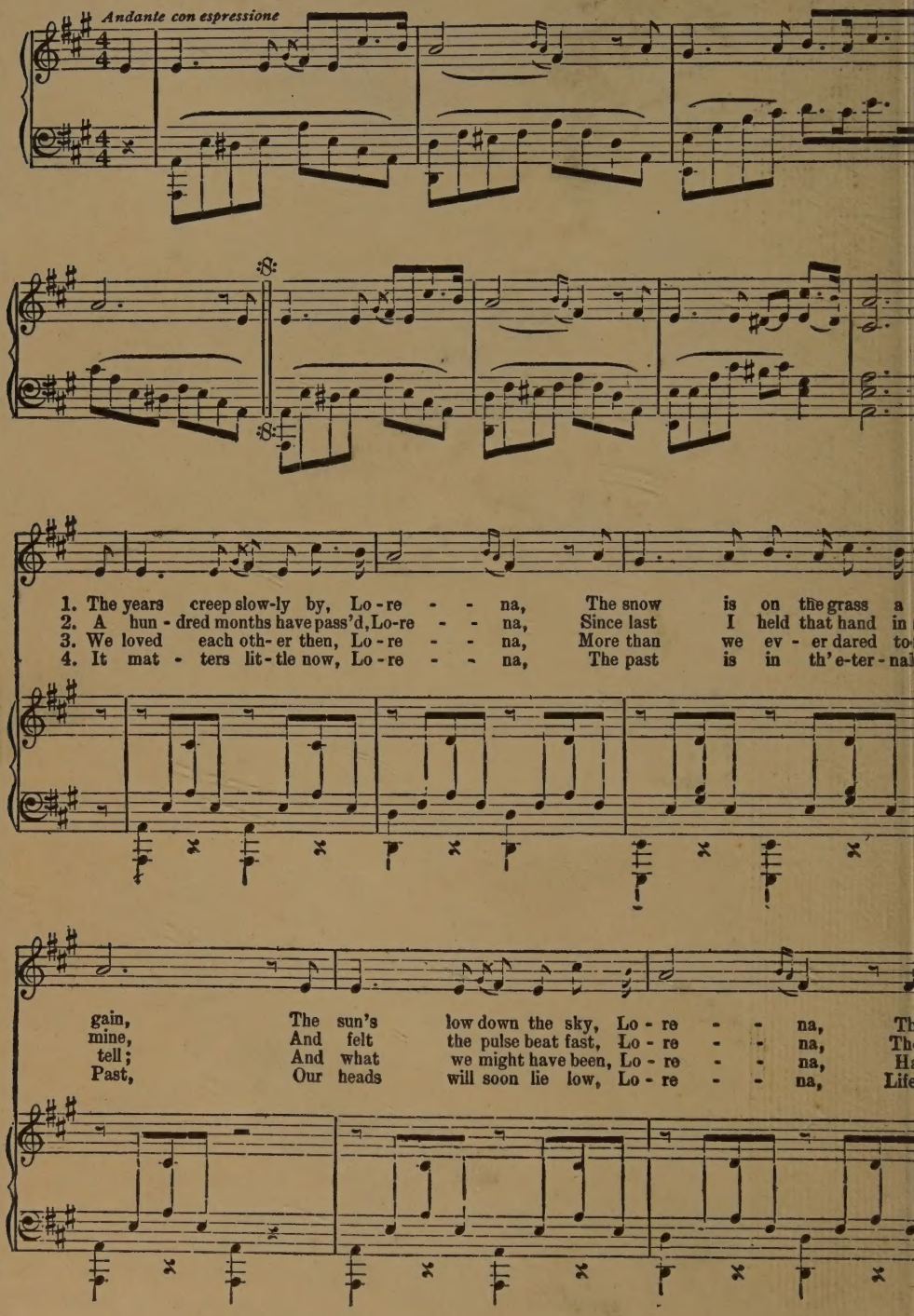
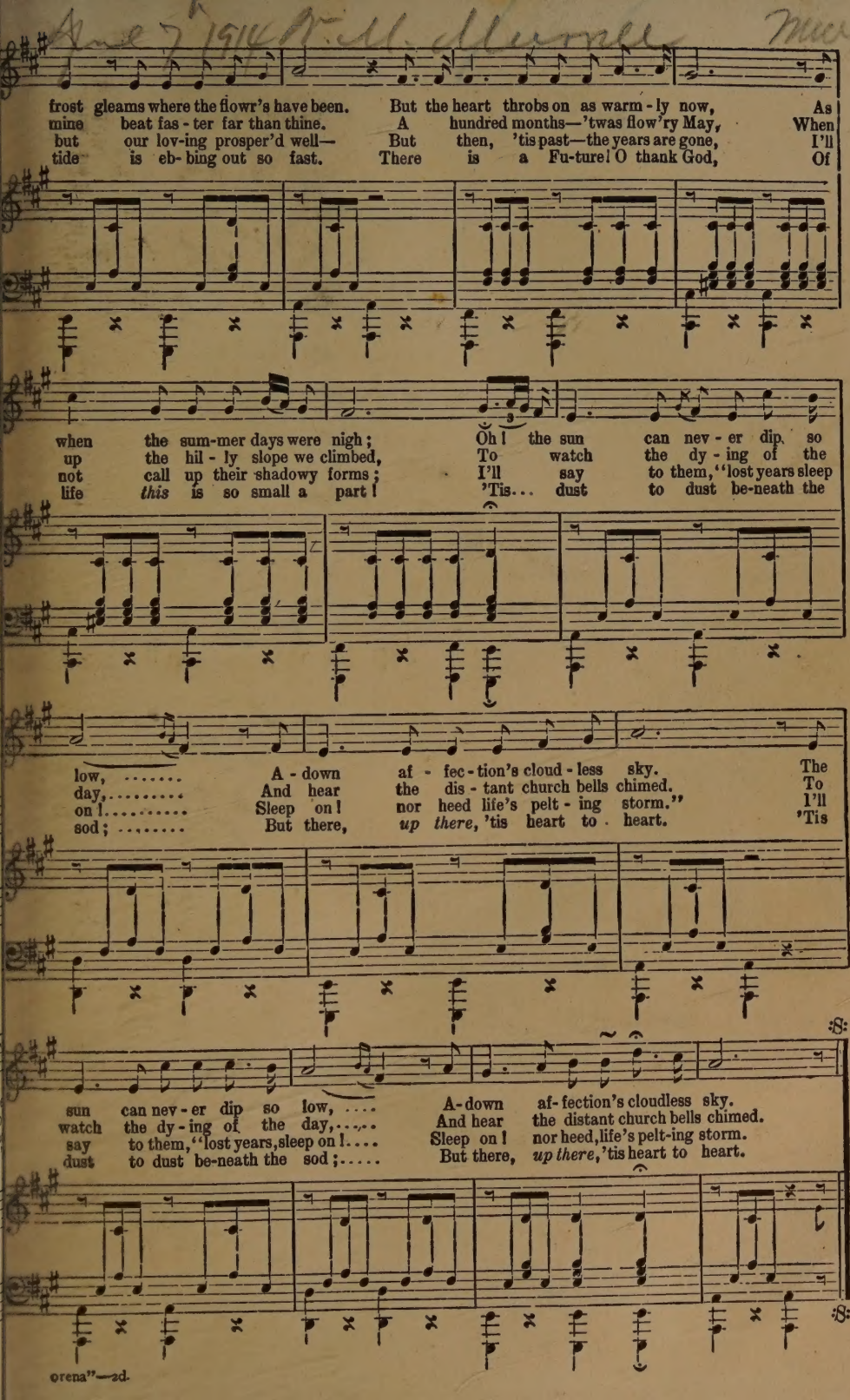
# My Beloved South

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor

# "LORENA"

Poetry by Rev. H. D L. WEBSTER

Composed & Arranged by J P. WEBSTER

Andante con espressione
1. The years creep slow-ly by, Lo-re - - na, The snow is on the grass a
2. A hun-dred months have pass'd, Lo-re - - na, Since last I held that hand in
3. We loved each oth-er then, Lo-re - - na, More than we ev-er dared to
4. It mat-ters lit-tle now, Lo-re - - na, The past is in th' e-ter-nal
gain, The sun's low down the sky, Lo-re - - na, Th
mine, And felt the pulse beat fast, Lo-re - - na, Th
tell; And what we might have been, Lo-re - - na, Ha
Past, Our heads will soon lie low, Lo-re - - na, Life


frost gleams where the flowr's have been. But the heart throbs on as warm-ly now, As
mine beat fas-ter far than thine. A hundred months—'twas flow'ry May, When
but our lov-ing prosper'd well— But then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll
tide is eb-bing out so fast. There is a Fu-ture! O thank God, Of
when the sum-mer days were nigh; Oh! the sun can nev-er dip so
up the hil-ly slope we climbed, To watch the dy-ing of the
not call up their shadowy forms; I'll say to them, "lost years sleep
life *this* is so small a part! 'Tis... dust to dust be-neath the
low, ..... A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky. The
day, ..... And hear the dis-tant church bells chimed. To
on!..... Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm." I'll
sod; ..... But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart. 'Tis
sun can nev-er dip so low, .... A-down af-fection's cloudless sky.
watch the dy-ing of the day,.... And hear the distant church bells chimed.
say to them, "lost years, sleep on!.... Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelt-ing storm.
dust to dust be-neath the sod;..... But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart.

orena"—2d.

*By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor*

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Little Thank You

My Beloved South

Copyright

Patty Paschal O'Connor

# My Beloved South

By

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor

Author of "Little Thank You," "I Myself," etc.

*"The Sun is Laughter; for 'tis He who maketh joyous the thoughts of men, and gladdeneth the infinite world."*

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To

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

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Each day the memory of the old South becomes more and more a cherished dream. Its bounteous hospitality, its quixotic chivalry, its daring courage, its spotless honour, its poetic understanding, are receding into the heroic past. Therefore, we of the Old Guard must stand together, and do what we can to keep the younger and more practical generation Unforgetting. My pen is freighted with appreciation, but is, alas, inadequate, while already your genius has made "The tender grace of a day that is dead" immortal; and so, after many years of affectionate friendship, I dedicate this book to you.

27186

## A FRIENDLY WORD

"A WANDERING minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches. . . ." My book is but a reflection of myself; its sole recommendation,—that my bale of cotton grew under warm sunshine, and every thread spun and woven into material is from the old and new South. "I have gathered me a posy of other men's thoughts, only the thread that holds them together is mine." Some of the stories have even been told before, but they belong to me by right of inheritance and Love, so may I not tell them again?

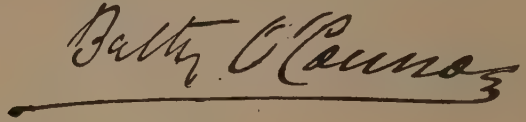
After many years of absence, when the riches and abundance of my country were displayed to me, it was my ambition to write an informing, practical, statistical book. Such a one as would induce English settlers to set sail for the Southern States. There, English tradition, an ever-green, would extend a fraternal welcome, and with a small capital, or even none at all, except health and strong hands, a Home awaits them.

But my frank friends discouraged this undertaking. There are so many writers, they said, who know more of the progress, resources, and wealth of the country than you possibly can know. The most you can hope to do, is to make an entertaining South.

It was the great William Pitt, who, when a man was recommended to him because he talked sense, said: "Anybody can talk sense, Sir; can he talk nonsense?" And if now and then I have struck a rag-time tune—

and who has a better right—underneath the nonsense and plantation songs, one earnest wish has been always in my heart, to bring England and America closer together, and to make them understand each other.

Men and women in Virginia have said to me, "I love Virginia, and after Virginia—England." For myself, I love America in England, and England in America; they are both my countries, and if a little word of mine has made greater friendliness even for a brief moment between them, my book will not have been written in vain.



The Warm Springs,
Virginia.

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# My Beloved South

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## CHAPTER I

### THE DUVALS

One bright memory—only one;
And I walk by the light of its gleaming;
It brightens my days, and when days are done
It shines in the night o'er my dreaming.

Father THOMAS RYAN.

IN my wandering life of deepest shadow and occasional sunshine, there is but one thing for which I am altogether devoutly thankful,—I was born and bred in the South, and for generations on both sides of my family my ancestors were Southern people; consequently, without conflict, my qualities and defects are those of my race. For my own personal defects, given me at birth with a free hand by my whimsical fairy godmother, neither my family nor my beloved land is responsible.

My great-grandfather, Major Duval, fought in the War of the Revolution, and gave goodly sums towards the cause. He married at twenty-three a Miss Pope of Virginia, an heiress of whom he made rather a sudden and theatrical conquest, not later than five minutes after he discovered her. She, a fair-haired, dimpled beauty, wearing a silken hood, a green merino gown,

little calfskin shoes with silver buckles, a black silk apron, and open-work mittens, was walking one golden October afternoon in a primeval forest near the banks of the Shenandoah. In the angle of her round arm lay a big ball of worsted, and the sun slanting down on her glancing needles struck diamond brilliance from their quick activity.

My great-grandfather, returning from the chase, young, dashing, good-looking, suddenly beheld this vision. He wore the buckskin clothes of the Virginian hunter, and carried his day's trophy of wild turkey, ducks, and rabbits slung across his shoulder. His rifle held one last bullet.

Quickly advancing to the astonished young lady, he took off his bearskin cap, and making a bow so low that the turkeys touched the ground, he said, "Madame, permit me." Then lifting the ball of worsted from its envied resting-place, he lightly tossed it high into the air, shot the bullet straight through its heart, and as it came down caught it and placed it, smoking with powder and with love, in her apron pocket.

The dimples all appeared as she said, "Sir, you can shoot and hit the mark."

He bowed again and answered, "So can Cupid, and I hope,"—pointing to her fluttering heart—"in the right direction."

The young lady, a very distant cousin whom he had never met, was from Richmond, visiting an aunt on an adjoining plantation. He walked home with her, in the mellow sunshine of an Indian summer afternoon, through the wonderful scarlet and gold forests of the early Virginia autumn, leaving on the doorstep of the wide plantation house his day's hunt as his first love offering.

The next day he re-appeared, brave in satin small-clothes and lace ruffles, the queue of his fair hair tied with a silken ribbon, and offered himself with proper dignity as suitor for her hand. A month later they were married and lived happy ever afterwards.

I have an idea that my great-grandmother was the more interesting of the two (the Popes are an intellectual, fascinating family), and when she died so intense was her husband's grief that finally nature mercifully relieved him with a gentle absent-minded forgetfulness.

When his children grew up, he sold his winter home in Richmond and afterwards lived entirely on his plantation, devoting the long summer days to bass fishing in the Shenandoah, which is no mean sport, as bass are wary and valorous fighters. Indeed, a mature father or bachelor fish of middle age and accumulated wisdom is seldom caught; the reckless youngsters who disregard the admonitions of their seniors are the only fish to be inveigled by the most tempting bait. Finally my great-grandfather gave up even this sport, and spent his days on the wide balcony which faced the virgin forest where he first saw the merry coquettish face of my great-grandmother. He read the Richmond newspaper from beginning to end, and gave it to a small darkey standing in attendance. This boy ran round the house, and handed him back the same paper, which "the good Major Duval" read all over again with reminiscent but deep satisfaction. It was evidently from this ancestor that my quite imbecile forgetfulness comes.

The old miniatures and portraits give him a round face, baby-like pink-and-white skin, fair hair, blue eyes, and the most friendly and engaging expression. How inevitably hereditary traits appear even in the

third and fourth generation. My beautiful grandson of five said to me after a French lesson the other day: "Damma, is n't it sad that one so young as I should have such a bad memory?" And immediately the picture of his Virginia ancestor, sitting on a wide vine-clad balcony and reading quite happily a newspaper for the fourth time, suggested itself to me.

Another Miss Pope, a kinswoman of mine, married and came to Texas to live. She was tall and dark, with jet-black hair, pearl-white teeth, a touch of dark down on her upper lip, and the most enchanting speaking voice I have ever heard. It was like golden velvet, and she talked with great brilliancy and a wealth of information on every conceivable subject, for she lived in books and not in the life around her. To that she was extremely indifferent, and had the reputation of being a humorously bad housekeeper.

My mother, with her sense of order and Spartan-like cleanliness, frankly disapproved of her, but my father loved her, and, as she was not his wife, forgave her disorder.

One afternoon when I was a very little girl my father drove out to see her, taking me with him. She lived a few miles from Austin and a little creek ran through the garden, so the flowers were glorious and plentiful, being always supplied with water. The wide hall was hung with family portraits, but the floor looked like a village street, literally covered with dried mud in little footprints, as if animals had wandered in and out at will.

The negro maid said Miss Anna was sick, but would the Judge and Miss Betty go right in. And we were shown into an immense bedroom opposite the drawing-room. A slight fever had given her a colour and she looked very handsome with her dark hair wandering

over the pillow in two long thick plaits. Beside her stood a small table piled with books; some had toppled on to the bed, and there were books on the window-seat and on the sofa, and my father relieved the chair he was to sit upon of quite a small library.

He had first selected a large puffy-looking rocker, but our hostess smilingly admonished him: "Don't take that chair, Judge, or you will sit on the new baby." Then, seeing my eager look of interest, she said: "Go over and look at him, Betty," and tiptoeing over to the soft white bundle, I found that it was an adorable three-months-old fat baby, sound asleep.

Then she began to talk, and though I was too little really to understand, the soft musical many-toned voice thrilled me with pleasure. After a while a stirring was heard under the bed, and an obese familiar sleepy pig made his appearance. He walked into the centre of the room, squealed loudly, stood for a moment, then trotted leisurely through the doorway, down the hall and out into the garden. She dreamily regarded but made no comment on the pig. Her rich honeyed tones continued unfalteringly. I was told afterwards that she was giving the last lines of Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale*. The pig, however, disturbed the child, who cried, and my father, loving babies like a woman, lifted the new man in his arms, hushed him, and began to walk the floor.

Presently a pet peacock, the hardest bird in the world to tame, with his tail magnificently spread, stood in the doorway, advanced proudly into the room, but gave a loud shriek at seeing a stranger and fled down the hall, while no comment was made on *him*. It seemed to me that I was in a wonderful fairy dream, with such lovely things happening—a beautiful lady

with long plaits, a soft pink baby, a peacock and a pig. Oh! I thought, if my home was only like this, how happy I should be.

My father's voice brought me back from my dreams. He was saying, "Where is your pretty Yankee governess?" Mrs. Berkeley answered with a merry twinkle in her eye, "Gone. That's the third, Judge, and I am going to have a new petition added to the Litany, 'And from governesses, good Lord deliver us.'" This seemed to me a most beautiful sentiment, for I, too, wished to be delivered from governesses. I was too young to know that good-looking George Berkeley suffered from an impressionable nature. But eventually his wife, eight children, and later a strong-minded and elderly German governess, transformed him into a most exemplary husband.

My grandfather, Governor William Peyton Duval, was a son of the good Major Duval. His boyhood was spent in Richmond, Virginia. The house was kept by Aunt Barbara, a negro woman who was almost white. A strong character, quick-witted and capable, she had taught herself to read and write, an almost unheard-of accomplishment for a negro in those far-away days, and she was painfully thrifty, locking up everything in the establishment, and carrying a huge bunch of keys at her belt. One of them was the key to the pantry, where she spent twenty minutes every morning with a little negro to dip out sugar, coffee, tea, flour, raisins, currants, citron, butter, lard and meal. And never did her lynx eyes relax their vigilance, so there were no peculiar secret cakes from pickings in the pantry to be stealthily cooked in the cabins at nightfall, as often occurred in a Southern home.

I remember at the tender age of seven partaking of

an odd little cake made of rice, two raisins, one almond, a cucumber pickle, a few tea leaves, two lumps of sugar, a pinch of flour, and an amber morsel of citron. Baked in wood ashes on the hearth of Mammy's cabin, it seemed to me a delicious, though peculiar morsel. These were the gleanings of Henrietta, my little negro maid and playmate, who dipped for my mother when she unlocked her pantry in the morning. Not always observant, my mother gave Henrietta an opportunity to "borrow" with her lightning quick fingers.

Aunt Barbara knew the negroes and trusted none of them. Even the wearing apparel of the Quality was kept under lock and key. At half-past seven in the morning the body servants of the gentlemen were supposed to stand before an immense blue press, and Aunt Barbara counted out under-linen, socks, white waistcoats, and pocket handkerchiefs. If a lagging valet appeared at a quarter to eight he returned empty-handed to his master, who gave him such a dressing down that the next morning he waited beforetime for the unlocking of the press. In this way the house was spotlessly clean, the linen in order, and the lax easy-going ways inherent in Southern people were counteracted by vigilant management.

My great-grandfather always had family prayers, and each person present was expected to repeat a verse from Scripture. The Bible was the dearest and most revered book on earth to Aunt Barbara. Any chapter, any verse was suitable for her delivery. And each morning the family waited expectantly on her selection, which varied from the New Testament to Deuteronomy or the book of Job. One unlucky day for my grandfather, an exuberant boy of fourteen, Aunt Barbara fixed a piercing eye on him and said in a sonorous voice,

"Remember Lot's wife." An explosion of laughter followed and from that moment she was a sworn and somewhat unjust enemy to him.

A brother-in-law of my great-grandfather's had been to Spain and was much impressed by the Spanish mules. He said the prettiest sight in Madrid was a lovely coquettish woman, a rose under each ear, a white lace mantilla thrown over her head, sitting in an open carriage driven by a picturesque coachman clad in scarlet, and drawn by jet-black mules made splendid by gay and jingling harness. So he brought back from Barcelona a number of Jacks, thinking to mingle the blood of Virginia thoroughbreds with that of Spanish plebeians, but horses in that part of the country were of the purest pedigree. All their owners scorned the idea of mules, never mind their strength or their powers of endurance. So the big-headed, noisy Jacks were turned loose about the fields and grew fat and saucy from having too much grass and too little exercise.

One day my grandfather was startled by a strange mighty braying. At first he was frightened; then he saw an animal looking at him with faithful eyes and as he said, "A sort of horse look," encouraging to friendship. He tried to mount the discovery, when deftly and quickly, the rider was thrown high in the air, and the horse-like beast with triumphant heehaws galloped off in the distance. Jack, however, was later caught and ridden every day, and finally young Duval learned the dexterity of the rancher in keeping his seat. The other boys of the neighbourhood soon followed his example and the Jacks rapidly grew thinner by hard exercise.

In October he and half a dozen lads planned an excursion, starting at earliest dawn to gather nuts. For this purpose a big Jack was corralled the night be-

fore and placed in the "smoke-house." A little one-roomed log cabin, with a thin odoriferous line of smoke rising from the chimney, and slowly making delicious hams and tongues, was to be found on every well-appointed Southern place. The next morning the unlucky boy overslept himself, and Aunt Barbara, up at daylight, dressed in stiffly starched purple calico, a gorgeous plaid head handkerchief, wide half-hoops of gold dangling from her ears, and all her keys jingling at her side, proceeded to the smoke-house and unlocked the door. She had slept ill the night before and dreamed of the devil. Suddenly, lurid eyes confronted hers, a wide mouth opened, showing great teeth, a huge voice emitted a brazen, horrid sound, and Aunt Barbara was knocked down, trampled upon, and thrown into a fit.

In those days when kindred and hospitality were part of the religion of the South, no household was composed of only the immediate family. My great-grandfather's brother-in-law, an irritable little man, lived with him, and he soon ferreted out the author of Aunt Barbara's illness, and not satisfied with giving the boy one beating he thrashed him every time she had a fresh fit. This treatment developed in my grandfather a determination to leave home. He said to his father: "I am going to Kentucky. I am too old to be thrashed, and no house is big enough to hold both Uncle John and me." His father answered, very quietly: "Then you had better go, for John is our kin; I cannot ask him to leave my house."

Young Duval loyally said, "I don't expect you to, sir, *I* will leave the house *to him*."

He began then to develop his fine character of sustained courage and dogged resolution. The winter

passed without his speaking again of leaving home, but he kept to his determination.

Aunt Barbara, quite recovered, saw a change in her boy, and was most attentive to him, saying, "I did n't mind, honey. I knowed you did n't mean to hurt old Barbara. I jus' wants you to run roun' an' laugh like you use ter. You studies too much to suit me. What you thinkin' 'bout, chile?"

"Aunt Barbara," said the boy, "I 'm going to Kentucky next month."

"Now," said Aunt Barbara, quite ashey-looking, "who ever heard de beat ob dat? Ain't Virginia, where you wuz born an' raised, good enough for you? An' (breaking down) I wuz wid yo' ma when you wuz born. I held you in dese arms when you wuz a hour old. I knows I bin strict wid you, I bleeged to be, but you jus' like my own chile. Oh, honey, don't go 'way. Jus' go out on de common an' ketch dat brayin' jackass, an' I promise you, he kin stay a week in de smoke-house."

Aunt Barbara began to cry and these two were friends again. But the steady look never left the boy's face, and in May, when the trees were green and the flowers in blossom, he said to his father, "I am leaving for Kentucky to-day. Will you give me an outfit, sir?"

His father looked disappointed and said, "I thought you had given up that foolish idea," but opening a desk, he took out a long green silk knitted purse, filled with gold, and handed it to the boy.

"Thank you," said the lad, "and of course I will take my servant and my horse."

"No," said the father, "you don't know how to take care of yourself. You are not to be trusted with a slave and a saddle-horse. If you go, you go alone."

"Then," the boy said proudly, "I will make my way as best I can."

Probably his father thought hardships and discomforts would soon bring him back to Virginia. His only sister, a sweet little girl, clung round his neck in tears, and he had to gulp back a few of his own, which he managed to do.

"When are you coming back?" said his little sister, when at last he was ready to start.

"Never, by heaven," he said, "until I come back a Member of Congress from Kentucky."

And he fulfilled that promise. The little sister grew up, married, went to Texas to live, and became the mother of five sons. They all fought in the Confederate army and not one returned to the broken-hearted mother. Her eldest son, William Howard, a very brilliant and attractive young lawyer, studied law with my father. He was one of the first officers killed at Fort Sumter.

On the way to Kentucky the lad had the first opportunity of showing the true metal of his fine courage. He had stopped at an eating-house and heard two rough men say he was probably a runaway apprentice and should be stopped. After he had finished his dinner he went quietly out of the back door, but thinking it cowardly to steal away, he turned and walked boldly to the front door.

"Where are you going, boy?" said one of the men.

"That 's none of your business," said the boy.

"Yes, it is," said the man, "you 're a runaway." And he came forward to seize him, but the lad whipped out his pistol, and pointing it said, "If you lay a hand upon me I 'll shoot you!" The man stepped back very

quickly and his companion said, "He 's dangerous, let him alone."

After this he was afraid of civilisation and tried camping out at night, and stopping at inns for his meals during the day. At Brownsville he arrived tired, soiled, and looking like a young tramp. The proprietor of the inn demurred at receiving him, but his wife discerning that he was a gentleman in spite of his dusty appearance said gently, "Have you a mother?"

"No," said the boy, "my mother is dead."

"Ah, that 's the trouble," she said to her husband, "we are told to care for orphans. Come in, and welcome."

After resting with this good lady a few days, the boy continued his journey upon a flat-bottomed boat from Wheeling, which slowly floated down the Ohio. The river in those days, overhung on either side by primeval forest and almost impenetrable canebrakes, was filled with game of all sorts. Deer and bear unafraid swam across the river, and bronze flocks of wild turkeys sailed slowly overhead. Cincinnati, that most populous queen of the West, was only a straggling group of log cabins, and Louisville was scarcely settled. Where the Green River and the Ohio meet, the boy landed and started his march for the interior of Kentucky.

He had relations in Lexington, but he did not make himself known to them, for his pride was wounded. He wanted to show his father what independence could accomplish. He camped at night by beautiful crystal streams and shot turkey, smaller birds, and squirrels by day, roasting them by fires made of underbrush and dry forest wood.

His first taste of the real hunter's silent joy was

when he came upon a pack of wolves devouring the carcass of a deer. One big greedy fellow ate more than the others, snapping and snarling when they came too near, and the boy said to himself, "A prize, that leader of the pack, I shall try for him." He loaded his rifle and shot him twice while the other wolves ran yelping away. Then, he said, a feeling of triumph came over him as though he were lord of all that leafy forest. But the deer, even when quite near him, he could never bring down. They seemed ever running. A whole herd had just gone by in a wild scamper and he was gazing longingly after them when he heard a voice say, "What are you after, Sonny?"

"Those deer," said the boy; "are they ever still?"

"Reckon you 're a bit green, sonny; where are you from?"

"Richmond," said the boy.

"What, not Richmond of my old Virginny?"

"Yes, I am," said the boy.

"And how," said the man, "did you git here?"

"I came down the Ohio and landed at Green River," said the boy.

"All by your lone self?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I am by myself."

"Where be you goin'?" said the man.

"I 'm going to hunt," said the boy.

"Then," said the backwoodsman, looking at him kindly, "come along er me, I 'll make a hunter out of you. Me and my wife don't live fur from here. Killed anything?"

"Yes," said the boy, "wild turkeys and squirrels."

"But," said the man, "can't come it on a deer—you must step like a panther on padded feet to do that. Nary a twig must n't crackle under yo' feet. Deers is

got the quickest ears in the forest. You have to creep up on 'em, and then sometimes they gits away."

Bill Smithers lived with his wife and baby in a log cabin with no chimney, but just a square hole for the smoke to escape. While the trees were being girdled preparatory to clearing the land, the food consisted of fish from the brooks, game from the forests, and luscious berries. This generous woodsman was the boy's first teacher in hunting and woodcraft, making, my grandfather said, all of his boyish dreams come true. The forests with giant trees were magnificent, the wide prairies, covered with wild flowers, were fragrant blossoming gardens. The woods were rich in wild strawberries and blackberries, for nature in Kentucky was then, as now, prodigal of her bounty.

But he did not stay long with Smithers, finding a solitary bachelor called Miller, a famous hunter, who was glad to have a willing apprentice. Under him he became a good shot, and past master of the ways and secrets of the wilderness. The buffalo were in Kentucky then, and had just begun to migrate for safety to the West. The boy's first success in big game hunting was to kill a bear. He, two brothers, and a dog were out together. Seeing the shaggy beast climbing a tree, he sent a shot near his heart. Bruin fell to the ground and the dog, giving a joyous bark, ran up to investigate. The bear, with one last effort, clasped the dog round its neck. They died together. My grandfather said the two simple-hearted hunters buried their friend, crying like children.

The hunters lived far apart. They wanted elbow room, and only occasionally came together, when they sat for hours silently smoking like Indians. But the light of the big fires at night warmed them at last into

story-telling. The young Virginian, a good listener, with his frankness, courage, good-humour and adaptability, soon became a great favourite, especially with his host, who loved him like a son.

There was one event my Aunt Elizabeth said my grandfather loved to describe—a dance at the house of a famous fiddler, Bob Mosely. The only suit of clothes the young man possessed was his leather breeches and coat, which were soiled with hunting grease. He thought that with a good scouring they might be made to serve for the party, so he carried them to a stream, washed them, and hung them to dry, while he rested himself on the bank of the river. But the sticks upon which the clothes were stretched toppled and fell into the river, carrying their burden with them, and there the young man was left for the remainder of the afternoon to fashion, like Adam, a garment of leaves in which to go home.

Old Miller was horrified when he saw his young friend's misfortune and heard that he could not attend the dance. He said, "You 'll not only go, but you shall be the best dressed of all the boys." He then began to work day and night and made a soft deerskin hunting shirt, fringed on the shoulders, with leggings of the same skin fringed from top to bottom. Wearing these splendid garments and a raccoon cap with two tails floating out behind, he presented a very fine figure indeed. All the hunters were garbed in the same sort of clothes and the girls wore doeskin dresses.

About three o'clock in the afternoon when the party was at its height, the two Misses Schultz made a stage entrance, with red ribbons and tiny looking-glasses hung round their necks, which a stray pedlar had given them in gratitude for a few days' hospitality. The

simple people at the party had never seen looking-glasses before, and the girls, Sukey and Patty Schultz, were such belles that the other girls jealously threatened to go home. Young Duval, gifted with tact, explained in flattering words the situation to the Misses Schultz, telling them that their charms and looking-glasses combined would break up the party, and begged them to allow him to hang the ribbons and ornaments on the wall until the dance ended. When this was done, peace was at once restored.

About this time the young hunter grew dissatisfied and restless. His mind began to crave intellectual food. A famous woodsman came to him and said: "A bunch of us are going West. Kentuck 's too crowded. Neighbours are only fourteen miles off and I have n't breathing room. Will you join us, Duval?" This induced the boy to go through a self-examination. He asked himself: "Am I going to remain a hunter all my days? No, the woods are for the true woodsman who desires no other life. My people have always belonged to the world. I must get back to it."

The question then arose as to what he should do. He decided on the profession of law. He felt that if he had wasted time in the great forests, he had nevertheless laid up a store of health, strength, cheerfulness, and quickness of vision in observing the human and animal species. He knew he had dogged determination when he undertook a task. He always said that if a man with ordinary capacity worked unswervingly, heart and soul, at anything, he could succeed in it.

He still had his silken purse filled with gold, and he could sell his pile of beaver and other skins and the fine horse which he had obtained in exchange for furs. With this money he calculated to live until he was

admitted to the Bar. When he spoke to Miller, the old man was deeply grieved. He could understand but one life, that of the hunter, but he loved the boy too well to discourage him.

The following day the young man rode to Bardstown, stopped at a small inn over night, and found a family who would take him to board for a dollar and a half a week. The next morning he intended riding back to Miller's to get his little fortune of five hundred dollars, and was waiting on the hotel piazza for his horse to be brought round to him when he saw sitting in the parlour a vision of loveliness. A young girl was there, fair as alabaster, with thick auburn hair, deep blue eyes, tall, slender, and dressed all in white. After the sunburnt, rosy-cheeked maids of the woods this girl seemed something delicate and unreal. He longed to speak to her, but did not dare. Then he longed still more, with all his clean young blood aflame, to kiss her. "Just once," he said, "it will be a memory of bliss to carry with me all through life, and if I don't get it I shall certainly die of longing." He stepped into the room. She was looking dreamily out of the window, when he walked up behind her, touched her gently on the shoulder, and she looked up. He stooped and kissed her on the mouth, then made a rush for the door, ran across the balcony, down the steps, vaulted lightly to his saddle, lifted his hat, made her a low bow and dashed off madly to the woods.

When he got to the log cabin he sold his horse and walked back to Bardstown, where he settled himself and began to study law. He read sixteen and eighteen hours out of the twenty-four and sometimes all night as well as all day. He found he had so much to study besides law. He grew serious and morose with inces-

sant work and the sudden change from outdoor life to continual confinement. But he kept doggedly on for a year, and then there came a slight interruption, for one day while taking a walk he passed on the street the only girl he had ever kissed. His heart gave two or three quick thumps and for days the little beauty's face came obstinately between him and his books, but he studied harder than ever and took no more walks.

One cold rainy evening the young student had gone to the bar of the inn and was sitting by the fire when a gentleman, tall, distinguished looking and handsomely dressed, entered. He wore small-clothes, silver knee-buckles, his hair powdered and tied in a queue, and neat polished shoes. He asked the young man if his name was Duval. The boy, tired and depressed, said moodily, "Yes."

"And do you," said the gentleman, "come from Richmond?"

"I do," said the boy, "but what is that to you?"

"Nothing, good-night."

Next day, however, the gentleman, the pink of elegance and courtesy, called on the boy. He said he was a friend of his father's, that he had heard of the struggle he was making, and would take him in his office and direct his studies if he would come. Young William, apologising for his previous churlishness, gratefully accepted the offer, and a little later went to live at the house of his friend, who was one of the leading lawyers of Kentucky. From that time life went easier for him. His reading was properly directed, he joined a debating society, was its most brilliant speaker, and was soon hailed as a coming genius.

One evening at a little party he met the auburn-haired beauty and was introduced to her as "Miss

Nancy Hynes." Her mother was a Miss Stuart from Scotland who had married a Kentuckian, and it was from Scotland she had got her red hair. People in the room began to talk, and they left the young couple practically alone. William was terribly embarrassed. Then he said, "Don't you see how uncomfortable I am? Can't you say something, anything to help me out?"

The girl's dimples all appeared and she said, "What do you want me to say?"

He answered: "Not that you forgive me—for I don't want forgiveness. If I had it to do over again, by heaven, I would do it, even if I died for it."

They met frequently at dances at the houses of friends, and before the young man was nineteen he was engaged to the girl of seventeen. Her mother, a widow, objected on the score of their youth, but he told her he would marry her daughter, and very soon, if all the world rose up in defiance. The mother liked this grave, romantic wooer, and said she knew all about him and his family, and that he would only have to wait a reasonable time. He then studied harder than ever, with a prospect of a wife and home before him.

In the meantime his father, hearing where he was, wrote to say he would give him a liberal allowance if he would soon go to college. He talked it over with his sweetheart and the wise young maiden advised him to go, but just as he was starting for the Virginia University, Nancy's mother died suddenly, leaving her with a younger sister, my great-aunt, Polly Hynes, a little girl away at a boarding-school. The chivalrous lad felt his promised bride needed a protector, so he gave up the idea of college, was admitted to the Bar that autumn, and married immediately afterwards.

Fate is kind to some mortals. These married sweet-

hearts ever remained lovers. They were poor, for Nancy could not touch her small fortune until she came of age, and my grandfather had nothing. They lived in a little two-roomed log house, and my grandfather said, "Everything we had was in half-dozens; a half-a-dozen spoons and forks and knives and chairs, a bed, a table, a sofa, a dozen books and a little rocking-chair and work-table for my girl wife. We were so poor, but so happy."

## CHAPTER II

### YOUTHS GLAD SUCCESS

To the wholly intrepid spirit is given Courage in life; Courage in danger; Courage in death.

THEY had only been married a week when court was held at a country town twenty-five miles away. It was hard for William Duval to leave his pretty bride, and he had no money, but he borrowed a little, and a horse from a neighbour and, like young Lochinvar, rode gaily away. Fate loves reckless courage and protects its possessors. The young lawyer had no case to plead before the court and no influence to get him one, but just as he entered the inn an old man in the barroom was struck by a bully. The young man promptly knocked the bully down. This secured his popularity. The crowd shook hands with the plucky stranger and plied him with drinks, which he had the judgment to refuse, for he felt the morrow would be a momentous day for him.

The next morning when the court opened, he boldly seated himself among the advocates. A man was charged with passing counterfeit money. He had been out of the range of lawyers and was asked to choose one for his defence. Looking around, he selected the eager faced lad, who was given until next day to prepare his case. As they left the court the

accused man gave his counsel one hundred dollars as a retaining fee.

Young Duval spent many hours in anxious preparation of his defence and argument. When night came he was too excited to speak; in the morning he could not eat. He reached the court agitated and unnerved, and when he began to speak it was only to flounder and stammer. Presently the public prosecutor made a cruelly sarcastic remark. There was a laugh in court. At that his nerves became taut and steady. His voice rang out with a brave challenge. He marshalled his facts with telling effect and proved his client's innocence conclusively. The case ended triumphantly in the man's acquittal, and young Duval was made. His earnestness and eloquence had stirred even the lawyers. His youth, his courage, his knowledge of law were discussed. Other cases were given him, and when the week ended he had made seven hundred dollars. The night the fees were paid him he was like a miser. He locked his bedroom door and let the gold trickle through his fingers; he piled it up and saw in its glitter a rosy future of comfort for his wife and of gratified ambition for himself.

The next morning before dawn, he mounted the borrowed horse and started for Bardstown. His wife had prepared a delicious breakfast for him, but he was too excited to eat. Like the boy that he was, he wanted to surprise her, and he sat down at the table and began slowly counting out the money in ten-dollar gold pieces. His wife looked on and said, "Whose money is it? Have you got to take it to the bank?"

"It is my money!" said my grandfather, "mine and yours! Oh Nancy, come and dance and sing and cry." And together they laughed and waltzed round the

room, like the children they were, for poverty had gone out of the window, and success had come in at the door.

Later, my grandfather was elected to Congress from Kentucky, as he said he would be, and on his return to the States was appointed Judge of the Federal Court, which office he retained for some years. By this time three of his eight children had been added to the family. In those days the Floridas were a territory, and the Indians being somewhat troublesome a man of courage, decision, and heart was wanted for governor. The appointment was offered to my grandfather, who retained the office for twenty-four years. The youngest five children were born in Florida and the last pretty little girl was named after that land of flowers.

The new governor kept open house. All the year carriages drove back and forth, and people came and went as if it had been a hotel. Christmas and Easter were different from other seasons only in more turkeys and game, larger cakes, more egg-nog, and greater quantities of punch.

Three of my aunts and my mother were all celebrated beauties, my mother inheriting the Scotch hair, a dark auburn, and the deep blue eyes of her mother. My grandfather was always hospitable to the admirers of his daughters. They could spend the day, or even, if they felt inclined, several days, but at ten o'clock each night old Scipio, the negro butler, was required to see that the drawing-room was closed and the piazzas cleared.

Scipio made his appearance dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, his hair tied like my grandfather's in a queue (a strain of Indian blood had given him straight hair), and bearing an enormous waiter, with a large, noisily ticking silver watch lying upon it and numerous

mint juleps. The suitors were supposed to observe the time, drink the juleps, say good-night and go home.

Life in Florida in those days must have been enchanting. There were fruit and vegetables all the year round, oranges for the picking, peaches and melons in great abundance. The Indians constantly brought in all kinds of game; the woods were full of wild orchids and myriads of wild flowers, and the pink cranes and scarlet flamingoes were quite tame on the banks of the little river that flowed at the bottom of the grounds.

In 1823, Governor Duval rendered signal service to the territory of Florida and to the United States Government by putting down the conspiracy of Neamathla, one of the most noted Indians in American history. He was the chief of the Mickasookies, a fighting tribe of warriors, who had their hands not only against the white man, but against the weaker Indian as well. They had committed many depredations on the frontiers of Georgia and were constantly attacking the Seminoles, a peaceful and picturesque tribe, who gave the Government no trouble, but sought (unless influenced by the Mickasookies) its protection.

Neamathla was a splendid figure, more than six feet in height, with fierce fiery eyes and a face like a hawk. He hated white men and proudly called Governor Duval "brother," never acknowledging his superiority.

The Indians at this time, chiefly through the governor's influence, had signed a treaty to remove to a small section of land in the eastern part of Florida and to remain there for twenty years, thus leaving the remainder of the State free to the white man. Neamathla fought bitterly against the treaty, but finally signed it, saying quite frankly: "If I had enough war-

riors, brother, instead of signing the treaty, I would wipe every white man from the face of Florida. I say this to you, for though you are white, you are a Man. Your pale-faced people would n't understand me."

Thinking it wise to be near the Indians, Governor Duval had settled at Tallahassee. The village of Neamathla being only three miles away, he often rode out to have a pow-wow with him. One day he found him surrounded by all his warriors, drinking brandy freely. Neamathla began to boast that although the red man had made a treaty, the treaty was at an end, "broken by the white man, who had not delivered the cattle and money promised."

The Governor replied, "The time for the money and cattle has not yet arrived." But the old chief only looked sly and continued to drink and threaten. He had been cutting tobacco with a long knife, and while he was talking he flourished his keen blade not an inch away from the Governor's throat, saying the country was the red man's, that it should belong to him, and he would fight for it until his bones, and the bones of his warriors bleached upon its soil.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the Governor seized him by the bosom of his shirt, clenched his fist in his face, and said: "You have made your treaty. You shall keep it. I am your White Chief sent by your father in Washington to see that you do it. If you do not, the blood of every Indian in the country will dye the land, and his bones will bleach upon its soil."

The old chief threw himself back with a bitter laugh. "Ho, ho, little white brother!" he said, "can't you see my joke?"

My grandfather returned to Tallahassee, and things went smoothly for several months. Every day some

of the Indians reported themselves at the Governor's house, but suddenly their visits ceased, and at midnight of the fourth day after this, Yellow Hair, a young brave who loved the White Chief, stole into the house. "Governor," he said, "at the risk of my life I 've come to tell you that five hundred warriors are holding a secret war talk with Neamathla."

There was no more sleep that night for Governor Duval; he saw that he must take a desperate chance. There were one hundred white families near, and he had no soldiers. Everything depended on himself. At dawn he was up, and, mounting a fleet horse, called upon the interpreter, De Witt, to follow.

The man demurred. "Wait, Governor," he said, "until we can get the militia."

"No," said my grandfather, "there is not a moment to lose, we must ride fast." And they struck for the Indian village to what De Witt thought was certain death.

"The chiefs," he said, "are old, discontented, suspicious and exasperated. They intend serious mischief."

Finally my grandfather said, "Go back, man, and leave me to go on alone."

"No," said De Witt, "I won't leave you to die alone, but God! what a foolhardy expedition."

They rode on in silence, and when they neared the village my grandfather said sternly, "Translate word for word what I say to you. Only courage can save us now."

There was a great council fire, and Neamathla was sitting on a rude throne surrounded by his warriors. The Governor rode straight into the circle, while forty rifles were cocked and levelled at him. He slowly dismounted, looked Neamathla fearlessly in the eyes,

and, with a gesture of contempt, stood waiting. The old chief threw up his arm; the guns were lowered. The Governor then walked up to Neamathla and asked why he was holding a council of war. The old chief was silent.

The White Chief said, "You need not answer. I know; but if a single hair of the head of a white man in this country is harmed"—he made a mighty sweeping gesture with his arm—"I will hang every chief to the trees that surround you. The Great Father in Washington holds you in the hollow of his hand. He has only to close it and you are dead. I am but one man. You may kill me, but the white man is as many as the leaves on this oak. Remember your warriors, whose bones have made the battlefields white. Remember your wives and your children dead in the swamps. Another war with the white man, and there will not be one Indian left to tell the story to his children."

His words had effect. They sat still and silent. Then he appointed a day for them to meet him in St. Mark's and rode forty miles straight ahead to the Apalachicolas, a friendly tribe who were at feud with the Mickasookies. They immediately sent three hundred warriors to St. Mark's. He summoned also the regular army and the militia, and was then ready for Neamathla. Yellow Hair came again in the dead of night to tell the Governor that nine towns concerned in the conspiracy were disaffected, and from him he found out the names of the chiefs in these towns who were popular, but without power.

On the day of the conference he rode out to meet Neamathla, who, although at the head of eight hundred Indians, was afraid to venture into the court of St. Mark's alone. He thought when he saw the troops

and the preparations that he had been betrayed, but was reassured when the Governor rode by his side and told him when the talk was ended that he could go home free.

Neamathla and the older chiefs blamed the younger ones who had led them into conspiracy. "Then," said my grandfather, "if you cannot govern your braves you must, like the white man, find men who can. I depose you, Neamathla, and appoint Little Bear in your place." And with great ceremony a broad ribbon sewn with beads, from which a large medal of the Capitol depended, was hung around the neck of a younger chief.

In this way nine chiefs were deposed and popular braves appointed in their place. The Indians were delighted; they thought my grandfather a prophet to have divined their choice. The new warriors, he was confident, would keep an eye on the disaffected, and would remain loyal to the Government and to him.

Neamathla left the country and returned to the Creek nation, who made him a chief, but, shorn of his great power, he soon died of disappointment. The Governor's achievement of defeating alone and unaided a conspiracy which would have brought about a terrible massacre, was a valiant and heroic act. In later years with no military escort, he was able to remove, through their confidence in him, all the Indians from Florida to the Indian Territory—thus saving the Government at Washington great trouble and expense.

When the question of the Indians was settled, he devoted himself to the development of the State. His children were being educated in Kentucky. The girls went to the Convent of Nazareth in Bardstown, and the boys to St. Joseph's, the college of the Jesuits

which gave shelter to Louis Philippe when he was a refugee in America, and where later Jefferson Davis was a hard-working student.

My uncle Burr, the eldest son, was the flower of my grandfather's flock, tall, with a splendid figure, bright blue eyes, light waving hair, a dazzling smile, a speaking voice of golden sweetness, a dashing rider, and like his father a man of extraordinary courage, he sounds a perfect hero of romance. As a child I was ever eager for stories about him. When he graduated from college, young, gallant, intrepid, inheriting from his father the pioneer spirit, Texas, with a handful of brave men, was fighting for her liberty against the Mexicans, and Burr Duval raised in Kentucky a company of young men like himself, college bred and the sons of gentlemen. Among them was the lover of my great-aunt Polly Hynes,—then a young lady who made her home with my grandfather—and my uncle John Duval, a boy of eighteen. This gallant company was called the "Kentucky Mustangs," and Burr Duval was their captain. They offered themselves for service to Texas, and Colonel Fannin asked them to join his army.

They had not been long in the State when in a battle between Fannin's army and the Mexicans they surrendered to General Urrea, who agreed to treat them as prisoners of war, but at Goliad, on Palm Sunday, 1836, they with other companies, about four hundred and forty-three men in the very flower of their youth, were marched out and traitorously drawn up in line and shot. A few escaped, my uncle John, being at the end of the line and fleet of foot, among them.

When the scourge of yellow fever fifteen years later visited Florida, John had returned from Texas, brown, thin, and still saddened from the loss of his gallant

young soldier brother, and another and slighter grief which ever pursued him, the necessity of choking to death a little dog that he had taken to Texas from Kentucky. With Mexicans in full pursuit, the dog was about to bark, and the only way to save his own life was to strangle his one faithful friend. It was a miserable little tragedy, and when quite an old man his face would still grow melancholy when he spoke of it.

After the death of her first-born beautiful son even my grandfather, they said, could rarely make my grandmother smile, and she was one of the first to die of yellow fever, for she made no effort to live. Aunt Polly, who was a woman of strong character and affections, had closed the room where she bade her lover good-bye forever, and she allowed no one to enter it but herself. The silver candlesticks had grown tarnished, the orange blossoms were brittle in the vase, the dust, like a grey pall, covered every object. But she spent hours alone there every day.

The loss of my grandmother was a terrible blow to my grandfather, and to the end of his life he remained inconsolable. They had been like two happy birds in the springtime. He teased her, and she would laugh and pull his ears and play with him as if they were still boy and girl. After her death he was restless and miserable, having lost interest in all things. With aunt Polly and her grief, it was a depressed and changed household. My uncle John, in spite of the terrible tragedy he had lived through, wanted to go back again to Texas. He had lost his heart to that vast country, so full of excitement and of seething vivid life, and my grandfather, to seek change from his poignant grief, consented to take his remaining family and go with him. They settled first in Galveston where my aunt,

Elizabeth Beall, who was a very beautiful young widow, was at the head of the house. His children gathered around him, he began to get back his cheerfulness again, to take an interest in politics and the rapid development of the great "Lone Star State." My father, who had held the office of Supreme Judge of the State of Arkansas, resigned and came to Texas, where he married my mother and went with her to live at Austin.

Fate surely cheated me out of a joy in not knowing my grandfather. I have always felt that we were congenial spirits. He was the soul of hospitality, affectionate, generous, brave, witty, and light-hearted, even in the face of death. His love of tradition led him to wear a queue. In his youth it was tied with a black ribbon, but later in life, when considered too aristocratic and dandified, it was plaited and tucked up out of sight among his curls with a hair-pin. Doctor Blake after his death cut off the queue and sent it to my aunt, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Beall. He was not an old man when he died in Washington from an attack of gout and pneumonia. He loved life, and he had not an enemy in the world. He was vitally interested in Texas, that splendid new country of his later years. He had many friends, and his children adored him, not with the theoretical love of children for their parents, which can brook absence, but with the real companionable love, desiring nothing so much as constant, affectionate intercourse and intimate interchange of thought. Aunt Lizzie told me that his daughters, my mother, my aunt Mary, my aunt Florida and herself were counting the days of his return from Washington, when they received a letter from old Doctor Blake announcing his death.

The Governor's gout was very bad, [he wrote] and weakened him a good deal, but I had hopes of pulling him through until the 20th, when he seemed to grow worse. All the time he had been astonishingly cheerful, and full of amusing stories. His friends (he had too much company I thought) came in shoals from the capitol and elsewhere to keep him company, and his spirits never flagged. I stayed late the night of the 20th. When I came in he was reading his Bible—which I send you—and laying it aside, he said, "Blake, there 's some mighty good reading in that book. It has helped me over devilishly rough roads, and while maybe I have n't exactly lived 'a sober, righteous and godly life,' I can honestly say I 've never questioned. I 've always been certain of Him. How can anybody doubt who reads intelligently His Sermon on the Mount?" I begged him to sleep and try and conserve his strength. Finally he dozed off, saying, "Yes, that wonderful Nazarene planted seed in my heart; if it has n't made a good harvest, it is n't His fault. But, Blake, I really prefer not to die. This is a pretty good world when all 's said and done, don't you think so?" I stayed quite two hours while he slept, and I came again very early in the morning. I could see that the Governor was suffering, for he looked terribly ill. I said, "How are you?" as cheerfully as I could. "Blake," he said, with his ever-ready joke, "I am about to pass in my checks." "I hope not, Governor," I answered. "Yes, I am," he said smiling a weak smile, "and it 's just as well, for there are three old widows in this hotel, all of them desperately in love with me. If I got well I 'd have to marry one of them, and if I did the other too would die of broken hearts, so it 's just as well I 'm going." And with this he turned his head, still smiling, and a moment later he was dead. And the world holds one less natural, generous, unaffected, gallant and witty gentleman. The Governor's death is no less a grief to me than it is to you. Pray permit me to convey to you my sincere sympathy. . . .

A little painted parchment fan, brought by one of the Duval brothers from Rouen, with the family tree, a silver christening dish, and a few other heirlooms, is always in some way to me associated with my grandfather's death. It was small, with ivory sticks, inlaid with a pattern of gold. On it a gentleman in satin small-clothes and a powdered wig danced the minuet with a lady in pointed bodice, a flowered brocaded petticoat, red high-heeled slippers, and her hair dressed à la Marie Antoinette. A little trail of roses finished the fan at top and bottom, and on the other side a picturesque shepherd and two beribboned lambs disported themselves on green, downy hillocks. The fan was said to have been used, on her way to the guillotine, by an ancestress of my grandfather, a certain Lucienne Duval. She, a devoted loyalist, was condemned as an extra indignity to ride publicly with her lover on the tumbril to their place of execution. All Paris, even the scum of the French Revolution, knew of the affair, for the lady had none of the hypocrite in her, so little that she gave no excuse for her conduct, and indeed always spoke of her husband as a great gentleman without fault.

"Perhaps," she said, "he is too perfect; that, maybe, is why I love de Tocqueville. God knows he has enough faults for two, but he is, and ever has been, the one man on earth for me."

The day of the execution these two who had sinned much, but loved much, went bravely to their death, he taking snuff from his enamelled box, and talking as gaily as if going to a May Day dance at Petit Trianon, she standing erect and waving defiance with that gay and airy trifle, her little painted fan. When the tumbril stopped de Tocqueville said, "For the first time

in my life I shall reverse etiquette. Madame, I will precede you."

"No," she said with a tender smile, "Philippe, you have often kept me waiting; I shall go first and be waiting for you still." And then before all the jeering multitude he took her in his arms and kissed her on the eyes and on the mouth, saying, "I 've always loved you, always." And she, looking into his eyes, asked, for she had been jealous, "And loved me faithfully?" He whispered back quite humbly, "Before God, dear woman, as faithfully as you have loved me!"

Then, deaf to the insults of the crowd about her, who called out, "Look at the painted cocotte, brazen to the last!" she walked erect to the guillotine, still holding the little fan and whispering "*Toujours fidèle, toujours.*" In a moment the basket received her head. When de Tocqueville stepped from the tumbril, a man suddenly old, he had to be supported to his execution, for he could not walk. The mob laughed with delight and roared with triumph, "*Voyez, voyez, lâche, lâche!*" They did not see that he had already died with his brave lady, and that for once they would execute a corpse.

The mistress of a lackey in the Duval household was said to have picked up the fan and returned it to the family.

May all the descendants of this poor lady meet death as bravely as she. Certainly my grandfather did, and that is why Lucienne's fan makes me think of him. Death finds so many who fear his grim and affrighting presence that he must love those and say a word in their favour, who in the very last moment turn to him with a brave face, and meet him with a gay and unexpected smile.

## CHAPTER III

### THE CONQUERING PIONEER

Courage comes straight from God,
With it He has created saints, martyrs,
Heroes, soldiers,
Lent them to the world,
And taken them to Himself again.

THE best blood of America is in Texas, the hardy blood of the conquering pioneer. Even to-day, by instinct, inheritance, and tradition, the men of Texas are still pioneers, for they must be ever on the alert to fight nature as she tries their prowess in droughts, floods, hurricanes and tornadoes, but the golden possibilities in that vast land—oil and coal to-day, topaz and turquoise to-morrow, gold and silver in the future—urge them on to hope and fresh endeavour.

The men who first established the Republic had force enough to wrest the land from the Indian, and afterwards from the Mexican. They were strong, they fought to conquer or to die. And not only were there pioneer men, but splendid pioneer women as well. How wise is Nature in aptly supplying her needs! After the Civil War all the babies born in the South were boys. It was impossible for mothers who longed for them, to produce girls, and when women were needed with intrepid souls, great powers of endurance, and vigorous health to share a life of difficulty and

danger with daring men, Nature produced them. Medea, when asked, "Country, husband, children are all gone, what remains?" answered, "Medea remains." There were many Medeas in Texas. When husband and children were killed by the Indians, and later by the Mexicans, houses destroyed by fire, cattle and horses confiscated, still these hardy women lived on to a brave old age.

Mrs. Long, whose husband of her youth was assassinated by the Mexicans, spent a long life in trying to avenge his death. It needs an iron constitution and rugged health, to survive the memory of bloody tragedies, and life in those days was melodramatic in its intensity. If the occurrences of a day or a week of that time were now put on the stage, it would give us, sitting in our seats in a theatre, fierce and blood-curdling thrills.

The crest of that wave of supreme daring—and history, ancient or modern, contains no more sublime display of courage—was the defence of the Alamo. Not one man survived. They died like their leaders, Travis, Crockett, Bowie and Bonham, fighting until death loosened the grip of the smoking weapons from their brave hands. There is something glorious and complete in a bloody struggle where every man dies. On the old monument of the Alamo was the inscription: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." None was needed. It was better for that superhumanly gallant band to die together. They have made an imperishable page of glory in history, and left a proud heritage of unconquerable courage for the state to hand down to her sons.

But the battle of San Jacinto, when the Texans, concealed behind a gradually sloping hill, descended

unawares upon the Mexicans with the terrible cry from every man: "Remember Goliad! Remember the Alamo! Goliad! The Alamo!" avenged many deaths. And in such furious, revengeful haste were the soldiers that, coming to close quarters with the Mexicans they clubbed their muskets, and fought hand to hand with bayonets and knife. "Goliad! Goliad!" which in hoarse, fierce cries echoed over the battlefield, meant death to the Mexican army, for, cruel memories crowding upon them, the men fought like savages. The artillerymen ordered: "Guns to the front! Guns to the front! God! This for the Alamo!" and a steady stream of fire poured forth on the Mexicans. The men at the guns were blackened with powder; the cannon smoked and sent out long tongues of flame.

"Fire, fire," cried one, "in God's name, fire!"

"In the name of Travis, Bowie, and Crockett, fire, men, fire!"

The guns roared like wakeful hyenas, the band of drum and fife stridently played, "Will you come to the bower?" The Mexicans were running, rushing, fleeing, agonised and appalled from "The Bower."

The battle lasted only half an hour, but six hundred and thirty Mexicans were dead on the fertile plain, more than two hundred were wounded, and more than seven hundred were prisoners. Arms, munition, mules, horses, money in gold and silver, were taken as loot from the Mexicans, and of the brave little army of seven hundred and forty-three Texans there were only six killed and twenty-five wounded. Goliad and the Alamo were avenged.

Santa Anna when captured was generously treated as a prisoner of war. If women, the mothers and wives of the men slain at the massacre of Goliad and

shot at the Alamo, had taken him prisoner he would have met instant death, which he deserved, but he lived to again betray in 1843 the Texan troops at Nier, when Fisher's men, surrendering under a written promise to be accorded treatment as prisoners of war, were instantly tied together in pairs, and driven like cattle towards the city of Mexico.

In the early dawn of the following day, led by a brave Scotchman, Captain Ewan Cameron, many of them escaped. The remaining number who could not get away were commanded by Santa Anna to be drawn up in a line and shot, but the order was modified to the drawing of black beans. The man, who, blindfolded, drew the fatal colour was shot. Seventeen men in this way were executed, and those who drew white beans had better have died than lived, so cruelly did they suffer. But every day brought nearer to the undaunted pioneers of Texas the hope of freedom and independence. Men may have been many things in that struggling republic, filibusters, outlaws, adventurers, gamblers, pirates, but I never heard of a coward.

We had the honour of sharing with Louisiana the picturesque gentleman pirate Lafitte, who was said by his enemies to make love or to scuttle a ship with equal success, and by his friends to be a seigneur with letters of marque from the French government. He was certainly, to put it politely, a violator of the revenue, and Governor Claybourne had put a price upon his head, when, at an opportune moment for him, General Jackson and his army arrived in New Orleans. With the ready assurance of the bold adventurer, Lafitte offered his services and that of an armed company for the defence of the state, and though General

Jackson had denounced "robbers, pirates, and hellish bandits," he entered the army, was commended for bravery, gained a full and free pardon by the government, and left Louisiana rehabilitated, only to start privateering in the Gulf of Mexico, off the coast of Galveston. In an incredibly short space of time he had gathered more than a thousand lawless adventurers about him. Finally a Government vessel was robbed of some thousands in gold. After that he disappeared and was supposed to have sailed for South America.

La Salle, that brave and intrepid discoverer, having claimed and named Louisiana for Louis XIV, sailed for Texas, landed at Matagorda Bay, explored the Lavaca River, and built Fort St. Louis. He called it "The St. Louis of Sorrow," and so it proved for him. It is a pity that its historic name has been changed to Dimmit's Point. A leader of men can never escape the destroying jealousy of those whom he dominates. They admire him. They fear him. They envy him to the point of hatred. La Salle escaped the dangers of the explorer by land and sea only to die by the hand of an assassin, one of his own men, on the Neches River.

There was courage and daring and carelessness of life in Texas; not only in those early days, but even as a child I myself remember the old disregard of danger which prevailed in Texas. There is a great deal in atmosphere. When a man lives in a country where cowardice is not tolerated, although he may quake inwardly he would never dare to show the white feather. On a Saturday night if a frontiersman had drunk enough liquid "hell-fire," he would ride into the town yelling like a Comanche Indian, the reins of his horse thrown

over his arm or held in his teeth, and both hands occupied in alternately firing off pistols, one perhaps pointed upward to the heavens, the other downward to the earth, or by misadventure hitting a human being. My youngest brother, Ridge, standing on the side-walk, enjoying one of these all too realistic spectacular performances, was shot through the foot. He was about fifteen years old and we were the greatest friends, then and always. After a few days I was allowed as a great privilege to see the little greyish hole in his instep. I don't think he minded it much; with a bundle of newspapers and a pile of books he was always oblivious to the world.

When I grew up and married, during my visits to Texas my brother Ridge always spent a part of every day with me and he had such a restful, comfortable, sensible, original way of visiting. He wanted to see me, but having nothing in particular to say, he said nothing. Arriving with a dozen newspapers under one arm and several books under the other, he gave me a brief but affectionate greeting, and, sitting down, he read steadily for two hours, got up, patted me on the head or shoulder, and said, "Good-bye, Betts Swizzlegigs, see you tomorrow." And off he would go; but he always saw me on the morrow. For, in the whole of his life, he never broke the slightest promise, or told a little or a big lie.

When he talked, which he did amazingly well, it was to say something worth while, for he had a perfectly astounding memory. It was like a moving picture show, and seemed to have literally photographed every event, every book, and every poem that he had ever read. He was very fond of some little verses by Rollin Ridge, a talented Cherokee Indian:

I love thee as the soaring bird
The bright blue morning when he sings,
With circling, circling melody,
And Heaven's sweet sunlight on his wings.
I love thee as the billows love
In tropic lands the pearly shore;
They come and go—they come and go,
With answering kisses evermore.

I love thee as the mariner
Far driven o'er the stormy sea
The bright and shining silver star
Which tells him where his home may be.
I love thee thus and ever shall;
Thine eyes their bright and glorious light
Shine in my soul for evermore
Illumining its darkest night.

and he always repeated again the lines,

"With circling, circling melody
And Heaven's sweet sunlight on his wings."

and I hope in that other and more beautiful country where he has gone, "Heaven's sweet sunlight" is shining upon him.

As a little girl, I had a great desire to be brave, but, like the burglar described to me by F. C. Froest, the able superintendent of police in London, who had three terrors—an old-fashioned iron bar fastened across a door, a little shrill barking dog, and an old maid who always sleeps with one eye open,—there were three things, which struck terror to my soul. These were the drunken yells of the galloping outlaws, the old Voodoo negro witch living near us, who was said to make people die by putting a spell on them; and the bellowing

of a bull, which for a long time I believed to be the devil roaring aloud for bad children whom he was seeking to devour. This fable had been told me by a little negro girl on the place, and had sunk deep into my well of credulity, where even yet the waters have not been dried to dust by the world's disillusionment.

Maum Phyllis, the Voodoo witch, had been brought to Texas from South Carolina by my uncle Marcellus Duval, and my father always said she was the last slave who had been born in Africa. She was so black that even her lips were a blue-black colour; her eyes were large and rolling; she never smiled and seldom spoke. In her ears she wore big hoops of gold, and a snow-white head handkerchief instead of the gay plaid turban always worn by other negro women. The contrast of her stern black face and the white above it was startling. There was no scandal, no secret, no small incident in any house in town which was unknown to her, and even white women were not above buying her love philtres. One of her peculiar talismans, composed of a bat's wing, a rabbit'a foot, some hemp from the rope which had hanged a murderer, and drops of milk from the breasts of a mother and daughter, each nursing a baby of the same age, was supposed to bring unwilling lovers to the most forbidding of woman-kind. In the South, where women married very young, it was not an unusual thing for the mother's youngest child to be of the same age as her daughter's firstborn.

Mammy, although a very religious and ardent Methodist, was a firm believer in Voodooism, charms, amulets, the evil eye, "sperrits" and all the rest of it, I cannot even now disabuse my mind of superstition and I know, "de cunjhe book"contains many warnings and shuddering peeps into the future.

"De cunjhe book say dat he prowl by night,
En' de cunjhe-book ought to know;
Deh 's a chance dat he 's neah when de dew gleam bright
En de ol' bak lawg buhn low—
Deh 's a chance det he 's neah when de stars wink weak,
En' de tallow cup buhn blue;
En' doan yo' dahe to speak
When de ol' flo' creak—
It 's de
Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

"He 's de awfullist thing, de cunjhe books say,
(Wuss den de uddeh bogy-boos)
En' de' ain't no chahm det kin keep him away—
He jes' come aroun' when he choose.
Deh 's snake-skin, en' bat-wing, en' rabbit-foot,
Well, its mighty li'l good dey 'll do,
Foh de cunjhe-book tell
It 's hahd to put a spell,
On de
Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

"Sum say det he gallop on an ol' blac' cat
Roun' de rim ob de big full moon,
Sum say det he cum in de shape of a bat
Fum his home in de swamp lagoon,
En' gran'mammy tell dat he 's always neah
When ebeh deh 's a grabe dug new,
En' she say if yo' heah
A ringin' in yo' eah
It 's de
Voodoo Bogey-Boo!

"Lemme tell yo', l'il boy, you betteh keep still
De dawg 's at de do' peepin' fru'
En' eben de cricket in de damp do'sill
Am stoppin' to listen too—

De room am still en' de fiah am daid
Deh 's sumfin a cummin' foh yo'
Jes' yo' jump right in baid
En' kibbeh up yo' haid,
It 's de
Voodoo Bogey-Boo!"

Voodooism is now a thing of the past, but all the world knows that a rabbit's foot which has danced on a tombstone in a graveyard will bring extraordinary good luck. I have never been fortunate enough to possess one. My mascot of these days is a bracelet made from the hairs of an elephant's tail, an ornament guaranteed to bring at least some good fortune. It is lucky in the first place to get the bracelet at all, for not every elephant has hair on his tail, and to have the black spikes necessary to bend like tiny whalebones into a circle, the elephant must have been free, a dweller in forests, a monarch of all he surveyed, and a leader in the elephant world. He must have lifted up his trunk and deeply trumpeted when he heard the lion's loud roar in the jungle; he must have been wise and more than a century old, for thin weak hairs cannot appease an angry fate. My Helen gave me a tiger's whisker; it was neatly curled up and enclosed in a little sapphire studded gold heart, and attached to a bracelet, but a fair-haired German waiter stole it from me two years ago in New York. I daresay by this time he is proprietor of a prosperous hotel and all the luck intended for me has been transferred to him.

One little piece of good fortune that I had was being born in Texas, that great, wide, cheerful, courageous territory, with the most picturesque history of all the states and a distinct individuality of its own, inheriting as it has something of aloofness and independence from

the old Republic. During her long struggle with Mexico, England and France, for their own reasons, had both shown great interest in the future of Texas, but without help she had fought bravely on, overcoming with bleeding steps defeat and disaster, until at length Mexico was obliged to offer her terms of peace. This brought the United States to a realisation of her position and importance. Goethe said "Thought expands and weakens the mind; action contracts and strengthens it"; certainly these men of action know how to wait. Patience has won more battles than bravery, for it means unending, sustained courage.

The most thrilling thing I ever heard Parnell say in his even steady voice was, "I can always bide my time." These pioneer statesmen bided their time. Quietly resting between Mexico and the United States they calmly compared the advantages of a republic, or a state, and delicately weighed in the scales all that would be to their own advantage. Each of the other states had asked to be admitted to the Union, but Texas proudly waited, and when she received her card of invitation said, "Yes, I am flattered at your polite invitation, but I must enter the Union on my own terms." And if she wishes it to-morrow, she can be divided into four States and send twelve men to the Senate; but this will never be, for she is proud of her stupendous size, of her unique position and, above all, of being the "Lone Star State."

When the United States agreed in 1846 to her independent terms, at the first faint streak of dawn cannons boomed to assemble together the patriots and pioneers who had fought for her liberty in the past and would guard it jealously in the future. The sunrise was magnificent, and amidst a profound silence the honoured

flag with its single star was lowered and furled, and a flag with stars hoisted and unfurled. The President of the late Republic said with deep feeling: "The final act in the great drama is finished, the Republic of Texas is dead. The State of Texas lives." There was a wild shout, and Texas was enrolled in the Union.

When the Legislature assembled, the state constitution, framed by just and honest men, showed that sagacity and wisdom ruled her counsels. Much of the Common Law in England was used and some of the laws improved upon. All property owned by the husband or wife at the time of marriage and all acquired afterwards remained the separate property of each, and all property acquired during marriage was common property. Offences against the persons of slaves were punished in the same way as those committed against white people. The homestead was, and still is, exempt from debt. Public free schools were supported by taxation; and a sum of money was voted for the maintenance of the Texas rangers, a small army necessary to the State in the quick capture and punishment of marauding outlaws and "Hellish bandits." My father often commented upon the wisdom of the constitution of the State. He was himself the author of *Paschal's Digest of the Laws of Texas.* Martin Lyttleton, that brilliant lawyer and fine orator, told me it was the first law book he had ever read, and although he has now attained prominence in the Congressional life of Washington, he never forgets Texas and his love for that great State.

## CHAPTER IV

### SAM HOUSTON

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land;
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

DOROTHEA MACKELLER.

BEFORE the war, society in Austin must have been very varied and interesting. General Sam Houston was governor of the State. My mother did not like him, holding him responsible for the massacre of Goliad where my Uncle Burr Duval had been shot; but from this history exonerates him. He came to Texas in the first instance, like many another man, to mend a broken heart, and for a time eschewed the society of the white man and above all the white woman. Living entirely with the Indians, he learned their language, adopted their costume, and to the end of his life retained a certain bold picturesqueness in his dress. When Governor of the State, he wore a soft silk shirt, a flowing red necktie, a leopard-skin vest, coat and trousers of brown camel's hair, a wide sombrero of grey felt embroidered in silver, and a rich-coloured Mexican serape. Some of these serapes woven by the Indians

are of great value; they are made on a fine frame not unlike the manner of weaving an Eastern rug, and are splendid in colouring and as pliable and soft as an Indian shawl. Age only improves them; with care they last for generations and are with the Mexicans valued heirlooms. Governor Houston loved popularity and was always sending my mother, through my father, some small carved object. Like Madame de Staël he required constant occupation for his hands; she played with a twig or a flower, he was always whittling, and he was rarely seen without a knife and a piece of soft wood which he transformed into stars, hearts, diamonds, and Noah's Ark people and animals. Eventually my mother softened towards him, for he and my father were always friends. In a quarrel which he had with a public man, my father was trying to mend matters when Governor Houston said: "You are right, Judge, I must n't be too hard on Jones; he has every quality of the dog except his fidelity."

The romance of his life was not unlike that of Claude Melnotte, but without the happy ending which romance so easily, but life rarely, gives. He was a man of great ability and when very young was elected governor of Tennessee. During his term of office he fell ardently in love with a beautiful and ambitious girl. The wooing was not without difficulty as he had a rival, a young man, undesirable and undistinguished, who scarcely entered into his big busy mind. The girl he loved lived in an adjoining town, and the courtship was mainly through letters, therefore he had not the opportunity of properly studying her character. As was the fashion of the time they were married at night, in a candle-lighted, flower-wreathed church. There was a big wedding, for everybody wanted to see the

handsome young couple, and to congratulate the Governor, but at last, at the end of the festivities, he sought the beautiful bride. All shimmer of satin and glimmer of pearl, she awaited him, in the rose-and-white bridal chamber.

He went quickly towards her, speechless with emotion, and tenderly gathered her in his arms. "Don't," she said, pushing him away, "you will crush my veil." Her voice struck coldly upon his quickened emotions, but he was repelled only for a second. He was too happy to take warning, and he unfastened her veil, laid it reverently on the sofa, and softly lifted her face to kiss her. She drew back with a look almost of dislike, and said, "Please, please, not now." He thought it was maidenly modesty and said: "I have n't thanked you yet for marrying me, but I do. See, I am humble; I am on my knees, my darling, to thank you," and he knelt and covered her hands with kisses.

Another, softer woman, not loving him, would have done it then, and laying her hand upon his head would have thanked God for this adoring heart, but her own was of ice. She said, somewhat sharply: "Do get up and don't be foolish; I don't want you to thank me for marrying the Governor of Tennessee." He said very gently, "You have married your lover, Madame."

"I don't want a lover," she said, coldly, "if I had wished to give myself up to love,—a thing I don't believe in,—I would have married S.," naming his rival.

"Did you," said her husband fiercely, "love him?"

"No," she said, "but I might have loved him, if you had not been a man of successful ambition. I have married, as I said before, the Governor of Tennessee."

"Perhaps," said he with a dangerous light in his

eyes, "you do not love this gentleman—this paltry Governor——"

She said, "Love is not necessary in an ambitious marriage. I am the Governor's wife. I am to sit at the head of his table, to receive his friends, to share his triumphs——"

"And," he cried with a great burst of passion, "to starve his heart and leave it empty! To break it in the end, and to make ambition his curse. Even now," he added bitterly, "my ambition is dead. You have killed all my hopes, and I suffer the torments of the damned, for I wanted you and I loved you,—my God, how I loved you!"

She answered calmly: "I thought men placed ambition before a woman. I am willing for you to do that. You are the Governor of . . . "

"By heaven, Madame," he said harshly, "there is no such person."

And with that, he strode to the writing-table, wrote his resignation to the State, threw it at her feet, picked up his hat, and said:

"I married you for love, the purest, the truest, the most reverently adoring that man ever gave to woman. You married me without love. I scorn a woman's body without her soul. We are as far asunder as the poles. We part here, now and forever."

He closed the door and went out into the darkness of the stormy night—his tragic wedding night—and they never met again.

He sought forgetfulness among the Indians, and was only roused from lethargy by the desperate efforts of the struggling Republic of Texas towards liberty. When he became General of the army, his wife, at last loving him deeply, should, according to romance, have

travelled thousands of miles and appeared, travel-stained, softened and repentant, to sue for his forgiveness; but in reality they were divorced. Each married again, and they never met after the fatal night of their parting.

Texas must have held more than her share of thrilling romance at this period. Men made love with impulsive ardour, for the rapid uncertainty of life brings greediness for all it holds. During the war, one day's courtship served for marriage. "Love to-night and death to-morrow," was the soldier's motto.

Among the first settlers of Texas a number of representatives of old Southern families had established themselves in Austin. James Raymond had helped to frame the constitution of the State and was a banker; the Flournoys (what pity to anglicise the aristocratic name of Fleur Noire!), the Lubbocks, the Wauls (Waul's confederate Texas brigade was later to become a synonym in the army for undaunted courage);—the Hancocks, the Duvals, the Peases—Elisha Pease, afterwards governor, although born in the North and a Union man, never lost the affection or confidence of the people—these were among the most distinguished of the early settlers. Then there were the Throckmortons, the Wests, the Burlesons, the Steiners, the Haynes, and the Wigfalls. Louis Wigfall had been sent from Texas to the United States Senate. With uncompromising Southern proclivities, he became in 1861 one of the leaders of Secession, and was a fiery, vehement, passionate speaker, earning for himself the sobriquet of "the stormy petrel."

Mrs. Chesnut, in her *Diary from Dixie, 1860–65*, frequently mentions the Wigfalls. "I sent Mrs. Wigfall a telegram—'Where shrieks the wild seamew?'

She answered, 'Seamew at the Spotswood Hotel will shriek soon. I will remain here.'" And of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, she says, "Wigfall was with them on Marius' Island when they saw the fire in the fort. He jumped into a little boat and, with his handkerchief, as a white flag, rode over. . . . As far as I can see, the fort surrendered to Wigfall. It is all confusion." And at Richmond in 1861 she says: "Heavens! He manœuvred until I was weary for their sakes. Poor fellows, it was a hot afternoon in August and the thermometer in the nineties. President Davis uncovered to speak. Wigfall kept his hat on. Is that military?" After the war Louis Wigfall lived for a time in England, but eventually returned to the United States.

Matthias Ward, another Senator from Texas in 1860, was very popular. He had a great sense of humour and enjoyed a story against himself. His face was extremely youthful, with fresh bright eyes as blue as that dear flower, the prairie blue-bonnet, and cotton-white hair. Travelling from New Orleans to St. Louis by a Mississippi steamer, he had engaged the state-room number one hundred and ten. The boat was immensely crowded, and his room had been taken possession of by a party of lawless men. Standing outside the open door of the ladies' cabin, the steward called to one of the understewards, "Here, can't you get this poor man, one hundred and ten, a berth?" A pretty lady put her head out of the state-room. "Oh, steward, bring him right in here," she said; "the ladies won't mind a harmless old man of a hundred and ten, and, poor old soul, he must have somewhere to sleep." "Pull your hat down," said the steward, "and hobble to your berth; it will be all right." But the lovely

ladies chattering, relieving their pretty heads of hundreds of curls and braids, letting their own hair flow over their shoulders, and dropping immense hoop skirts which fell with a clang like steel armour to the floor, were temptations too strong to be withstood. Mr. Ward peeped, and immediately an observant young lady called out, "Steward, steward, come quick and get your hundred and ten. He 's looking at us with young blue eyes." And the steward had to find him another state-room, minus crinolines.

There were many men in Texas opposed to Secession at the beginning of the war. The State had entered the Union on her own terms; she was prosperous and far enough away from the passionate excitement in Washington for astute statesmen to see inevitable defeat. From the beginning everything was against the South. The North had wealth, open ports, greater numbers, and even with success the South must have suffered horribly from a war fought on her own territory. But when Texas finally accepted Secession she did it with no half measures, furnishing to the Confederate army eighty-eight regiments of infantry and cavalry, and more than thirty batteries of artillery. In all, seventy-five thousand Texas men fought for the Southern cause. Albert Sydney Johnston ranked among the ablest officers in the service. Ben McCullough commanded the Texas Rangers, who did not know fear. Sam Bell Maxey, a cousin of my mother's, soon won his two stars. General William Steele, who had married my aunt Laura Duval's sister, an ardent sympathiser with the South, had resigned from a crack cavalry regiment in the United States army to take command in Texas. And the long roll-call of glory holds hundreds of Texas names.

A baptism of fire during the siege of Vicksburg gave Texas an adopted son whose name is well-known to history. An important redoubt had been captured by the Federals and it was necessary for the Confederates to recapture it. One entire company from Alabama had been shot down to the very last man, when Waul's Texas brigade volunteered to capture the fort. Captain Bradley said he wanted no married officers to take part, the danger was too great. Pettus, a young Confederate officer said: "Bradley, you are a married man yourself. Give me your command." Bradley answered: "No, where my troops go, I will lead them." Captain Pettus said, "All right, come ahead." He placed himself well in front, led them by a circuitous route, and before the Federals knew it, the fire of the Confederates was destructively centred upon the fort, which they unexpectedly approached in the rear. The quick volley and attack caused a panic, the fort was seized, and a greater number of prisoners than their own men were captured. Before the enemy fully realised their position, the Confederates had spiked their guns and without the loss of a single man had gained a complete victory. They marched back with heads up and banners flying to the quick-step of *Dixie*, played with drum and fife. A Texas soldier, full of enthusiasm, asked who the tall man was who led them. Someone said, "Pettus of Alabama." Then the brigade broke into a wild Texas yell and gave cheer after cheer for "Pettus of Texas!" "Pettus of Texas!" And Senator Pettus ever afterwards claimed to be a man of two States, Texas and Alabama, for he had been rebaptised on the field of battle for an act of unsurpassed daring by a legion of the Lone Star State.

After the war, Texas soon recovered herself. Men

who fight valiantly forgive generously. Confederate soldiers came back with no bitterness or animosity in their hearts towards the North, and they worked at whatever occupation offered itself without hesitation or shame. A gallant Captain, with a bullet still in his arm, measured a yard of ribbon in a shop; or a Major, his only possession one mule, ploughed a long straight furrow and planted sugar-cane or cotton. Good birth luckily cannot be measured or ploughed away. It remains, and in a crisis it always counts. It is said that during the war a gentleman by birth recovered from wounds that were fatal to the son of the soil. It was not one man fighting death; the influence of his gallant forbears abided to help him.

In the days of my childhood courage was a fetish in Texas. Girls and boys tried to bear a hurt without a cry. They were brought up to an open air life, and early learned to ride and run and swim and fish and hunt. When I was a baby my father had a Mexican saddle made with a pommel about the size of a soup-plate and, sitting in front of him, I rode in this way all over the country until I was big enough to mount a pony. Then I learned to ride on a gay little animal called "Buttons." He was of creole stock, an active, boyish, sturdy little fellow of the sweetest temper and the warmest heart, as eager for affection and petting as a dog, and as playful as a kitten. If I held up a pocket-handkerchief he stood rigidly still looking at it, showing the white of his eyes with roguish knowingness, until unexpectedly, with a rush, he ran and seized it out of my hand. Although my father paid only twenty-five dollars for him he had good Spanish and Norman blood in his veins, and with his bright bay colour and long black mane and tail was a very good-looking little

animal. Sometimes out of sheer joy of life he tilted me over his head and I would find myself sitting on the grass very surprised, looking into his mischievous face.

After Buttons, I held in love my pet pig, "Pancake." He was extremely jealous of the pony whom he held in detestation, and he stood by squealing with rage when I mounted for my afternoon ride. This quaint pet I had literally raised from the dead. We had a famous Berkshire sow of enormous size and distinguished pedigree who overlaid her litter of pigs, leaving them as flat as pancakes. They were thrown out behind the stable waiting for a cart to bear them away, when I found them, thought one of them breathed, and carried him into the kitchen to Mammy. She dosed him with paregoric—wrapped him in hot flannels, put him by the fire and gave him a bottle of fresh warm milk. Slowly he revived, and for a long time I tended him every day and Mammy every night. Finally he began to fatten, to take notice, and to develop a loving heart. He trotted at my heels like a dog and sat on the balcony in the evening looking out on the garden while my mother watered her flowers. Dressed in a black barège gown with low neck and short sleeves and a little tulle cape trimmed with pink satin ribbons, she would go from bed to bed, carrying a big watering-pot, while a crowd of little darkies bearing smaller watering-pots trotted after her. Evidently it afforded Pancake great satisfaction to see other people at work, while he was grunting at leisure. He got his own way in everything, not by moral suasion, but by intimidation. The moment he saw a negro enter the dining-room with a dish he began to squeal, and the loud, penetrating and shrill noise continued until in despair my father would say, "Get a plate and let me give

Pancake his dinner first." And before anyone else was served, a huge plate of steaming food was taken out to him for the sake of quiet.

Our house in Austin was built of stone, with very thick walls to make it cool. A piazza in front and another at the rear ran along the full length of the house. After the foundations were begun it was found that a noble elm-tree would have to be sacrificed to make room for the balcony, and my father was indeed the woodsman who spared the tree, for he built both upper and lower galleries round the trunk of it, and left the wide-spreading branches to make a thick shade in summer over the roof. My mother always regretted that it had not been cut down, as she said it brought insects into the house, but I loved its rough body and my bird-cages conveniently hung upon it. The first mocking-bird I tried to raise had a pathetic fate. Its father, rather than leave his son in captivity, became its filiuscide. My fledgling was getting on splendidly; his dewy eyes were soft and bright, he had a ferocious appetite and was fat and happy, when one day the parent bird approached the cage with a little red berry, fed him with it, and in a moment he was dead.

I profited by my experience. The next mocking-bird I adopted was brought up out of a cage; he was called "Moonlight," and was perfectly tame, hopping about in every room in the house and sleeping at night on the back of a chair on the balcony. When he was just budding into manhood and had begun to try his voice with low-toned, beautiful warblings, he met a tragic end through a yellow cat who caught him, for although he was rescued it was only to die very quickly. I cried myself into a fever, and my father would have shot the cat if I had not begged for its life.

A great and constant delight after my pets was the garden, now gone forever, for although the old house stands the ground has been divided and sold away from it:

I would know it, could I find it;
And before I reached the gate,
I would catch the smell of roses,
Where the fragrant hedge encloses
And the fair white lilies wait.

Tall they were, the hedge and lilies,
When my little feet ran there;
And I laughed and played beside them,
But the weary long years hide them,
Though I seek them everywhere.

I would know it, could I find it;
And before I reached the gate,
I 'd escape long years and pain
And would be a child again,
Where the tall white lilies wait.

It is to me a supreme sadness that with my passionate love of every flower that grows, my only garden is that dark and solitary enclosure, where I have wept and suffered and battled with loneliness and despair, my Garden of Gethsemane.

My mother's garden was a whole acre of blossoms. The splendid Spanish bayonet (Yucca), with its thick pure waxen flower, grew near the gate. The exotic cactus, with its gorgeous blossoms of scarlet, flourished where the sun shone hottest; and there were beds of heart's-ease, forget-me-nots, single pinks and carnations, creeping ice-plant and the delicate sensitive plant, shrubs of crêpe myrtle and althea, with rows of holly-

hocks and gravelled walks thickly bordered with white and pink and purple gillyflowers. And the rose garden was scarcely ever, even in mid-winter, without a few persistent blossoms. There were Maréchal Niel and heavy-headed tea roses, the soft mauve-pink Caroline Testout, deep red Jacqueminot roses, white roses with their delicate reticent perfume, and the little starry picayune, and banksia; and crimson and white ramblers. The old-fashioned sweet, opulent, cabbage roses, yellow and pink; the moss-rose, whose stem and foliage are almost as fragrant as the flower, and the hardy hundred-leaf rose, with its thorny stem, grew in riotous profusion everywhere. A German horticulturist had helped my mother to make one picturesque rose bed. When the bushes reached a certain height they were bent, the ends cut and replanted in the earth, where they took root and grew in the shape of a half-hoop, and in leaf and blossom, with the thick foliage and the many-hued roses covering every inch of ground, this was a wonderful spot of beauty. Tall lilies, white and pink and scarlet, stood like sentinels on either side of the path leading to the front door, and in a protected corner of the garden heliotrope, oleander, gardenia, lemon verbena, spitti sporum, and sweet olive made the air a perfect bouquet of fragrance. My mother worked early and late among her flower beds, making war on blight, insects and ants, and giving the thirsty plants enough water to drink. There was one bed of four o'-clocks, a species of yellow azalea whose blossoms remained closely folded buds until four o'clock, when they opened their lazy golden eyes and gave forth a deliciously fresh clean perfume. As a child I would wait patiently for the magic hour, but these flowers

were shy, and I never saw them actually unfold their leaves.

Beyond Waller's Creek, which ran just at the back of the garden, was a wide, open prairie with a fine grove of post oaks in the centre, trees of beautiful shape with broad green leaves. In the spring the prairie was rich with variegated colour from the many wild flowers which burst into blossom almost over night. There were bachelor buttons, coxcomb, wild pink and white cyclamen, scarlet sage, sweet william, a large delicate pink and white primrose (a different variety from the small English flower), and nigger heads, a very sweet-smelling flower with a big round centre of dark brown and small yellow and red petals. A fragrant white lily, called rain lily from its quick blossoming after a shower, bloomed there, and amidst all this flashing of brilliant tints were soft undulations of purest azure, as if little lakes reflecting the sky were in a state of gentle upheaval. This pretty phenomenon was produced by vast quantities of thickly growing blue-bonnets (*Lupinus subcarnosus*) in such vivid luxuriance as to form whole patches of sky-blue on the wide prairie. I loved that little upright, exquisite, intensely coloured flower, with its clear-cut saucy profile and greyish green leaves. Perhaps some day I shall see it again.

And there was the creek, the fascinating never-to-be-forgotten creek, where the moment the weather was warm enough we, my cousins and I, waded up- and down-stream to make discoveries on the fertile banks. We found natural grape-vine swings, and ladders of strong creepers almost to the tops of some of the trees, and underneath a thick growth of wild-rose bushes a startled whip-poor-will would dart out, and when we peeped between the leaves there would lie her soft

brown nest on a carpet of moss. When the sun shone hot, a turtle would leave her snow-white egg on the sand, and the rainbow lizard would take a siesta in the afternoon. Sometimes we saw one with no tail, showing that, while he too-soundly slept, a mischievous boy had dropped a sharp stone and cut it off. And there were gentle-eyed horned frogs, who never ran away, but would let us, with wildly beating hearts, handle them and put them down again. On the banks grew pokeberry bushes, dipping towards the stream, and we gathered their rich purple berries and painted each other's cheeks and lips a deep vermilion-red; and there were beautiful teasel-tufts, that indelibly stained our hands. We made bouquets from the great beds of horsemint with its tiny white blossom, and we shelled the milkweed pod and with the white silky hair stuffed mattresses for our dolls. The beautiful kingfisher made darts of light at our approach and the little, harmless, jade-green water-snakes, who touched our bare legs, would make us shriek aloud with frightened ecstasy. We could hear the Bob-White calling in the distance and sometimes find his low nest built almost in the water. The slow-moving tortoise drew in his head when, chattering, we passed. The melancholy coo of the wood-dove made us momentarily sad, for we thought he was calling for his missing mate and would be a solitary bird bachelor all the rest of his melancholy life, since we were always told that when a dove died the other never mated again.

The green katy-did sang long and lingeringly along the margin of the creek; the crickets chirped more loudly there, and the brown frogs gave forth a mellower boom. It was a place of dear enchantment, and how disappointed we were when a drought came and dried

the dimpling, clear, brown water and turned the irregular little stream into a dusty road-bed. Ah! the poor little city children who are devoid of all these sweet woodland melodies!

And if my borrowed cousins sometimes went home and I had no playfellow, there were all of my dear dream friends who in imagination dwelt with me. Little Red Riding-Hood, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, Bluebeard and his wives, Sister Ann, Puss-in-Boots, Jack the Giant-killer, Jack-of-the-Beanstalk, the fairy Princess and Bob Goodfellow, Little Bo-peep and Little Boy-blue and Sleeping Beauty, were all as real to me as my father and mother and aunt Polly Hynes, who lived part of the year with us and was always ready to read me these enchanting fairy stories. I loved her dearly and feared her too, for she was a lady of unassailable dignity and rigorous habits. Never on the warmest summer's day did she take off her "stays" and put on a loose muslin wrapper; no matter how high the temperature, she was always scrupulously dressed, with not a hair out of place. A ruffled cap of beautiful lace with strings was tied under her chin; an embroidered collar of sheer muslin was fastened at the neck with the miniature of a young man in a uniform; and a deep purple or black and white muslin gown neatly fitted her tall erect figure. She always carried a brocaded silk bag which contained two snuff-boxes, one of dark enamel, the other of gold, with Holyrood castle engraved on the top. Two handkerchiefs, a gaily coloured one for snuff, the other of sheer fine linen, and a pair of black woollen mitts, in case her hands got cold, completed the contents. At precisely eleven o'clock in the morning a little negro, who rarely left her side except for this office, entered the room with

a glass of sangaree (ice and claret sugared, and powdered thickly on the top with nutmeg) and two cakes. She delicately drank the claret and nibbled the cakes, and I remember thinking that as soon as I grew up I should certainly take snuff and drink sangaree.

When Aunt Polly grew very old the sexton of St. David's who was old too, called her "Aunt Polly." She drew herself up and said, "Only my nephews and nieces call me that—Miss Hynes, if you please," and Miss Hynes she remained even to our youngest and most intimate friends. Of all her nieces she loved best her namesake, Molly Duval, the beauty of the family. Molly was my favourite too. She had hair as yellow as ripe corn, a beautifully smooth pink and white skin, brown eyes, and a charming sense of humour. When she reached girlhood she was a great toast and belle, breaking many hearts, but finally she married William Nelson of Virginia. Even those of us who were not so beautiful as Molly had a lovely time. As Austin was a military station, there were, in addition to the young men of the town, any number of cavalry and infantry officers, while other young soldiers stationed at solitary posts came down occasionally from the frontier, and not having seen a woman for months they were very impressionable, and generally became engaged to some girl not many days after their first meeting. There were balls and dances, moonlight picnics, rides and drives, serenades and champagne breakfasts, and life was as careless and gay as youth, health, and high spirits could make it.

And yet beneath that carelessness the inexorable spirit of the country was and is always present. The way of transgressors is not unusually hard in that dear land, but no leper in a desert island is more avoided than

a hypocrite when found out; and the punishment meted out to him is remorseless. I remember a man who came to Texas, took orders for the ministry, and became assistant curate to an Episcopal clergyman. There was a rumour that he was married, but he was uncommunicative about his affairs, and nothing was definitely known until he produced a newspaper which contained a notice of the death of his first wife. He fell in love with a sweet, amiable, and charming girl, and a little later married her. It was such a pretty wedding, all smiles and tears, white tulle, fresh orange blossoms, white Swiss muslin, bridesmaids, many loving gifts, and heartfelt and affectionate wishes for the modest bride. The bridegroom, a plain, dark, swarthy, unattractive man, was so filled with joy that he appeared almost good-looking. After the marriage two children were born, and they were quite happy until the first wife appeared to say that she had never died, and had never been divorced from her husband. She had last heard of him in Arizona as having married a Mexican girl; then he disappeared, and she had now traced him to Texas. A trial for bigamy was begun, he was convicted and sentenced to serve one or two years in the penitentiary. His young wife, the mother of his children, was that most touching, amazing creature on earth, a woman with perfect faith in the man she loved. She did not believe the first wife's tale, nor the evidence (if she even read it), nor the jury nor the judge. She simply rested upon the word of her husband. This attitude aroused even the pity of the first wife, and she, upon being appealed to by the husband's counsel, agreed to divorce him.

The decree was granted without delay, and before he went to serve his term of imprisonment he was

allowed, in consideration of his second wife's family, to leave the prison, and be married in his own house at five o'clock in the morning by a justice of the peace.

It was after he had served his term that his true punishment began. He was not only ostracised; he even ceased to exist in the community, and earned his bread by going to the back door of the houses where he had been an honoured guest and leaving blocks of ice. The people resented with bitterness the betrayal of their trust. They could not forget that a hypocrite had married the young, prayed for the sick, and buried the dead, and they could never forgive him. Texas might pardon a filibuster, an outlaw or a hot-blooded impulsive slayer of men (I won't say murderer), but a hypocrite goes unpardoned.

My father once questioned the old sexton who wanted him to defend a man who had committed a murder. "But, Stavely," he said, "has n't O'Brien already shot six men?"

"He is, Jedge," Stavely answered, "but there 's one thing to be said for him, he ain't never killed no man that did n't want killing mighty bad."

The man who has met with "an accident" and killed another man is regarded leniently—but a ban is laid upon the hypocrite. He is a coward, and a coward is worse than an outcast, for life in that wide country is of less value than honour. My father, who was the best, kindest, and most humane gentleman I ever knew, believed in the duello. He said a man had a perfect right to protect his own home and his womenkind at the point of a pistol. He argued that through this drastic means we were freed from long, salacious, divorce or breach of promise cases, or suits for damaged affections; that men when they deceived or compromised

women knew the consequences and were more careful of their conduct. He did not live long enough to comprehend the modern woman who, best of all, is taught and is able to protect herself.

The men of Texas are eminently manly. They look life squarely in the face with unflinching candid eyes, and they do not mind in the least the laugh being turned on them for their patriotic devotion to their State. They may not be quite so self-centred as that famous gentleman of history, Honorius, who wept at Ravenna when told that Rome was lost, thinking that his pet chicken had flown away, and when he found it was only the capital of the world was immensely relieved; nor, like Louis XVI, who on a day when there was no hunt wrote in his diary, "Nothing doing," although at that moment Paris stormed the Bastille; but Texans ever bear first in mind the needs and the advancement of that wide opal-hearted country. It is said that if a member of Congress goes to the Texas delegation with a bill which affects the life of the whole nation, they listen politely and probably answer: "This bill is all very well, but what are you going to do for the harbour at Galveston?" Or they mention some other appropriation for the benefit of that vast land, and certainly the very core of the heart of the Lone Star State is rooted in its soil.

The modern Texan is a fine, independent, upstanding human being, who boldly carves out his future, arguing that a man must first achieve his own glory before he boasts of the glory of his forbears. Man is a product of the land he lives in. The Texas men in Congress are characterised by a certain honest forceful directness, courage and independence, doubtless an inheritance of the intrepid spirit of the old Republic.

Senator Culberson, with many busy years of service to the State to his credit, is honoured for his impeccable honesty. Albert Sydney Burleson, a man of fine character, great courage and varied interests, valiantly carries forward the tradition of his fighting ancestors who helped to make the brave history of the State. His character is interestingly complex, combining great directness and simplicity with the ready acuteness of the far-seeing politician. And he views with a prophetic eye, not only the political arena of America, but of the whole world. But the whole Texan delegation are good men and true, fearless, manly, and kind. They are not crafty or strategic politicians, for the Texan men and women take life with straightforward directness, praise their friends, and abuse their enemies. It may not be the wisest course to pursue, but oh, it can be done with such enjoyment and sincerity!

> Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
> And there 's such music in her, such strange rhythm,
> As makes men's memories her joyous slaves,
> And clings around the soul, as the sky clings
> Round the mute earth, forever beautiful,
> And if o'erclouded, only to burst forth
> More all-embracingly divine and clear.
> Get but the Truth once uttered, and 'tis like
> A star new-born, that drops into its place.
> And which once circling in its placid round,
> Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

I don't believe it would be possible for a man from that great gulf State to have written the letter of Clement Clay to his wife when, after the war, he was unjustly incarcerated at Fortress Monroe:

> Do what you can for the comfort of my parents. . . ,

Try to exercise charity to all mankind, forgiving injuries, cherishing hatred to none, and doing good even to enemies. This is true wisdom, even if there were no life beyond the grave because it is the best way of securing peace of mind and of promoting mere worldly interests.

To forgive our enemies is hard; to do good to them is harder. I have known but one person who even contemplated it. Mrs. Mackay, who had suffered from the malice of two fashionable American women, offered, when they encountered reverses and contemplated going into business, to furnish the capital if her name could be kept a secret. I have never had any money to give my friends, but I have grave doubts whether, even if I had a fortune, I should wish to enrich my enemies.

Wells, in his excellent but not always understanding book, *The Future of America*—for after all he was only six weeks in that vast land—said that every man above forty and most of those below that limit seemed to be enthusiastic advocates of unrestricted immigration, "and," he adds, "I could not make them understand the apprehension with which this huge dilution of the American people with profoundly ignorant foreign peasants filled me." But there is no danger. Every age must take care of itself. America was, under the providence of God, established as the home of the desolate and oppressed, and this is her destiny. In her vast melting-pot old evils disappear like dross, and new forces are fused into a metal whose purity the future alone can test. It must not be forgotten that she receives these peasants in their ignorance and need, gives them food for their bodies, instructs their minds, and endows them with fresh energy. And Mr. Wells does n't realise that when America stretches out her

strong arm and takes to her broad bosom all nationalities, Scandinavians, Germans, Frenchmen or Irishmen, she transforms them in six months or a year into loyal citizens. Whether it be the hope born of a fresh environment, new possibilities or newly awakened self-respect, the subtle influence of the boundless forests, the great Lakes, the long chains of mountains, or vast noble prairies like those of Texas, something vital holds a man in a mighty grasp in our mighty land. His soul, freshly awakened, lifts up its voice and cries out, "I am an American." We take the discordant elements of all the world, and remould them into law-abiding citizens, ready to shoulder a musket in defence of our country and of Liberty. What other country can do it? But we have done it, and are doing it every day.

## CHAPTER V

### ACROSS THE SEA TO MARYLAND

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep.
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempests and tears of the deep.

Father THOMAS RYAN.

WHEN the responsibility of my own life was suddenly and violently thrust upon me and I found myself homeless and alone, the waves of misery which rushed over and submerged me were so thunderous and heavy, they left me bruised, beaten, and broken. Blindly I struggled to shore, as one already dead. The first thing that brought me to life was the voice of a little child.

It was a long, long way off, and it was only in my dreams, but one day it came closer, and then the dear Love, my grandson, rushed into my room and said, "Damma, you have come to live with us, and must never go away again, not for one minute!" And all these precious words were said between little close, bear-like hugs and haphazard warm kisses. When he left me the drought of my tears was over. I could weep again, and life could not be altogether desolate when the day began with play and toys. Quite early in the morning my bedroom door was flung open with a cheerful, "Well, little Dam!" and the Love, with his

hands full of soldiers, or ducks, or bears, or boats, would perch himself on my bed. And when he returned to his nursery he always left one little toy so that "Damma would n't be lonesome." And so throughout the day, if my troubles weighed too heavily upon me, I would touch for a moment the toy soldier, or the little boat, or the woolly dog, and they brought me consolation.

But the nights were dreadful, the long nights of hideous sleeplessness, with one maddening thought hammering my brain into pulp. I was like an uprooted plant dying in a new soil. Lura, my sweet Love's mother and an affectionate daughter to me, said: "Mother, you must go to America and get well, not to New York, not to Washington, not to any of the large cities, but go down to the very heart of the South, go where the sun shines. Go, dear, it will prove a healing balm to your spirit; I am sure it will." And I looked into my little Love's beautiful eyes and said:

"What seek you, soul that never sleeps,
Within these loved eyes' crystal deeps?
I seek content, content.
The eyes allure and they are dear,
Still I must go—it is not here."

But a horribly sad inertia possessed me, and it was months before I could gather strength enough to cross the Atlantic, although it is the easiest thing possible to go to Tilbury, get on board one of the Atlantic Transport Line Steamers, and almost immediately a beneficial rest cure begins. The boats are particularly comfortable and quiet; they are primarily built for carrying valuable cattle, and the accommodation for horses, cows, sheep and pigs, is vastly more comfort-

able and better ventilated than third-class passengers get on the larger steamers.

I often cross on this line and always go down on the lower deck to see the four-footed travellers; sometimes they are valuable thoroughbreds, or a hundred draft horses, big, black, brown and bay fellows, from Belgium, France, and England.

Once there were sixty Egyptian donkeys with us, beauties in colour, colossal in size and also in voice. One morning when a loud noise clove the air, a lady passenger turned alarmed and said to me: "What a strange thing, the fog whistle is blowing and there is n't any fog. Something serious must be the matter." But it was only an Egyptian donkey braying a regret for the Nile. And there are occasional prize dogs, beautiful fluffy-haired cats, and wonderfully bred guinea pigs with such long feathery hair, high crests, and top-knots that they bear a strange likeness to unwinged cockatoos. And the gulls followed us, those gipsies of the air, darting here and there or balanced on a wave almost all the way to New York. The service is excellent on these sensible ships, the food is good and abundant. The nine or ten days of our voyage passed quickly, for there were most agreeable people on board.

Dr. Venning, from Charles Town, in West Virginia, helped me by a good deal of sound advice. I think I never saw a saner, healthier, kinder or more capable man than this young surgeon. His mind, his body, and his work are all attuned to his profession which make for success. He drinks neither tea, coffee nor stimulants of any kind. He sleeps in the open air, lives on simple food, has a contented mind and is altogether a Man—frank, honest, and straightforward. He is happily married, is an intelligent, strict father, and, above

all, he is deeply interested in his profession and ambitious about his work. In his short vacation in England he had spent every afternoon in the operating-room of some hospital, and yet he could drop his work and all thought of it in a minute, talk about any subject under the sun, and laugh with the heartiness of a boy. What a help his very presence must be in the sick room!

When we arrived in New York I lingered unnecessarily. My healing had not begun—I had not enough energy to unpack and leave my winter belongings, and take out my lighter clothes for the South. And Julia, one of my adopted daughters, begged me to stay. I have five adopted daughters—Helen, for brilliancy and inspiration; Caroline, for beauty and gentleness; Bee, for loyalty and unselfishness; dear Margaret Douglas for sweetest sympathy and appreciation, and Julia for love and honeyed flattery (Ah, what soothing balm!).

Julia is of good birth and lineage, a tall, fair daughter of the South, and through certain qualities she has won success in that hard city. The stranger passing up and down Fifth Avenue can see on a modest but very distinct sign,

MISS CARROLL
*Gowns.*

This is the way it came about. Julia, with a negro Mammy, living in New York, was somewhat helplessly looking round for work when she and the negress, a beautiful needlewoman, made a Southern gown for a Southern woman going to Saratoga. It was one of those cobwebby New Orleans organdies, trimmed with much Valenciennes insertion and lace, with here and there a heavenly satin bow made by Mammy, whose

genius lay in that direction. The dress was an instantaneous success, and Julia became a specialist in wash-dresses. Later, silk and fine woollen gowns were added to her jaconets and muslins, and now she goes to Paris twice a year and all the latest modes fashioned from the most wonderful materials are to be found in her splendid shop, with its setting of beautiful antique furniture, carved mirrors, cases of old fans, china, and bric-à-brac. This success has grown, not out of the rosebud organdie, but from Julia's tact—tact in the morning, tact in the afternoon, tact in the evening. Julia puts it on like armour before the polyglot waiter arrives in her apartment with her breakfast.

"Where," she said to a strange dark little man, "is Tony?"

"Gone, Madame."

"And do you take his place?"

"Yes, Madame."

"And what are you?"

"A Greek, Madame; I am going back to Athens in the spring for the Olympic games."

"And," said Julia, very sweetly,—but absent-mindedly, looking at his queer little knock-kneed legs—"do you take part in the Olympic games?"

The poor creature tried to stand straight, and said with an air of pride, "No, Madame, that is . . . "

"Ah," said Julia, "I am sure you *could*." And whenever after that she telephoned, the Olympian appeared with lightning rapidity.

Moreover, Julia does n't only listen to bores, she goes further; she *drinks in* what they have to say and laughs spontaneously at their witless jokes. It is royally splendid. Of course now and then she has to

retire to a sanatorium to seek silence and a rest cure, for eternal tact tries the most robust health.

One of her customers has a chicken farm, and, next to the agricultural department, there is no one who knows so much of cocks and hens, their food and their vagaries as Julia. Another is a rose grower, and on slugs too she could take a degree. Her true position in the world should be that of an ambassadress in a foreign country having very complicated relations with America,—Japan, for example. With Julia there to pour oil on the troubled waters, we would never be embroiled in war.

So, without energy, I stayed on. The first impetus to encourage my departure occurred at a charming dinner in the house of that wonderfully successful woman, Elizabeth Marbury. She lives in Washington Irving's pretty, old house in Seventeenth Street; it is decorated and furnished in perfect taste by her friend and comrade, Elsie de Wolfe, and is one of the few old landmarks left in that restless city of constant change and continual progress.

I remembered that my grandfather had dined with Washington Irving in this very house. In that white dining-room whose walls must have heard many a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, he had talked and laughed and told stories (for he was a famous *raconteur*) which that delightful writer afterwards used in *Wolfert's Roost.*

I heard at my left a fragment of conversation between a Southern lady, living in England, and Professor Pupin.

"Are you," she said, "an American?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am."

"Then why your foreign accent?" she asked.

"I like it," he replied.

"So do I," she said, "but, as an American, I don't think you are entitled to it. But now that we have settled the question of your nationality, where do you *really* come from?"

He said smiling, "I am a Slav. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "a Slav can come from Poland, or Russia, or Bulgaria."

"As a matter of fact," the professor replied, "I hail from a place that doubtless you have never heard of, the Balkans."

"The Balkans!" said the lady, with a twinkle in her eye. "Why, my husband has been devoted to a lady in London for twenty years, who lives round the corner from us, and whenever I ask him where she is he always says, 'In the Balkans.' "

"Now why," said the professor, "this long devotion?"

"Well," said the lady, "this Greek siren is said to be wicked, beautiful, and fascinating."

"Surely," said the professor, "you don't expect a man to withstand so seductive a combination?"

"No," said the lady, "I am very broad-minded; I don't expect a man to withstand *any* combination."

"That," said the professor, "is very kind of you, but it shows a lack of credulity. A perfect woman should always be trusting."

"The Balkan influence," said the lady, "destroys trust, and I make no pretence to perfection."

"Listen!" said the professor; "they are talking about New Thought across the table. Are you interested in it?"

"A bit," answered the lady, "but I have a much older religion than that."

"What is it?" asked the professor.

She replied, "I am a London Buddhist."

"That sounds broad," said the professor, "and what does your creed embody?"

Said the lady: "Reincarnation, tolerance, quick understanding—for instance, when I meet a very agreeable man, with a foreign accent, but an American at heart, I know that we have been friends in a Paleozoic time."

"Fair lady," said the professor, "I see that you, too, are from the Balkans."

As I listened, I said to myself, "Southern people still possess the art of conversation. I will go to the South and be amused."

And next morning letters came from Washington which aroused me to immediate action. My brother Sam wrote:

BRIERBANK,
CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND,
December 15th.

DEAREST BESSIE,

Lois and I were delighted to read this morning of your arrival in New York. Of course you are coming to spend Christmas in the bosom of your family, so write us how soon you will arrive. We will give you Maryland oysters, a Virginia turkey, fresh cranberry sauce, candied sweet potatoes, fried hominy and bully ice cream. I will guarantee you will relish your Christmas dinner.

Our house is full of servants to wait on you, I do not know whether with judgment, but I am sure you will be entertained and amused. The butler, the cook's husband, got his house training from driving a Knox express waggon for nineteen years, and is just a trifle absent-minded as to plates and dishes. In the dining-room when he is not falling over his own feet, he is absently standing on his

heels, but if you remind him of food, he will willingly serve it to you, for he is amiable and well-disposed.

Our chambermaid is one Harrison Leffingwell, who came to be a chauffeur but fell from the motor to making beds, as soon as I perceived that he did n't know the difference between a radiator and a trunk rack. He is shaped like Sir Richard Calmady, but he can walk and Sir Richard could not; and he makes a better chambermaid than the wenches, who are not willing to leave the city. I have an idea that you will be able to get more work out of Harrison Leffingwell than we do. He likes fine clothes, so bring your best frocks along, and he likes the grand air, and being ordered about. We have told him that you are English, so he is already duly impressed.

I regret to say the one time he drove the motor he sent it to the machine shop for a fortnight's repairs, so I cannot meet you at the station, but Harrison will be there to take all the enormous quantities of useless and unnecessary luggage you English carry about with you, and will put it on the car which almost passes our door.

Lois is busy with the Christmas tree. Mysterious packages continually arrive and the children are full of vivid interest in them. I am going to keep Coco until the end of your visit, although he is in danger of sudden dissolution, being such a vagabond that he will not stay in the house, and the police are on the track of all wandering dogs. Not even a muzzle will save him, as there is an epidemic of rabies in Chevy Chase; but I know you would like to see him before he goes as a "paying guest" to the country. I shall have to send him a good long distance from home, otherwise he will turn up again, as he dislikes darkies as much as a Northern man. And the only person I can get to take him until the epidemic is over is a negro farmer living in Virginia.

Expecting to see you soon,

Your affectionate brother,

SAM.

Coco was a friend of yester year, an interesting mongrel brought over from England by a dog fancier as a hound of the purest breed. But he seemed to have been crossed by a mastiff, for he soon began to grow to an enormous size and his owner in disgust turned him loose upon the community, where he picked up a precarious living, until he made acquaintance with Sam. Then began his morning calls at Brierbank. These continued for a few weeks, until one afternoon, very quietly and unobtrusively, he entered the drawing-room, and stowed himself away in a dark corner. A few successive afternoons he did the same thing; a little later he extended his visits until evening, and one blessed night he stayed until next day, and after that was legally adopted.

The days of his vagabondage were over; he was homeless no longer, and he never put on airs, remembering the time of his poverty and waifdom.

He was always enthusiastically grateful for the smallest attention, or the slightest notice. His tail was like that of a beaver, broad, wide and muscular. "Hello, Coco!" and that heavy tail delivered a rapid number of heavy thumps, while "Good Coco, good old dog," made him hysterical with delight, and brought down a volley of thunderous strokes which fairly shook the house.

On my former visit to Chevy Chase Coco and I had become devoted friends, and I rejoiced to know he would be there to welcome me. He was not like "Carlo," the collie of Sam's neighbour across the way, quite unselfish, gentle with children, always ready to play with them, no matter how tired, and a perfect gentleman; but he had his good points, and considering the want of training and education of his puppyhood,

Coco was a very excellent specimen of the self-made dog.

Another of my letters was from Mary Clark, the loyal and faithful friend of many years. She wrote:

I want you very much for Christmas week, but if the family claim you, then my week must come later; but for Christmas dinner I must have you. I know, dear Bessie-kins, how you still enjoy many things that grown-ups no longer care for, and Bee and I (her daughter and my dearly loved friend) have been preparing a surprise for you, an old-fashioned Southern Christmas. Write or telegraph to me at once, dear.

Mary, though a Southern woman, is extraordinarily prompt and exact. She has not a drop, like me, of the "Old Reliable" blood in her veins. If she arranges to go on Tuesday she goes; if I arrange to go on Tuesday I go on Wednesday, or maybe on Thursday morning, and why not if the sun shines and someone wants me to stay?

I telegraphed to Mary that I would come to the Christmas dinner, and to Sam to expect me the next afternoon. Harrison Leffingwell met me at the station. He really is one of the most comical looking negroes I ever saw. His face is round with a wide flat nose, a huge mouth, splendid white teeth, shoulders broad enough for a man six feet tall, and arms extraordinarily long and strong, but he has scarcely any legs at all, and somehow his idea of covering the deficiency is to have his trousers made immensely wide. Consequently, at a little distance he looks like the dwarf of the Arabian Nights wearing Turkish trousers—certainly the lower part of his body has the appearance of being attired in harem garb. His strong long arms gathered up my

numerous bags and impedimenta, and we soon found ourselves in Chevy Chase. Sam said that Harrison as he advanced towards the house was entirely obscured by the luggage, which appeared to be walking alone, but he was as strong as a horse and could have carried more if necessary.

Although it was late in December, the sun was shining like May and there was every indication of a very green Christmas. We were quite sure of this when Sam and I, standing by a long French window looking out upon the lawn, saw a flash of scarlet, and a slender Kentucky cardinal swung himself to and fro on a little bare rose-bush. He was soon joined by a blue-bird, with his faint rose breast and his sweet little song, and later a silver dove fluttered down from a tall tree.

"There," said Sam "did you ever in your life see such a good-looking crowd? Is n't the red bird the handsomest thing you ever laid your eyes on? And that blue-bird, with his fashionable rose-coloured breast, I don't know but after all he is the greater dandy of the two."

I said:

"And then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
Who hails with his warble the charms of the season."

" 'In mantle of sky blue and bosom so red—' " added Sam.

"Of course," I said, "that 's purely poetry, because his bosom is n't really red, it 's pink. Look at his profile, is n't it classic?"

"I have never seen red birds and blue-birds and doves in December," said Sam; "they are here to celebrate your home-coming. Look at the combination, red, white, and blue,—that 's to arouse your patriotism."

Then Mary Lois, Sam's only daughter, came up to the garden walk and the birds flew away. Sam said, "Mary Lois, did n't you see those birds? You should have gone round the back way."

Mary Lois has, I am sure, a successful career before her. I shall expect her even without a *dot*,—and this will be a greater triumph for America than either a polo victory or a yacht trophy—to marry at least a Duke. For already at the tender age of six she has a number of admirers, her father's friends, who believe in deeds not words; they give her dolls and boxes of candy and toys of every conceivable description, and she has already all the qualities to make her popular as a belle. In the first place, of course, she is very pretty. Men are always talking about liking intellectual women and admiring clever ones, but they fall in love with, and make tragedies over the pretty ones. Beauty is the most important asset, for beauty governs the world.

Mary Lois has golden hair, sympathetic, observant eyes, a neat nose, and a charming smile that she never takes off. She does not talk too much and she is exceedingly affectionate, and oh, greatest gift of all, she is for ever looking up and adoring. She loves praise and she loves to give it. She is very gentle, delights in pretty clothes, keeps them clean, and is always gentle and flattering.

When on a very hot afternoon a gentleman, himself a father, goes out to Chevy Chase laden with a wax doll fashionably dressed in clothes that button and unbutton, and Mary Lois's eyes sparkle with gratitude and love and adoration as he presents it to her, my hopes for a future Duke are in the ascendant. She takes every correction with gentle placidity, and she was

immediately sorry that she had not gone through the back garden, and avoided scaring the birds away.

Harrison Leffingwell proved an excellent servant. He brushed my clothes, gave my shoes a brilliant polish, cleaned my silk blouses, pressed my tailor-made coats and skirts, and showed real talent as a maid. Also, when we got to know each other better he told me he was a solo singer in his church and sang hymns varied with rag-time tunes to me, and certainly he has a beautiful tenor voice and is quite capable of making a success in vaudeville. I asked him one day whether he would go to England to live with me. He said he would like it immensely. Sam was at once interested about a livery for him. He thought there ought to be scarlet somewhere, either a scarlet waistcoat or a scarlet tie, and a blue coat with brass buttons and a scarlet collar. He said: "Harrison can do the work of a maid, answer the door, wait at table, and then in the evening you can call him in, and let him entertain your guests. It seems to me Leffingwell will be a unique ornament to your establishment."

## CHAPTER VI

### CHRISTMAS AND OLD MEMORIES

Rose is red and violet's blue,
Sugar 's sweet and so are you,
If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.

LOVE is a poor invertebrate thing, unless the people who care for each other are congenial. They must enjoy long talks, spontaneous laughs, long silences, and the confidences that only midnight brings; for there is something about that hour which induces a true communion of spirits. How Sam and I have owled it, talking far into the morning, until Lois has called out, "Are you two ever coming to bed?"

In every family certain members are particularly congenial to each other. We two seem to have so much to talk about—our father, first and best of all. I can always talk of him, and Sam, who was only four when our father died, can always listen. "You know," I said, disregarding Lois, "Pappy was like the Pied Piper of Hamelin with the tail of childern following after him. He had kept the heart of a child and was one of them, and his pockets bulged with candy and oranges for the little ones. He was tender to all humanity, and he had a great taste for romance!"

And I told Sam my father's story of Jonathan Meigs, who, some four generations ago, was a suitor for the

hand of a charming coquettish Virginia beauty. He was desperately in love with her and anxiously uncertain as to his fate. At last after months of abject devotion on his part, he made up his mind to offer her his hand and heart, feeling that if she refused him it would mean a life-long disappointment.

The young lady lived on Capitol Hill in a house with a garden in front and a long flagged path leading to the gate. One beautiful moonlight night while she was sitting on the balcony, and the mocking-bird trilled a love song to his mate, Jonathan took his courage in both hands and proposed to the love of his life. She was uncertain—said she liked him very much, but she did not love him and could not marry him. The blow of her refusal was even more terrible than he had anticipated, and when he said good-night to her and walked down the path, the moonlight streaming on his bare head, she saw a face of deathlike pallor, and his shoulders were bent like those of an old man.

In that moment pity entered her gentle heart, and a tender maternal love came fluttering after it, for the love of every true woman should have in it something of the mother too. As Jonathan reached the front gate and raised the latch, he heard a sweet, gentle, tender voice say, "Return, Jonathan! Jonathan! Return!" In a moment he was a man again, the colour came back to his face, he raised his head like a crest, squared his shoulders, and walked up the path with the proud step of a soldier who had won a battle. She was standing on the balcony, and he knelt down before her and kissed the hem of her gown, saying, "God bless you, dear, for those beautiful words, 'Return, Jonathan.' "

They were married, and when the first baby came

there was a grand christening, and the name given to it was "Return Jonathan."

There have been four Return Jonathans in the Meigs family since.

"I hope," said Sam, "the name will ever continue."

The story of Senator Pettus was another of Pappy's favourite love stories. Young Pettus belonged to an excellent family, but his father had a moderate income and he did not go to college. When he fell in love it was with a girl of high education, great beauty and vaulting ambition. She liked the attentions of the frank, agreeable young man, but when he proposed marriage to her she said, "Mr. Pettus, when I marry it must be a college-bred man, and a man of energy and ambition. Life holds for me more than love."

He took his defeat very quietly, and the next thing she heard of him was, that he had gone to college without even saying good-bye to her. The years passed and she received no letter nor any indication whatever that she was remembered, but her thoughts often strayed to the young man who had shown at least a practical regard for her opinion, for she knew that his college course must have cost both himself and his family a valiant effort. At the end of four years, in the sweet summertime, she was sitting in the garden in a little arbour all overgrown with roses, when she heard a quick, triumphant step coming up the path, and Edmund Pettus appeared before her, having graduated brilliantly. He laid his diploma on her knee with a low bow, saying, "Madam, I have been to college."

It had been a hardly won guerdon, for he was not like a knight of old who had fought his fight in joust or tournament in one glorious encounter. His battle had meant four years of struggle and hard work, but

he had won. Of course the lady was his, for she looked at the diploma with suspiciously shining eyes, and said, "I love it." And, he answered leaning over and kissing her hand, "I hope you love me a little too."

They were married shortly afterwards and lived happy ever after. "Mighty pretty," said Sam, "all that old romance of the South."

Lois called down the stairs, "Do you know the hour? It is one o'clock; time for even owls to stop hooting."

"To-morrow," said Sam, "we will go to bed at nine o'clock." Oh, those good resolutions, so delightfully broken!

The next day was Christmas, and Lois and I went into Washington to dine with Mary. The house presented a festive appearance, with wreaths of holly and bunches of holly and mistletoe adorning the pretty rooms. The menu for the feast included Blue Point oysters, fresh from the mouth of the Potomac River, a splendid Christmas turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and served with sausages from Virginia, a smoked ham of rare excellence, fried hominy, candied sweet potatoes, cranberries, and wonderful complex ice-cream of different layers and colours. But the *chef d'œuvre* of this dinner was my Santa Claus chimney which adorned the centre of the table.

Bee has a singular talent for carpentry and the creation of all sorts of pretty things, and instead of a Christmas tree she had made the top of a chimney. It was of wood, covered with red paper simulating little bricks. The edge of the chimney was heaped thickly with a deep layer of snow, which if it was not real snow looked very like it and lasted better than the genuine article. The table all around the chimney glittered with snowflakes, and Santa Claus waited to descend

and fish up the Christmas presents with a small hook.

There was an affectionate thought for everybody at the table, but Mary had imparted to my family and friends the secret of the chimney, and the pretty things drawn up for me by that little Santa Claus and his hook were so numerous that I was deeply touched and it was more difficult for me to smile than to weep. My gifts were chosen with love and discretion, many of them being things useful for a wanderer over the face of the earth like myself. When the last remembrance, a silver book marker was fished out of the chimney I said, "Now, no more gifts, or I shall be undone." Injustice or unkindness has always a hardening tonic effect upon me, but kindness, ah! that is different, it touches me and makes me weak—it is what I most value in life.

But with all the affection and friendliness of my dear ones in Washington—Sam, Lois, and Mary, and my other dear Mary, and Bee, and my sister Minnie, so clever, so capable, so kind and unselfish, with the executive ability of a statesman and the courage of a soldier—I could not seem, even in the midst of these happy influences to get any better in health, so I decided to act on Mary Clark's advice and go into Miss Sylvester's Nursing Home for a rest cure.

The evening that I arrived there, feeling desperately lonely and depressed, just as I got out of the carriage a brisk-looking cheerful fox terrier ran affectionately to me, stood upon his hind legs, thrust his icy nose in my hand and said, "Don't be downhearted, I am going to stand by you, whatever happens." He then whisked round and disappeared, and when I went into the house and to my room, he was sitting in the middle of

my bed, with his pink tongue hanging out, smiling most cheerily.

The nurse said, "I am sorry, but you will have to send your dog away, we do not admit dogs to the Home." "He is not my dog," I said, "he is just a sympathetic soul who has come to give me courage." The sympathetic soul, however, had decided on the necessity of remaining permanently and he sat perfectly rigid, growling, and showing his teeth when requested to go. In the end, the cab driver was called upstairs and led him away. He cast a regretful glance at me, which seemed to say, "I am astonished that you have refused my kind offices. I had intended to stay here and comfort you." And, indeed, my last hope seemed to vanish with him.

I cannot imagine anything more trying for a restless, independent human being than the first week of a rest cure. To give yourself, your mind, your body, your desires, your wishes all completely into the hands of someone else is so difficult. It requires strength of will to endure it. My one consolation was my secret plan of a solitary elopement. Every day during my rest I intended to dress myself in the afternoon, quietly slip away, and appear unexpectedly at Mary Clark's; and without my saying a word Miss Sylvester divined my intention. She said she never entered the room without expecting to find me gone. The next week the régime was easier to bear; the week after that I liked it; and the fourth week I was full of regret at leaving.

Miss Sylvester, a Johns Hopkins graduate, is an ideal nurse, calm, firm, not affected by any untoward symptoms and having much experience in nervous diseases. She understands perfectly how to treat

patients suffering from them. I could not have believed it possible for anyone to have gained as much benefit from treatment as I did from that rest cure, and yet I did not take it as intelligently as I would a second one. I was not reconciled to the rigid rule of seeing no one, and writing no letters and just being an obedient child, and I struggled to the very end against my cold-water packs. Two a day, forty minutes altogether in a cold sheet, and yet nothing was more beneficial to my raw and blistered nerves than this lingering application of cold water. When I have time I am going back to take another rest cure, and no patient that Miss Sylvester has ever had will be so docile, so obedient, as I.

I went back for a few days to Chevy Chase before going to Virginia. Sam always came to my room in the early morning for our coffee together. "Are you dressed?" he asked. "No, not yet," I said. "Well, put on your kimono and I 'll come in." We then began our usual long talk, and I remembered to enquire one day what had become of our old housekeeper.

"Is Josephine still living?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "she died some years ago. The fact is, she never fully recovered from her affair with Silas Bundy."

"Poor thing," I said, "before that time she had never looked at a man."

"What a misfortune," said Sam, "that in her middle age she should fall entirely, helplessly, violently and jealously in love with Silas Scipio Bundy." And as we drank our coffee, Josephine's love affair came vividly back to me.

She was a bright-skinned mulatto who lived with us from the time we started housekeeping in Washington.

Her pretty face was perfectly round, with bright dark eyes, wavy, not kinky, hair, and when she smiled her teeth were dazzlingly white. Being fat and hopelessly lazy, to compensate for her worthlessness she made herself diplomatically and flatteringly agreeable and she was, when necessary, extremely capable. There was no regularly appointed place in the house for her, but she was generally filling in some hiatus. If the cook was suddenly taken ill, Josephine went into the kitchen and we revelled in excellent meals. If the housemaid left at a moment's notice she took charge of the bedrooms. If the butler decamped without warning, Josephine waited at the dining-room table, never forgot the salt, or the pepper, or the mustard, or the clean napkins; arranged the flowers with an understanding hand and all went well until the new servant arrived.

Generally speaking, she was a sort of useful maid, sewing a little, answering the door a little, brushing clothes, cleaning shoes; and sitting with her hands restfully folded, waiting patiently until the time came to quit work. Her great attraction was her dependableness and her domesticity, for she was consistently lazy—her fondest lover could not deny that. She cared nothing whatever for people of her own colour, she rarely ever went to church, she never went out in the evening, and was as much a fixture in the house as one of the chairs or tables.

When Sam was born, a much belated, but altogether welcome little brother, Josephine became his devoted nurse. In that capacity she was as excellent as in all others. She did not wear out the baby's patience with too many clean pinafores, or a too clean face, but she made his childhood entirely happy. He could go out

in the morning in the garden and make mud pies all day if he liked. If he refused to change his dress in the evening she took his supper to the nursery and regaled him with enchanting stories until he went to sleep. He was certainly the most adorable child I ever saw, with deep sapphire-blue appealing eyes, a tow head, a little round face and a rare irresistible smile. Of course he had his own way in everything, but he was unspoilable.

All my people have an intense love of animals; in Sam it is almost a mania. At one period he had guinea pigs, prairie dogs, three chickens, two hens and a rooster, a frog, a fox terrier, spotted Japanese mice, and a good-sized alligator of unusually rapid growth. Of all his family he loved the alligator best. When he and the alligator were about the same size, he used to carry him upstairs from the kitchen to the bathroom in the evening for his swim. At almost every step he walked on the alligator's tail, and we always expected to see him enter the bathroom minus a hand or an ear, but strange to say, this almost wooden animal seemed to have developed a human heart, and he really looked at his little master with eyes quite watery with affection.

At this time, when Sam was about six, Josephine had moved down permanently into the kitchen as cook, and was not in the least disturbed by prairie dogs in one corner, guinea pigs in the other, chickens walking in and out, the fox terrier always under heel, and the alligator generally asleep in the largest and most comfortable chair.

She still retained the old habit of never going out of the house so how she met Silas Bundy remained for ever a profound secret, but that she did meet him is a tragic certainty. Every Thursday evening for about

six months, Silas Bundy in elaborate attire called upon Josephine, who, for the first time in her life really cleaned up the kitchen, arrayed herself in a stiffly starched calico dress, put a table cover over the large table in the centre of the room, and under this shoved the cages of the various animals, and arranged a delicious supper for the tall black plumber. Sam said he hid himself under the table with the animals on several occasions, but he never noticed any tenderness between Silas and Josephine. They conversed in a distant manner with very large words of their own composition. Josephine said she was glad she "war n't skittish as the animals, who were always in competual motion." Silas ate his supper and then rose to go, saying, "Miss Josephine, I suttenly will see you dis nex' comin' Thursday evening if I live an' nothin' happens." And Josephine answered, "Mr. Silas, I suttenly will be mighty sorry if anything *wuz* to happen."

On St. Valentine's Eve Josephine got a valentine, one of the good old-fashioned kind with two splendid red hearts pierced by a gilt arrow and upheld by robust, be-ribboned cupids who balanced pink toes on a cushion of forget-me-nots. All this loveliness was surrounded by a heavy wreath of vivid pink roses, and underneath was written in violet ink:

> Rose is red and violet 's blue,
> Sugar 's sweet and so are you,
> If you love me as I love you,
> No knife can cut our love in two.

Sam told me that for many days, even in the middle of cooking dinner, Josephine would get out her valentine, pull the string that made the wreath come forward and the hearts overlap, and breathe a deep sigh of

ecstasy, then put it back with a few stray bits of dried vegetables into her table drawer until the next blissful moment to look at it arrived; and ever afterwards it was her most treasured possession.

Never going out and never spending any money for many years, Josephine had saved a considerable sum and was quite well off for a woman in her position, so Silas was an impatient bridegroom and the future bride fixed an early wedding day. All the family gave her useful and excellent presents: linen sheets and pillow cases, a quantity of towels, nice curtains, kitchen utensils, and to these mother added a whole set of bedroom furniture.

Then a day came when all the meals were full of red pepper and absolutely uneatable. Also the bride elect was seen to go restlessly up and down stairs at least a dozen times—a thing that had never occurred in all the years she had lived with us. After supper she and a very cruel plaited black cowhide whip with an end of knife-like sharpness, which some friend had sent Sam from Texas, disappeared together. A "grape-vine telegram" had reached her about Silas, and she waddled off to verify it. Perhaps she was not greatly surprised to find him sitting in a small cosy house with a very black lady by his side, presumably his wife, or as the darkies say, "a lady friend." Josephine was a very large woman, extremely muscular and strong. She had never been the least bit angry in all her life, but now that she was roused, there was an enormous accumulation of temper on hand and she was like an elephant gone amok.

She stormed the room of the Silas Bundys', gave him a cut with the keen lash of the whip across the face, severing the skin from the flesh, nearly blinding him.

She then touched up Mrs. Silas, who ran screaming into the yard; and after the Silas Bundys there followed through the open door a perfect avalanche of china, glass, pictures and furniture. George Washington and Lincoln were ruined for ever by splinters of glass which scratched their faces. Silas and Mrs. Bundy were also gashed and bleeding from cut-glass goblets thrown with unerring aim. Then Josephine went upstairs; and the wardrobe of Mrs. Bundy, torn and fluttering in the breeze, with jugs and basins and ripped-up mattresses, looking-glasses, Silas Bundy's best clothes tattered and torn to bits, and pillows emptied of their feathers, all wildly descended through the window into the garden.

The frightened screams of the Bundys, or the crash of falling furniture, or the clouds of feathers floating out upon the night attracted the notice of the police, and eventually they arrived at the gutted house, arrested Josephine, and with tufts of feathers clinging to their fine uniforms, escorted her home at ten o'clock for mother to go her bail. If a miracle had been performed, the family could not have been more surprised. That the quiet, sweet-tempered, amiable and conservative Josephine should have wounded and beaten husband and wife and demolished the contents of an entire house was unbelievable, incomprehensible. The policemen said the wreck looked like the work of a cyclone or tornado. Josephine's eyes were of a deep red and the black whip which she carried was quite moist and had a suspicious substance clinging to it that might have been and probably was human skin.

When the day for her trial came, Josephine, escorted by mother, went to court. A good lawyer was employed for the defence. Silas and Mrs. Bundy, with

their wounds neatly dressed, appeared against her. Our lawyer made an excellent defence, giving a short account of the blameless and amiable existence of the faithful servant, and her many years of devoted service. He described in glowing terms the blackguardism of the would-be bigamist, sitting there in smug complacency by the side of his already one too many wife. Mother was genuinely anxious, for she really loved poor sorry Josephine.

The Judge, an old friend of the family, with a sense of humour, turned to her and said, "Josephine Paschal, what have you got to say for yourself?" Josephine, the poor violent, destructive, faithful elephant, looked at the Judge with imploring eyes, the corners of her mouth turned down like a yellow baby about to cry, and for a moment made no answer. Then bursting into tears, she covered her face with her nice clean apron, rocked her huge bulk violently backwards and forwards and said, "I ain't got nothin' to say, 'ceptin' I wants my Silas Bundy—I des wants my Silas Bundy, *my* Silas Bundy."

The whole court room was convulsed with laughter, but Josephine got off without even a fine, while Silas Bundy left the court a vainer man than when he entered it.

I said, after I had finished my coffee, "How it all comes back to me now, although I have n't thought of it for years! Poor Josephine!"

"And," said Sam, "although Josephine continued to be a splendid cook, the light of her life had gone out for ever with Bundy. I don't think she was ever quite the same again. One night when the alligator had grown too big for me to carry upstairs, she carried him up for me, put him in the bathtub and absent-mindedly

turned on the hot water and he was scalded to death. Then *my* heart was quite broken. For there never was such a temperamental alligator, so affectionate, so sensible, and so handsome. Poor Josephine, she never saw Bundy again, but she was faithful to the family until her death."

## CHAPTER VII

### CHARLES TOWN AND WASHINGTON

The man who melts
With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsmen of more worth.

EURIPIDES.

WE talked over various places for my after cure, and I decided on Charles Town, West Virginia. I had heard of its quaintness, and old-time charm, and I knew the weather would be real West Virginia weather, crisp, frosty, and delicious. Luckily for me my faithful Bee had not the heart to let me go alone, and arranged that we should take the afternoon train which reached Charles Town about six o'clock. Dr. Venning met us at the station and advised Miss Anna Hughes's Sanatorium. Usually it is a place for active work, as many operations are performed there, but at the moment it was unusually quiet.

I had a delightful bedroom, a little sitting-room, and a bathroom all on the first floor. The weather was not too cold for us to walk and drive about the country. Bee is born to understand and love the whole animal world, but horses are her first favourites, and she is an excellent whip. When she went to the stable the livery man, in the process of harnessing the horse to the buggy, said, "You 've got a good horse here; Maud ain't got but one fault in the world and that she can't help."

"What 's that?" said Bee.

"Well," said the livery man, "she 's ugly. She was born ugly. She was an ugly colt, and she 's ugly now, but except for that she 's perfect and there ain't nothin' on earth that can scare her, neither automobile, nor train nor nothin'."

And Maud was not only "ugly," she was uniquely ugly. A more singular looking animal cannot be imagined. She was evidently built for the present fashion, and could wear a hobble skirt with great success. I have never seen such a narrow figure, in fact her body looked like a brown almond set on four slim legs. Her head was immense and very bony, but she had large lovely eyes and as the livery man had said, Maud was sensible. Neither trains of cars, nor snorting motors made the slightest impression upon her.

A special sense indeed seemed to be given to the horses of West Virginia, for Dr. Venning told me of an old negro who was driving leisurely across a railway track, and even a long train loaded with coal did not in the least hurry him, and when one of the cars touched and lifted the back of the cart, almost turning it over, the horse stood quite still, and the old negro looking around, called out angrily to the passing train, "You-all better min' out what you 're doing. I 'm goin' straight home and tell Marse John Carter de way what you is tryin' to destroy dis cart, and he' ll come down here and gib' you a good and planty. He will so, I tell you dat right now."

Charles Town was surveyed, laid out, and settled by Charles Washington, a brother of George Washington. And the Washington house was its special point of interest, with a mantelpiece of fine carved marble, a gift from George Washington, and a twin to the dining-room mantelpiece in Mount Vernon. The old

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house, which still belongs to some member of the Washington family, is now in the hands of a working manager, and though it has a park and noble trees, it is used only as a farm, and lacks the graces and distinction that a gentleman would give it.

The little town lies high and is beautifully situated. It was in the Charles Town court house that John Brown was tried. He was hanged in a near-by field, now the site of a fine house of colonial architecture, which he is good enough not to haunt, at least they have never had any sign or token of his presence. Indeed if it had not been for the stirring song of "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on," I fear that he himself would occupy only a very small and indifferent part in history.

One of the most historic, interesting, and beautiful old places around Charles Town is that of Mrs. Briscoe. It is a fine and exact copy of an old English mansion, a large square hall with a quaint staircase and wide generous rooms on either side. The beautifully proportioned drawing-room is papered with one of those charming hand-painted panelled papers depicting delightful Italian gardens, with swans and marble fountains, and vistas beyond the bluest lake, and deepest green of summer. In the hall there were some interesting portraits, one of General William Dark, the grandfather of William Dark Briscoe. He fought in the war of the Revolution and was taken prisoner and confined in a man-of-war outside Philadelphia. He said the English soldiers would shove him a bowl of soup and say, "There, drink, you rebel dog."

Mrs. William Dark dressed herself as a cabin boy, tied her hair in a queue and got on board the ship to see her husband. According to a portrait she was a

slender, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, daring young Virginia lady. The commander of the English man-of-war had a keen eye for beauty and he discovered her sex almost immediately, but was so filled with admiration of her courage and daring, that when she left the ship, he gave her a chest filled with fine linen and lace. A remnant of the latter is still preserved as a family heirloom. Another portrait is of the child of this American Rosalind, a little girl with brown hair, neatly parted and worn in curls on either side of the face, her leaf-green gown trimmed with the historic lace, and a broad ribbon and locket round her neck. By the side of her portrait hangs the speech of Thomas Jefferson on his inauguration, printed on white satin and sent to the Briscoes by special messenger from Monticello.

Among Mrs. Briscoe's treasures is a letter written on thick, faded yellow paper and folded after the old-fashioned manner to simulate an envelope. The red seals still dangle on it, and the handwriting is frank and boyish. It is addressed to Dr. John Briscoe, Birkshaugh, New Biggin, Cumberland, and the letter reads:

Oudiham, September, 1663.

To Dr. John Briscoe,

Greeting:

Dear Sir,

As the privy council have decided that I shall not be disturbed or dispossessed of the charter granted by His Majesty, the Ark and the Pinnace Dove will sail from Gravesend about the first of October. And if you are of the same mind as when I conversed with you I would be glad to have you join the colony.

With high esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

Cecilius Baltimore.

Dr. Briscoe was of the same mind and sailed with Lord Baltimore for America and settled in Virginia, where the Briscoe family have lived ever since and have taken firm root, for I think I never saw people love a home more. Dr. John Briscoe's wife asked to be buried so that she could look towards the house, and there is a little shaft of granite in the garden where she wished it placed.

America instilled a strong love in her colonists. It is no infrequent thing to find an old tomb in the beautiful garden of a Southern plantation which marks the resting-place of a former owner who wished ever to sleep among the flowers he loved so well. There are fine old trees around the Briscoe place, a bountiful spring bubbles up to the right of the house and forms a pool, upon which ducks lead their little broods for their first swim. The water is clear as crystal, is ice cold, and by the side of this spring stands the spring house where milk, watermelons, and fruits are kept cool on the hottest summer day. In this little town, as in England, the young and adventurous leave for the larger cities, but there are men and women in the distant parts of America who look back to their childhood in Charles Town with affection, and whose tenderest memory is connected with the old Briscoe mansion, the blossoming apple and peach orchard and the deep sweet spring. Even the stranger finds a warm welcome and hospitality from the gentle châtelaine within that gate.

Another house that greatly interested me was "Claymont," where Frank Stockton wrote so many of his delighful books. It belonged originally to Bushrod Washington, a nephew of George Washington. Mr. Stockton paid thirty or forty thousand dollars for the place, made enough money to cultivate and improve

it, and left a considerable fortune, for humour always commands its price. Dr. Venning, who was his friend as well as his physician, told me he was a firm believer in realism, and at one time when he was in New York he called on a noted surgeon, sent in his name, and when he was admitted to the consulting-room said: "Doctor, I did n't come to see you about myself, I came to consult you about a very dear friend of mine who has met with an accident. He was knocked down on Broadway, suffered a fracture of the skull, and is now in hospital. I am here to ask your further advice for him."

The surgeon stiffened, and said, "I have not seen your friend, Mr. Stockton; but even if I had, medical etiquette forbids that I should interfere with the treatment of the other physicians at the hospital."

"Well, doctor," said Frank Stockton, with a whimsical smile, "to tell you the truth, the man is a hero of mine in a book I am writing; and now that I have got him in hospital I don't know how the dickens to cure his wound and get him out again. Perhaps you would n't mind helping me."

"Oh, in that event," said the surgeon, "I am entirely at your disposal." So he dressed the wound, there were no complications following, the man rapidly got well, and he was out of hospital before Mr. Stockton left the surgeon's house.

"Now," said Mr. Stockton, "You have treated with unsurpassed skill my friend's terrible accident, roused him from unconsciousness and effected a wonderful cure, so I must pay you his fee."

The doctor said, "I could n't think of such a thing." But the writer insisted, and left his fee upon the surgeon's table.

Frank Stockton was a small, delicate, frail man, whose body was not equal to his active, creative mind. I know no books that have given me purer joy than his. He has a charming style of his own, and his humour is inimitable and natural. Take, for example, the beginning of *The House of Martha*. A precise, exact, comfort-loving young man, makes a long tour in England and on the continent. He was not at all fond of travelling, and it was the anticipation of telling his provincial friends who had never crossed the ocean, what he had seen and done, rather than a love of adventure, which caused his protracted journeyings. But when he returned to the friendly, self-centred New England village, nobody was in the least interested in listening to him. As soon as he began to describe Windsor Castle to a neighbour, the lady interrupted him with an account of a blizzard from which the village had suffered while he was away, and he found that Holyrood, Mary Stuart, and the blood-stain of Rizzio, were nothing in comparison to the founding of the free Kindergarten; the Venus of Milo and the Arc de Triomphe paled into insignificance beside the troubles of Jane and Adelaide who had to go without music lessons for nearly ten days on account of measles in the family. There was one person left, who he knew, would listen to him with appreciation—the grandmother who had taken his mother's place. But when he described to her his three days in the forest of Arden, and the veritable Jaques he met there, even her attention wandered and she remarked: "That must have been extremely interesting. Speaking of woods, I wish you would say to Thomas that I want him to bring some of that rich wood soil, and put it round the geraniums nearest the house." This was the last straw. But the traveller,

gifted with a dogged perseverance, inserted in a Boston paper this advertisement. "Wanted . . . a respectable and intelligent person willing to devote several hours a day to the recitals of a traveller. Address, stating compensation expected. Oral."

Now, who has not experienced in life, at some time or other, a very great disappointment in a listener? I know on many occasions I have started out with enthusiasm on what I considered a humorous story and in a few moments I have found that nobody was paying the slightest attention, and that the person I had most relied upon for appreciation had herself begun another story, and everybody was listening to *her*. The art of a good listener is indeed a rare one. I never saw its absence more markedly demonstrated than once in London, when a friend told a really witty story and told it well. Suddenly a lady who had not heard a word of it, turned vague and empty, though kind eyes, towards the company and said, "That was funny, was n't it? It reminds me of a story *I* know." And she proceeded to tell the same story from beginning to end, leaving out the point entirely. She never knew why it was greeted with such uproarious laughter, thinking, of course, that she had made an enormous success.

Beside Frank Stockton's humour, which was original and unexpected, he wrote with remarkable charm. How poetical is this little paragraph from *The Late Mrs. Null:*

> There are times in the life of a man when the goddess of Reasonable Impulse raises her arms above her head, and allows herself a little yawn; then she takes off her crown and hangs it on the back of her throne, after which she rests her sceptre on the floor, and, rising, stretches herself to her full height, and goes forth to take a long refreshing

walk by the waters of Unreflection. Then her minister Prudence stretches himself upon a bench and with his handkerchief over his eyes, composes himself for a nap. Discretion, Wordly Wisdom, and even sometimes that agile page called Memory, no sooner see their royal mistress depart, than, by various doors, they leave the palace and wander far away.

Then, silently, with sparkling eyes and parted lips, comes that fair being Unthinking Love. She puts one foot upon the lower step of the throne, she looks about her, and with a quick bound she seats herself. Upon her tumbled curls she hastily puts a crown, with her small white hand she grasps the sceptre, then, rising, waves it and issues her commands. The crowd of emotions which serve her as satellites seize the great seal from the sleeping Prudence, and the new Queen reigns.

If there has been a time in the life of a man or a woman, when Reasonable Impulse has not been supplanted by Unthinking Love, then I am sorry for them, for they have missed much. Everyone, young or old, should have some little green and fragrant memory hidden away from the world, of spontaneous impulse, of surprised, uncalculating love.

Dr. Venning is a bold motorist and we had long drives along the banks of the Shenandoah, that river so closely associated with the great soldier, whose legion stood a wall of stone, in the fiercest fire of the enemy. "Do you," I said, "remember the old war poem about Stonewall Jackson?" "Yes," said Dr. Venning, "I used to recite it with martial effect when a boy——"

Come! stack arms, men! Pile on the rails
Stir up the camp fires bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
We 'll make a roaring night.

Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows them well;
Says he, "That 's Banks—he 's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul; we 'll give him—" well
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!
Attention! it 's his way;
Appealing from his native sod,
*In forma pauperis* to God—
Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod;
Amen! That 's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

He 's in the saddle now. "Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill 's at the ford, cut off! We 'll win
His way out ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we 're with him ere the morn."
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright glances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
There 's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his columns whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge Stuart! pay off Ashby's score!"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
Than get in "Stonewall's Way."

If there was no road the little car responded to the hand of Dr. Venning and skimmed over bumps and hollows like a swallow. Can there be, in all the world, more beautiful waters than the Shenandoah? The Indians thought the origin divine, and indeed it came by its name through an almost miraculous happening.

Late in his life a girl child was born to a great chief, and she grew up as perfect as though sculptured by a master hand in bronze. Her head and throat were nobly fashioned, and her round limbs were superhumanly agile. Her long, black, silky hair was of great thickness and extraordinary length, and the scarlet blood of an open-air existence mantled itself like damask roses in her lips and cheeks. She was not only beautiful but accomplished, for she could send an arrow from the bow to rival Diana, and there was never a fisherman so wily or so lucky as she. The name of this beautiful goddess was Shenandoah, and the tribe of Indians to which she belonged lived near a crystal-clear, low-singing, swiftly-flowing nameless river. It was rich in many varieties of fish, but especially re-

nowned for its bass, and one fish was bigger, handsomer, and more crafty than all the rest. He was frequently seen apparently trying to guide a reckless youngster away from a seductively cruel morsel. If he ever cast his knowing eye in the direction of bait it was only to frown and to warn.

Shenandoah respected his wisdom but was ambitious to catch him. She had been fishing for many days and he had been busy keeping guard. In a fatigued moment he was seen in a deep pool, near the bottom of the river, apparently taking a nap, for his watchful eyes were closed and he lay without movement. Shenandoah, as noiseless as a still summer day, raised herself to her full height, stretched out her perfect arms and pointed hands, and suddenly cut the water like an unerring knife. When she rose again to the surface, it was with the struggling fish clasped to her bosom with muscles of steel, but she could not land without hands, so she swam down to a depth shallow enough for her to stand upright. Her father, returning from his day's hunt, found her on the bank of the river with the big fish balanced in her strong arms above her sleek head. A splash, and the bass slowly swam out to mid-stream. The great chief asked why she had set free her longed-for prize, and she said he looked at her with human eyes that said, "It was not fair sport, you took advantage of me while I slept. You are no Indian." She could not stand this reproach so she returned him to the waters. But the big fish was never seen again. Perhaps he died of mortification from such an extraordinary unfishlike experience.

The next day there was a great gathering to celebrate her prowess, and with impressive ceremony the

river was named after the beautiful woodswoman, "Shenandoah."

The clear water comes rushing through from the heart of the mountain bringing with it cool and refreshing air, as it winds along the side of the Blue Ridge. Its loftiest crags are where the eagle builds its nest, and at evening the hunter sees the wild deer drinking from its swift water, while miniature fountains and wreaths of crystal are sent high up in the ambient air by great rocks that bar its swift progress. The Shenandoah has had many illustrious lovers—Washington, and Jackson, and Jefferson, all appreciated its beauties, and every Virginian loves it and the legend connected with it.

After my week in Charles Town I was able to travel, and, on my way to South Carolina, stayed some days in Washington, that fair city which even in winter has the appearance of spring, with its endless avenues of trees, many of them evergreen, and numerous grassy squares of late blooming flowers. In spring and summer, with every shrub in leaf and every flower in blossom and the streets a sea of unbroken green, it is like a great emerald. Governor Shepherd's plans have been carried out—broad avenues, fine streets, all the old trees saved and rows of new ones planted. When finished it will be one of the most beautiful cities in the world and it is to be hoped it will always keep its independent character, southern atmosphere and individual habits and customs.

In the summer there is no prettier sight in the evenings than an open street-car going Chevy Chase way, looking as if it had suddenly broken into blossom, with its freight of hatless women and girls, clothed in fresh diaphanous white. And on the warmest days

it is quite ordinary to meet ladies going to market or shopping with a pretty parasol for a head covering, instead of a hat. The market in Washington used to be quite a rendezvous in the morning. The men of the family, if they take an interest in the cuisine, often go to select some particularly toothsome delicacy, and whenever a man takes an interest in the table there is sure to be good cooking. Even a poet assures us, that

> Man may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving,
> He may live without love—what is passion but pining,
> But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Cooks somehow are always more flattered by the praise of a man than that of a woman and men will not put up with bad cooking, also, they have the advantage of being permitted to swear. I have often thought a Swearer in a woman's club, who could be called upon to express what a woman feels but dare not say when a dreadful dish is put before her, would be most useful. For the office he would require a stentorian voice, a fluent vocabulary, and prompt, efficient action.

One of my red-letter days in Washington, I met Mrs. Champ Clark at the Burlesons. She is, as all the world knows, the wife of the Speaker of the House. But with her strong personality, she is so much more than that. It is difficult to describe a woman different from all other women, and more difficult still to get a right perspective if she has taken by storm your heart, your intelligence, and your sense of humour. Mrs. Clark herself does n't look in the least humorous. On the contrary, with her very slim, erect, graceful figure, her white face and burning dark eyes, she appears more like a tragic muse, for the sorrow of the world weighs

upon her. I wonder whether happiness would not be quite impossible for a sensitive human being—if, with a heart to feel and a keen realisation of the cruel wrongs and incurable miseries of humanity, every personal wish could be gratified?

This distinguished lady says of herself: "I was the youngest of seven children and they all waited on me, and petted me. I had the happiest sort of childhood and then I married Champ, and all the world knows what a husband he is—perfect, as they go. And my children are satisfactory; both of them have brought themselves up well. So what have I to cast me down and darken my spirit? The golden rule of 'Do as you would be done by,' and 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,'—if I had my life to live over again how I would flout and trample those mistaken rules! Now I 've formed a habit of caring for others and it 's too late. I 've always got the poor, the unfortunate, and the failures on my back. I 've always got a Civil Service list of women waiting to get into office through my persuasive influence, and I 've always girls on hand to recommend for all kinds of occupations; I may hesitate to ask for something for a woman, but I can refuse a girl nothing. You see my Geneviève is a girl, a tender sensitive girl. Suppose she wanted work, so sweet and modest and pretty and old-fashioned as she is, she could n't get it for herself, and if somebody refused to help her? Sometimes I do get physically, mortally tired. Then I say 'Geneviève,' just a whisper of her name, and I go on and do what I can. I 've a sort of feeling that what I do for the poor and the needy will in some way come back to my child. It 's her heritage from me."

What a touching legacy, the love of a mother who

lifts up the weak-hearted, comforts the afflicted, and succours struggling womankind, for the sake of her daughter! Surely the beautiful inheritance of sweet Geneviève will not end here, but continue where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

I said, "Take care not to overdo your good work, you are none too strong; and think of all your duties for the coming winter." (The Speaker of the House of Representatives has really as much power as the President, and his wife is an overwhelmingly busy woman.)

"I know," she said, "I know; and if I can just get two women that I have on my hands now into one of the government departments I 'm going to give myself a rest."

"No, you won't," said Adèle Burleson, Mrs. Clark's great friend, and one of the wisest and cleverest little women in Washington. "You 'll have somebody else on hand."

"No," said Mrs. Clark. "If I can only land these two I won't bother anybody for a long time. Mr. Burleson, why don't you help me?"

Albert said, "I 've done all I can, neither of the women is qualified for the Civil Service. You know that."

"*Qualified!*" said Mrs. Clark scornfully. "They 've got to live, and I believe sometimes they are hungry. Oh, it 's weary work, I tell you. Champ's secretary has written letters for me, and I 've made that nice secretary of yours, Ruskin McArdle, who does all the things you ought to do and don't do, write in your behalf, and I get nothing done!"

"Has Ruskin been writing in my name?" asked Albert.

"He has," said Mrs. Clark, "a beautiful letter in which he spoke of the service of the lady's father to his country."

"No," said Albert, "I wrote that letter."

"Then," said Mrs. Clark, "what 's the use of being the prominent member from Texas if your letters have no effect?"

Albert said, "How long have you had this lady on your hands?"

"Long enough," said Mrs. Clark, "nearly to give me nervous prostration. You and Champ must storm the departments. I must get her something to do; I tell you I must. I 'll introduce her to you."

"No," said Albert, "not for anything in the world."

Mrs. Clark replied, "I 've introduced her to Ruskin; he thinks she 's a dear woman."

Adèle remarked, "If Albert knew her, he 's easily touched,—she would have him working as hard for her as you do."

"Then," said Mrs. Clark, "some day I 'll surprise him with an introduction."

Long ago it would have been the easiest thing in the world for a woman of influence and importance to place a clerk in Washington. A word would have done it, but that time has passed and now, as in England, everything must go by routine.

Adèle and I were lunching at the Capitol with Mrs. Clark and I overheard her say in the Speaker's Gallery: "Now why did you order such an elaborate menu?"

"She 's English," said Mrs. Clark, speaking of me; "I was n't going to have her think we came from the creek."

I leaned over and said, "I don't know where *you* came from, but I really *did* come from the creek,—

Waller's Creek in Texas. Not a very big creek, and not always a *wet* creek, but that is where I came from. Adèle, now, is more aristocratic; *she* came from Onion Creek,—there 's always water there."

Mrs. Clark called me up on the telephone one morning to ask if I had ever read Henry James' *The Liars*, and, abbreviating the story, she told it to me in Henry James's own language; all his expressions, all his subtleties, all his exquisiteness came fluently through the telephone, an instrument which he resents and abominates. I laughed so constantly I could scarcely hold the receiver. Mrs. Clark is an omnivorous reader and, what one rarely finds, a truly enthusiastic one. She is an ardent admirer of the genius of Thomas Hardy. "Oh," she said, "when I was in England, how I did enjoy meeting him! I said to him, 'Mr. Hardy, you have made me feel *everything* that your heroines felt. I 've even felt everything that your villains felt! I 've loved and suffered and sinned with everyone of your creations. I 've gone to the scaffold with Tess, and I 've died with Elfrida. You have given me the gamut of all the emotions.' We talked for hours, I could scarcely bring myself to leave him."

And I can imagine how this fresh, original, great-hearted, unspoiled, frank, natural woman, must have impressed Thomas Hardy. What an appetising morsel she would be for jaded London society. In the expressive vernacular of the stage, "They would eat her."

Champ Clark, brilliant and witty, has a way of making unforgettable phrases. I asked him why a certain very talented member of Congress had no following. "Well," said he, "his opinion and his morals are in a fluid condition. You can't take hold of him any more than you can of water."

"That not only describes him," I said, "but a few other politicians of my acquaintance."

My days in Washington were all too short. I wanted the sunshine of the South, and yet the idea of going alone was distinctly depressing. One evening Mary Clark—I was staying with her—came into my room and said, "Bessiekins, I am going to let Bee go with you to Charleston if you really want her." If I wanted Bee—who is such a comfort, so companionable, and unselfish. I breathed a great sigh of relief, and at once gave myself into her capable hands. She intended to get a new kodak, and to finish some shelves in the pantry before we started. "And," she said, "you want to see Mr. Page before you go, about your Beloved South, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Then," she replied, "we can leave on Thursday evening, unless you don't mind Friday."

"Friday," I said, "has no terrors for me; Monday is my 'black Friday.' I was born on that day."

"All right," said Bee, who has no superstitions, "we will start on Friday night."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SYMBOL OF THE SOUTH

Then—in that day—we shall not meet
  Wrong with new wrong, but right with right:
Our faith shall make your faith complete
  When our battalions reunite.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE has served his country well. He built at a propitious moment a bridge between the North and the South. The first great arch was laid with those touching pages of realism, *Marse Chan.*' At that time a gulf, not of bitterness, but of coldness and indifference, separated us. He spanned it with stories of the Old South, so true to life, so gracious, so full of tenderness that the hearts of the North understood—and warmed toward us. We were grateful for their appreciation,—and the bridge was builded. When I read *Marse Chan*' to Henry Ward Beecher, he said, "I should regret the War less if *Marse Chan*' had been spared; Page must be a first-rate fellow to have written that story."

He is more than "a first-rate fellow"—he is a high-minded gentleman, and a staunch American. How patriotically he expresses his enthusiasm:

I have journeyed the spacious world over
  And here to thy sapphire wide gate,
America, I, thy True Lover
  Return now, exalted, elate,
As an heir who returns to recover
  His forefathers' lofty estate.

How crude then and rude then soever
Thy struggles to lift from the sod,
Thy Freedom is strong to dissever
The Shackles, the Yoke, and the Rod:
Thy Freedom is Mighty forever,
For men who kneel only to God.

Even our ambassadors do not bend the knee to kings and princes, they only bend the back. I should like Mr. Page to represent our country at some European court. My prophetic vision sees him the most popular ambassador since the time of Mr. Lowell, when he gathered around him a coterie of brilliant literary men and inspired Henry James to carve delicately one of his most exquisite literary cameos. Mr. Page is richer than Mr. Lowell, who was a widower, in having the able assistance of his wife. Mrs. Page is a charming lady and an ideal hostess, with the easy hospitality of a woman born to the purple. He himself has the gracious manner of a citizen of the world, but it never conceals his real tenderness of heart and he is the most loyal, disinterested, and encouraging of friends.

"I think," he said, "the binding of *My Beloved South* had better be dark blue, with a spray of jessamine on the cover."

"No, I am not going to have yellow jessamine," I said, "much as I love it, but something more characteristic of all of that devoted land, something to express the life of the South from Virginia to the Gulf, from Texas to the Pacific."

"That 's ambitious," asked Tom Page, "what is it to be?"

"A palm leaf fan," I answered.

"It is n't a bad idea," he said, "even in the War they had palm leaf fans."

For myself I have never been without one. Very likely mine is the only one in London. It is kept in a special drawer, and often in the cold, dark, sleepless nights, as the raw, grey dawn penetrates my room, I will get out of bed, take from its place my old palm leaf fan and lay my tired head upon its uneven surface. It seems to give me a moment's comfort when nothing else can, for it speaks of sunshine, of the magnolia, of the banjo, that oldest of musical instruments, born in the Ark and listened to by Noah:

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; till, what wid all de fussin'
You c'u'd n't hear de mate a-bossin' roun' an' cussin.'

Now, Ham, de only nigger what wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'd n't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made, de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridges, screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck, 'twas berry long an' taperin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz, how wuz he gwine to string it?

De possum has as fine a tail as dis dat I 's a singin';
De ha'r 's so long an' thick an' strong, des fit fur banjo stringin',
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day dinner graces;
An' sorted ob dem by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig, 't was 'Nebber
min' de wedder,'
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togeder;
Some went to pattin', some to dancin', Noah called de
figgers
An' Ham he sot and knocked de tune, de happiest ob de
niggers.

Now, sence dat time, it 's mighty strange, dere 's not de
slightest showin',
Ob any h'ar at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An curi's too, dat nigger's ways; his people nebber' los'
em',
Fur whar you find de nigger, dar's de banjo an' de
possum.

My old fan dissipates the London fog, and conjures a picture of Aunt Polly Hynes and Aunt Lizzie, rocking slowly in their light cane chairs and fanning themselves on the long gallery that ran across the entire length of my old home in Texas. My mother sat there, too, with her fan, which was of a more sublimated pattern than the others, for it was made of a young, tender leaf, finely sewn at the edge, and mounted on an ivory handle with a tiny hole at the bottom through which a green silk tassel was looped, and where the ivory joined the leaf it was finished by a little carved rosette of mother-of-pearl. But I love just the ordinary palm leaf fan that is bought for a picayune. Its office has often been beyond rubies and pearls, in saving the sick, comforting the dying, and making life bearable on the hottest days to the living. On every gallery when summer comes numbers of these fans appear. In all the churches they are slipped in between the cushion and the pew, and they can even be found in the dear old musty Court Houses throughout the South.

On one occasion they not only cooled the air but were more intimidating than a regiment of soldiers to a renowned prelate. An English bishop, a tall, erect, downright man, called "the Soldiers' Bishop" on account of his influence with the soldier-man, came to America to deliver a series of sermons throughout the South. While in New Orleans the weather turned suddenly hot, and when he ascended the pulpit, what was his consternation to find a vast sea of movement all over the church. Every woman, young and old, wafted a palm-leaf fan. The grandmothers were making a soft sideways movement, the girls, rebellious at the sudden rise in temperature, were waving their fans back and forth vigorously, while some very old ladies made almost a pause between their movements, and there was no spot of repose to be found for his bewildered eyes. The Soldier Bishop said that for a moment he was dreadfully perturbed, felt frightened and, indeed, rather sea-sick. He even ingloriously contemplated retreating from the pulpit, leaving the fans victorious on the field of battle. Then he stood quite still, shut his eyes, offered up a stout prayer for endurance, and got creditably through his sermon. A Southern clergyman, brought up from infancy to the fan habit, would probably not even have noticed this undulating sea of creamy waves.

Every Southern woman must carry some memory in her heart connected with this dried, brittle, but blessed and grateful leaf. Girls of sixteen have used it, young mothers have fanned their first babies with it, grandmothers sitting on moonlit porches have brought back the memories of a lifetime with its slowly waving motion. Even the gravest and most dignified governors and judges have been driven to its help in

torrid weather. There is, indeed, no nook or corner in the South where at one time or another, it has not been an almost vital necessity.

At one time in Texas we had—an unusual thing for us—a spell of terribly, unceasingly hot weather. The sun sank to rest a brazen shield, leaving the earth baked and cracked like a pie crust; it rose the next morning a blazing eye of unrelenting fire, and continued unblinking throughout the long day. Old people died from exhaustion, middle-aged people suffered, young people were excitable and impatient, and the poor little children were simply scorched out of existence by this dreadful tropical weather.

The first little baby of a young cousin of mine who lived on the adjoining place, was taken suddenly very ill. The doctor was almost hopeless about the child's recovery, and said it depended on a change in the weather. For a fortnight we had gone on merely existing under this cruelly devastating sun. What was to be done? The young mother, pale and wan from the heat, was in despair, but the negro foster-mother, a strong, vigorous young woman, said, "Ef dat 's all de trouble; ef it 's coolness dat 's wanted I 'se gwine to save dis chile." And giving orders to a little darkey in the room, she said, "Bring me a bucket of cold water, and drap it deep in de well." And into the fresh water she dipped a wide palm-leaf fan, and began slowly, evenly, and continually, to make a cool moist breeze from the baby's hot head to his little restless feet.

Except to nurse him she never stopped the flail-like movement for thirty-six hours. The fan was dipped again and again into the water, and on and on it went in its regularity of movement, keeping down the fever,

and letting the child get an occasional hour or two of sleep.

Late in the evening of the second day came a merciful thunder storm. The heavens were riven with lightning and peals of thunder sounded like heavy artillery. The sky opened and let down, not rain, but great waterfalls of cooling water. The outsides of the houses were washed clean. The cracks of the baked earth were filled with the blessed fluid. The creeks began to murmur, and in a few hours the dry beds of stream became roaring torrents. The air rapidly cooled, and the baby was out of danger, but when his black mammy dropped the fan her arm was the size of a human leg; the muscles stood out swollen and rigid, and her hand was almost paralysed. The doctor found the young mother smoothing the big swollen hand, and crying like a baby. The crisis was passed; for the first time in weeks the child had taken notice of things about it, and was actually hungry.

"Well, Jemima," said the doctor, picking up the fan, "the youngster owes his life entirely to you and to this."

"Why, laws a mercy, doctor," said Jemima, with a shaky laugh, "you did n't spose I was gwine to let my chile die when one ob dese here five-cent fans could save him, did you? Course I would n't, but my arm feels mighty funny. I 'spect it will all pass away, though." And it did. In a few days Jemima's strong arm was normal again, and to-day that palm leaf fan baby is a flourishing and brilliant young lawyer. Now, of course, science has arranged the electric fan to be worked by machinery, but in those days cool air came from love and service and splendid muscular strength.

And one solitary fan at least figured on the field of Gettysburg. Mrs. Pickett, in her touching tribute to *My Soldier*, says:

Five thousand Virginians followed him at the start; but when the Southern flag floated on the ridge, in less than half an hour not two thousand were left to rally beneath it, and these for only one glorious, victory-intoxicated moment. They were not strong enough to hold the position they had so dearly won; and broken-hearted even at the very moment of his immortal triumph, my soldier led his remaining men down the slope again. He dismounted and walked beside the stretcher upon which General Kemper, one of his officers, was being carried, fanning him and speaking cheerfully to comfort him in his suffering. When he reached Seminary Ridge again and reported to General Lee, his face was wet with tears as he pointed to the crimson valley and said: "My noble division lies there!"

"General Pickett," said the Commander, "you and your men have covered yourselves with glory."

Another tender memory of mine of the palm-leaf fan is one connected with a girl who came to New York from South Carolina to seek her fortune. She was not pretty but she had a wonderful figure, as slender as a reed, a little round kittenish face with grey eyes, a snub nose, a line of freckles across it, beautiful white teeth, a low forehead, a quantity of dark hair, and she possessed to an unusual degree that intangible thing called charm, and a rare talent for music. Her voice, a warm soprano, had something in it of appeal, a thrill of passion and an insistence that went straight to your heart. The first manager she saw in New York was Mr. Daly, who gave her a very small part in a comedy, and one verse of a little song to sing. She made a favourable impression, for she had individuality and a

great desire to please, combined with a vivid joy of life. Her criticisms were encouraging and plenty of bouquets, boxes of candy, and admiring notes found their way round to the back of the stage. She was of a gregarious nature, loving not only her kind, but light, laughter, music, gaiety and amusement. She soon knew a crowd of artists, journalists, actors and young men about town, was immensely popular, always going about, and her more serious friends were greatly troubled about her, but she was so radiant with all her new emotions and experiences that she paid no heed to anything but enjoyment.

After a year on the stage she married. It was a love match. The man was a well-built, straight-limbed, regular-featured, soft-voiced, dark-haired, human tiger. I never saw a more repellent expression in any face. Nancy, however, was desperately in love with him. She did n't mind his being poor and they went to live in a small flat with such steep stairs that to get to it was really like climbing a fire-escape. The first time I went to see her in her spotlessly clean, daintily furnished little apartment, she said to me, "I think I am the happiest woman in the world. When Norman goes down town I love him so much that I take one of his old coats out of his dressing-room, and lay my head on the shoulder and kiss the sleeve, just because he has worn it. And, oh, how glad I am to see him when he comes home from the office. It is just as if we had been separated for a week."

After the honeymoon was over Norman came to the conclusion that Nancy was a woman with a past, and he became inordinately jealous and very abusive. She was patient and hopeful at first of giving him confidence, but his nature was mean, petty, and suspicious, com-

bined with an utter lack of generosity, and the brutality of a wild beast waiting to spring upon his prey. Nancy's mother sent her an old-fashioned diamond ring. It arrived one morning when this heartless monster was at his office. When he returned home she showed it to him and he said, "A lover has given it to you."

She said, "My mother sent it to me from Charleston." He answered by saying, "You lie," sprang at her, choked her, knocked her down, and kicked her until she was bruised from shoulder to ankle. He had been the winner of more than one Marathon race, and his kick was no mean thing.

When I answered her telegram to come to her, she was in a high fever and very ill. I never saw a more appalling sight than her black, swollen, and almost broken limbs. Even then she forgave him his murderous attack, but, of course, their separation was only a question of time, and when it did come, he left her bereft of all that an unprotected woman needs. She had lost faith in everything, even in herself. She could not live with him, she could not forget him, and the pain she suffered made her utterly reckless.

In the beginning she went back to the stage as a chorus girl in a musical comedy. Then she got ill, and later she became an artist's model. I urged her to go South and put aside the feverish life she lived. I said, "There must be so many things to offend you, for, after all, you are born and bred a lady. Musical comedy people are not of your class, and for you the life of an artist's model must be the saddest thing on earth. Do give it all up and go back to the country where you belong and teach music. You are quite capable of doing it; you are so sweet and charming

and so young. Life must hold happiness in store for you yet."

But she said, "No, it is too late, I must have excitement, I am not like a widow who can live on memory. It is not the quiet dead who kill us with grief. It is the terrible living dead, who must be forgotten and never thought of a single moment in the day or in the night, for that way madness lies. Oh, these living dead, to *what* desperate straits they drive us! If I could always have your steady hand, as now, on my wrist, I could begin life all over again, but you are busy. You must work. Let me go, dear, and only love me. I don't say that I will do anything wrong, but I must have forgetfulness at any cost. I must have it! Do you remember the bruises, and how I loved my husband? Well, the ache is still there. I don't mean only the hurt of the spirit, that never leaves me; but the hurt of the flesh. I so often have a pain in my side that I think he must have given me a vital blow."

And yet she looked well and was apparently always gay and cheerful. Eventually she went back to Comedy, won some success, and remained on the stage. She was the most generous creature I ever knew. Once, when she had only two pairs of shoes, she gave one pair to a girl in the chorus poorer than herself. And for weeks during the hottest weather in New York when she could have gone to the country, she stayed on and sewed day and night to make a pretty layette for a poor unwedded mother. She never had a baby of her own, but she loved children with a real mother's unselfish instinct. And she sold a rich gold chain, her last remaining heirloom, and gave the money for a course of treatment to a young actress, threatened with blindness. That warm heart of hers was always full

of sympathy and kindliness and help for human suffering. Her troubles were powerless to embitter her, and I never heard her make a complaint.

Finally, I married and went to England to live. She wrote to me cheerfully from time to time and said how much she wanted to see me, but never mentioned her health. Then came a letter telling me she was in a hospital, and had been operated on successfully for appendicitis. She said the Sisters of Charity were very kind, and that it was the peacefullest and happiest time she had known for years, and I must come at once to see her when I arrived in New York—I was going over that autumn—and that she was looking forward with great joy to our meeting.

When I got to the hotel I scarcely looked at my rooms, but hurried off at once to the hospital and to Nancy. I was too late; she had died the week before.

The Sister who had taken care of her, came into the room and told me of her illness and unexpected death. She said: "You don't know how we loved her. She was the most charming and cheerful patient we ever had. When she came, it was as if she was going on a pleasure tour. She brought her banjo, tied with many bright ribbons, and slung it across the foot of her bed. She was making Irish lace, and that hung in a little brocade bag on the handle of her bureau, and with her silver brushes and boxes and her candlesticks on the mantelpiece and her books about, the room did n't look a bit like one of our rooms. And her dressing jackets and pocket handkerchiefs were so pretty and dainty, she said she had made and embroidered everything herself.

"We put her photographs on the mantelpiece by her little clock, one of her father and sister, and one," said

the nun looking at me, "of you. She used so often to talk to me about you. I never saw anything like her courage. The very morning of her operation she was playing on her banjo, and she went quite gaily to the operating-room and everything passed off well, and her recovery was quick and satisfactory. When she was apparently quite herself again she wanted a little fresh air, and we thought it would do her no harm to take a short walk. She went out for half an hour, a sudden rain storm came up and drenched her to the skin.

"She came in shivering, her teeth were chattering with cold, and that night pneumonia developed. I do not know if she thought she was going to die. She was very cheerful, but she said, 'If I die, as you are from "Way Down South in Dixie," I want to give you my banjo.' One morning she was terribly weak and restless; her fever was high, and I was fanning her with a palm-leaf fan, when presently she put out her hand and said, 'Sister, I am sure you are very tired, give me that fan,' and taking it from me with a sweet but tired smile, she moved it feebly for a few times; when I turned, the little hand was still. She was dead. Her last action was an unselfish one, a thought for another."

I said, "I hope you pray for her."

The Sister replied, "Oh, yes, I do, every day. She had great temptations, but great love, great generosity and great self-forgetfulness, and," she added softly, "God is merciful—always merciful. Would you like to see her banjo? One of the Sisters plays a little and I keep it in that box."

"No," I said, "I feel now as if I never wanted to see another banjo."

But she opened the box and took out a palm leaf

fan, laying it gently on my lap. "This," she said, "is the last thing she ever touched."

I crossed my hands lightly on the old fan and when the Sister took it from me she said, "You have been crying. The fan is wet with tears."

# CHAPTER IX

## HOSPITABLE CHARLESTON

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of any fancy-land;
Children were we in simple faith,
But god-like children, whom nor death,
Nor threat of danger drove from honour's path—
In the land where we were dreaming.

D. B. Lucas.

IT was said before the War that one letter of introduction to Charleston would give you twenty-five dinners, and twenty-five letters in New York would give you one dinner. Dinners are, alas, more difficult to give in Charleston now, as the present-day negro does not approve of late hours, but the hearts of the people are as hospitable as ever.

We arrived in that beautiful white city on Saturday, and I had no sooner delivered my letters of introduction than cards were left accompanied by invitations (such a pretty, charming attention), to occupy various pews in St. Michael's, a quaint, interesting church of English architecture, very reminiscent of St. Martin's in the Fields in London. The old-fashioned pews are so high they almost hide the occupants, and the sweet chime of bells, like the horses of St. Mark's in Venice, have journeyed far, as in 1782 Major Traille of the British Army, carried them as a trophy of war to London. In 1783 they were re-shipped to Charleston, replaced in the steeple, and once more rang out their silvery peals.

For many years St. Michael's was a church by day and a blessed lighthouse by night, sending out from its tall spire rays of warning to ships at sea. The little sweet old-fashioned churchyard is covered with grass and full of flowers. The old tombs certainly bear witness to the healthy climate, for almost everybody seemed to have lived to the ripe age of seventy-five, seventy-eight, eighty or eighty-two years. Probably the most unique monument in all the world is a rude memorial on one of these ancient graves. A young English settler came to Charleston with his wife and his belongings, among them a very solid oak bedstead. When his wife died he had no money for a headstone, but hoping eventually to buy one he put up temporarily the head of the bed. On it is cut in rude letters: "Mary Ann Luyton, wife of Will Luyton. Died September 9th, 1770, in the 27th year of her age." Perhaps he left Charleston before he could provide another headstone; at any rate, this stout oak memorial is as good to-day as when it was erected in 1770. Its quaintness making it a subject of keen interst to the tourist, it is now protected by a strong wire netting, and there seems to be no reason why it should not last another century.

Charleston had pleasant memories for me, as my Aunt Polly Hynes had made a visit there in her youth, many years before the War, and, as a little girl, I used to hear her speak of the Rhetts, the Pinckneys, the Middletons, the Vander Horsts, the Barnwells, the Pringles, the Ravenels, the Izards, the Draytons, the Allstans and the Chesnuts, at whose house she visited. The great families apparently lived like princes, and even people who were not rich kept fifteen or twenty servants.

Mrs. Chesnut was the "Southern Planter's Northern Bride," having been born in Philadelphia. My grandfather, Governor Duval, met them in Washington and corresponded afterwards for many years with her husband. The families interchanged visits, for the Chesnuts were as hospitable as my grandfather, and fifty times richer. It was said there were more than a thousand slaves on Mulberry plantation and sixty or seventy servants about the house. Mrs. Chesnut got all her gowns from Paris and was distinguished for her beautiful head-dresses and her lovely jewels. Aunt Polly, during her visit, was provided with an accomplished lady's maid, who was an excellent hair-dresser and a wonderful clear-starcher.

In those days ladies wore transparent India muslins embroidered and trimmed with lace, and organdies with a blue or purple ground. These dainty gowns required starch made of gum arabic, which was as transparent as jelly, and not every maid understood the art of using it. Aunt Polly embroidered quite as well as any professional needlewoman; her English thread lace was transferred from one dress to another and her India muslins must have been exquisite, so she appreciated a proper blanchisseuse. I have a little cape of drawn work and embroidery, which I believe she was several years in making, that is quite worthy of a museum. After the death of my grandmother, who was her only sister, she always wore black-and-white or purple and I never saw her in a light-coloured dress.

Whenever dreams were spoken of, Aunt Polly always related the fortunate dream of her friend, Mrs. Robert Shubrick, which had, under extraordinary circumstances, saved the life of her brother who was coming to Charles-

ton by boat from Philadelphia. Three times in one night this lady had a recurrent vision of him in a surging sea with a little white flag floating in front of him. So impressed was she with the truth of the warning, that she got her husband to send a pilot boat to cruise in the track of the incoming vessels, and the third day something small and white was seen floating on the waves of the sea, and, coming nearer, a half-starved man was picked up lying on a chicken-coop—the only survivor of a ship which had gone down three days before.

Aunt Polly, who was a famous gardener, had taken back the gardenia with her to Florida and from there she had brought it to Texas. It was named after Doctor Garden of Charleston, a famous horticulturist, a popular doctor and, although a Royalist, after the Revolution he never left Charleston and died there. My mother, who was more proud of her garden than of anything in the world, used to say when she showed the hibiscus, a flower which in the morning was white, in the afternoon rose and in the evening red, and which I always thought in my childhood came from fairyland —"This was sent me from South Carolina by one of the Pinckneys."

The first time I went into the street in Charleston the catalpa, and the sweet bay, and the pink mimosa, all old friends, gave me a fragrant greeting. But the live oaks, draped in moss, were the oldest friends of all. Bee and I started out intending to take a long walk on Monday morning. The open doors of the library, however, were too tempting and there we stopped. It was organised in 1728 and is truly a delightful place in which to spend an hour or two. It contains some rare and valuable manuscripts and the *Gazette*, Charles-

ton's first newspaper, a tiny little sheet, printed on grey paper with a printer's ink which must have been very rich as it is as thick and black as possible even to-day. Occasionally, it is cold enough for fires, but the windows and the doors of the library are continually open, the bright yet softened sunlight of the winter streams in, and the air is like champagne, warm enough for comfort and cool enough to be exhilarating, for Charleston has a wide sea frontage. The beautiful East and South Batteries with their splendid houses and avenues of palmettos and magnolias, are suggestive of Nice, but the climate is infinitely superior to that of the South of France, as there is no raw chill with the setting of the sun, but just an agreeable crisp coolness. A letter in 1617 to Lord Ashley in England quaintly describes the climate of Charleston: "It must of necessity be very healthy, being free from any noxious vapours, all summer long being refreshed with cool breathings from the sea, which up in the country we are not so fully sensitive of."

The old houses are stately and beautiful. They combine the best periods of English architecture with the needs of the South. Generally two long balconies, one on the first and one on the second storey, run along the entire side of the house, and there Charleston people live during the summer, which is said to be by no means an unpleasant part of the year, with the bathing and boating by moonlight on the silver sea. The water of Charleston is quite unique, it flows from artesian wells, is very cool and pleasant to drink and highly charged with soda, magnesia, and salt, therefore it is a strong and valuable medicinal water, a splendid aid to the digestion (it was marvellously beneficial to me), and a great skin beautifier. If a little German village pos-

sessed the waters of Charleston, half of Europe would be flocking to drink them. A clever doctor from Boston staying in the same house with me, who had suffered for years from indigestion, said the waters of Charleston had completely cured him. He declared that if he was ten years younger he would settle there, open a large sanatorium, which with the combination of the sun, the tonic air, and the curative properties of the waters would enable many a chronic invalid to recover health. The environs of Charleston are quite delightful. Summerville, a beautiful little place, semi-tropical in verdure, rich in the odour of flowering shrubs, is so extraordinarily profuse in its abundance of wistaria that it looks like a long amethyst picture from a Japanese screen. There is an excellent hotel in the midst of pine and cypress and magnolia trees, and a large tea plantation not far away, which we drove through. The tea did not interest me so much as the beautiful roses and camellias, but we bought a small package and tried it. In this respect I fear I am de-nationalised, for I infinitely prefer the tea we get in England.

On the other side of Charleston, fifteen or twenty minutes by boat and a little distance by rail, is the Isle of Palms where many of the residents have cottages. It is a charming spot and might with equal appropriateness be called the Isle of Oleanders, for they grow to a fine size and in great luxuriance among the palmetto trees down to the very water's edge. On our return from the Isle of Palms we stopped at Fort Moultrie and saw the tomb of Oceola, the Indian chief who fought for America during the Seminole War. The Fort is now a pleasant military post and a fine-looking Irish sergeant showed us over it, and pointed out with pride Fort Jasper, named in honour of Sergeant Jasper,

a gallant non-commissioned officer of the Revolution. When the British were besieging the fort the flagstaff was shot away and the flag fell, arousing the British to a great cheer, for they thought it meant surrender. Jasper leaped from the wall, seized and tore the flag from the broken staff and, climbing back fastened it to a rod, saying, "Colonel, we must fight under our flag!" and the white crescent rose again. Sergeant McCarthy said it was the only monument of a private soldier in America.

I asked him a good many questions about military service. He had been in the service for years and said it was harder every day to get recruits. America has so many resources and possibilities for the working man that he hesitates to join the army. "Still there are chances even for soldiers," the Sergeant added; "we have a private in the . . . who owns a restaurant in Charleston."

"How did he manage that?" asked Bee.

"He is a Greek," said the Sergeant. "He enlisted as soon as he came over here and he lent out his first month's pay at a dollar-and-a-quarter interest on the dollar, the money to be returned within the month."

"There is a Greek proverb in the East," I said, "that it takes two Jews to be equal to one Greek."

"Since then," said Sergeant McCarthy, "while never spending a penny himself, he has lent money to the whole regiment."

"And always," I said, "gets back his usurious interest."

"Always," said the Sergeant, "although if the Colonel knew about it he would stop his game. In four years he has made about four thousand dollars, but," he

added with a sigh, "only a Greek can do it, not a native-born American nor an Irishman. My pay is good, fifty or so dollars a month. I am a bachelor with no kids to provide for, and yet I go now and then to Calegeiri Clementeanio for a loan."

What a pity that Greek cannot meet Greek only in this world, for evidently he will always get the better of every other nationality.

On my way home it was borne in upon me that I was really in my own leisurely land, for as we were hurrying to the boat the Captain smilingly called out, "We will wait: take your time, take your time, we are not going off without you."

"Now," I said to Bee, "there is the true, considerate, obliging spirit of the South."

Charleston socially is one of the most agreeable places in America and one of the most English, though it really has no right to be, for it was not like Virginia, settled by the Cavaliers, but by a mixture of races—English, Scotch, and Irish, Belgian, Swiss, and French Huguenots. But the English curiously enough have left their impress here more clearly than anywhere else in America. The accent is a pretty, softened, musical English, the tastes of the people, the literature, the atmosphere, after all these centuries, are still English.

I went to have a dish of tea with Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, the author of that delightful book, *Charleston, the Place and the People*, and found that she was intimately conversant with English politics, literature, and present-day affairs. She subscribes to a number of English periodicals, pictorial magazines, and *The Times*, and is as well up in the news of London as any lady living in one of the provincial towns in England. She

is a tall, distinguished-looking woman of delicate and fair appearance, not unlike the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for she has the same serious manner and the same cultivated dignity and lovableness. She said she had seen an article lately in one of the Northern magazines which spoke of the want of cultivation in the women who formerly lived on plantations. "There was never a more unfounded assertion than this," she declared, "because women who were brought up on a plantation had little to do except read. They generally had excellent governesses, with access to good libraries and abundance of leisure. There was constant intercourse between England and Charleston. The men of the family were sent to Eton and Oxford to be educated, and their sisters emulated them in learning. Many women knew both Greek and Latin, were well versed in literature and knew French well. This article went on to say that they knew nothing of English literature; yet I remember one friend, who had received her entire education in England, telling me years ago that she had only read four American authors—Poe, Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, but not his *Yankee Tales*, Washington Irving, and Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, "although," she added, "I believe that is mostly fiction."

Mrs. Ravenel herself is certainly one of the most widely read women I have ever met and, indeed, I found all the people of Charleston cultivated and intelligent, with the charming manner inherited from aristocratic ancestors, who already from older countries had great traditions, and pride of family behind them. There is a certain stateliness of deportment still remaining. Quite young people speak to their elders as "Mistress Pinckney," "Mistress Pringle," and so

on. Even some of the very old negroes have beautiful manners.

John Rutledge wrote to his brother studying for the Bar in England in 1769:

The very first thing you should be thoroughly acquainted with is the writing of shorthand, which you will find an infinite advantage. Take down notes of everything in Court, even if not worth transcribing, for your time may as well be employed in writing as in hearing. By no means fall into the too common practice of not attending a place of worship. There is generally a good preacher at the Temple Church. . . . If you stick to French and converse generally in that language you may soon be master of it. Whatever study you attempt, make yourself completely master of it; nothing makes a person so ridiculous as to pretend to things he does not understand. I know nothing more entertaining and more likely to give you a graceful manner of speaking than seeing a good play well acted. Garrick is inimitable, mark him well and you will profit by him. You must not neglect the classics. Get a good private tutor who will point out their beauties to you and at your age you will in six months become better acquainted with them than a boy at school generally in seven or eight years. Read Latin authors, the best frequently. . . . Read the apothegms of Bacon, English history, and the enclosed list of law books; and when I say read, I don't mean run cursorily through them as you would a newspaper, but read carefully and deliberately and transcribe what you find useful in it. Bacon, you know, is my favourite. You will think I have cut out work enough for you while in England, and indeed though it is a long time to look forward to, if you mind your business you will not have too much time to spare. . . . One word in regard to your deportment. Let your dress be plain, always in the city and elsewhere, except when it is necessary that it should be otherwise, and your behaviour rather grave.

Farewell, my dear brother. Let me hear from you by every opportunity,

Believe me,

Yours affectionately

J. RUTLEDGE.

It was the fashion in those days in America to preserve a grave exterior. Alas! It is somewhat of a fashion still. I fancy it was supposed to portend an ambitious future. Even now, any position of importance and more especially the office of senator seems to weigh heavily upon the American man. A gay and witty senator would be a positive anachronism. Charles Sumner said that in his early youth he made one or two jokes in the Senate, and was advised by a friend if he hoped to succeed in public life never to joke again, and he never did. Imagine it!

But I have an idea that all the world over humour is regarded as somehow inconsistent with seriousness of purpose, yet how very clearly the eyes of a humourist can see, for humour gives a just perspective, and warmth of heart, keen affection, and a sensitive nature often accompany it.

That gay and gallant jester, Henry Labouchere, who for so many years illumined the House of Commons with his transcendent wit, wrote me a letter after the death of his wife in which he said now that she had gone before him, death could not come to him too soon. Yet how often men, who would scarcely give a sigh of regret or remembrance at the death of their wives, have called him heartless. I think American people are really graver and more serious than English people. I suppose it is the fashion, just as it is the fashion in England to take grave events with *sangfroid* and composure.

Dr. Milligan, a surgeon, wrote to London from Charleston about 1775, and said:

The inhabitants are of complexion little different to the English, of good stature, well-made, lively, agreeable, sensible, spirited, open-hearted, exceed most people in acts of benevolence, hospitality and charity. The men and women who have a right to the class of gentry, (who are more numerous here than in any other colony of North America,) dress with elegance and neatness. The personal qualities of the ladies are much to their credit and advantage. Middling stature, genteel and slender, fair complexioned without the help of art, regular features, fond of dancing, sing well, play upon harpsichord and guitar, etc.

There is a list made about this date of merchandise shipped to Charleston: "Fine Flanders lace, the finest Dutch linens, French cambrics, English chintz; Hyson tea; silks, gold and silver laces; the finest Broadcloth, carpets, British and East Indian handkerchiefs, gloves and ribbons, metals, pewter, brass and copper wrought of all sorts; plate and silver; watches, gold and silver; books, china, fans and other millinery wares. Looking-glasses, pictures, and prints, salad oil; beer in casks and bottles, wine of all sorts, but the chief kind drunk here is Madeira, imported directly from the place of growth." The day I dined with Judge Brawley and his wife (he is one of South Carolina's most distinguished sons, a brave soldier in the Confederate army, who lost one arm in a gallant encounter almost at the beginning of the War), we drank to the success of our beloved South in fine old Madeira.

It was while I was at Charleston that Sam wrote to tell me of the fall of Harrison Leffingwell.

My Dear Bessie,

We have missed you very much at Chevy Chase. The birds all went South when you did, and after that a severe snowstorm set in which lasted several days, but the weather is now warmer again. Also, your maid has been discharged. The motor, after it came back from the machine shop in perfect order, suddenly and unaccountably went wrong. On questioning George, the butler (he of the Knox Express fame), it came out that Harrison Leffingwell had borrowed the motor and taken his best girl for a long ride, which will cost me at the very least $25.00, so I discharged him on the spot. He was very saucy and said, "I take it, as you are a man of honour and I am another, that this unpleasantness between us will not prevent my going to England with Mrs. O'Connor." I was not so severe with him as I might have been because I considered that his wild career was undoubtedly helped along by you. You made him think he was a Caruso and a ladies' maid combined, and there was no standing him after you left. He will doubtless revenge himself on the family, as he has taken *I Myself* with him and I suppose he will tear out the pictures and have them framed. So you are probably by this time adorning some small negro shack. You certainly have the faculty of spoiling people more than anybody I know. Your family, however, long ago got reconciled to you.

We don't want you to stay too long in the South, and we hope you are coming back for a visit this spring. There is a mocking-bird who builds his nest just outside your bedroom window, and when the evenings are warm he sings every night at nine o'clock,—and as this is going to be a warm spring he will come early. So hurry up. With love.

Your affectionate brother,

Sam.

P. S. Harrison Leffingwell had the impudence to call me

up on the telephone and ask me to give him your address. Maybe he has written you by this time; if he has I wish you would tell him to send me back your book.

And my faithful Rose wrote to tell me of my dear old dog Coaxy's death. I was glad to have Bee with me, for she loved Coaxy well and was one of his best friends. She knew there never was such a fox-terrier —so intelligent, so original, so clever, so quick and so affectionate as Coaxy.

"Do you remember," I said to Bee, "that scarlet leather collar with the brass nails that you sent Coaxy from Paris, and how proud he was of it?" He never forgot Bee, even after an absence of one or two years, and was filled with joy when he saw her and remembered how in his puppyhood, when ill with distemper, she had sat for a whole day with a gentle hand in his basket. It was a sad thought that I was never again to see my faithful friend Coaxy, a name evolved from his sweet irresistible coaxing ways. When he laid himself out to *coax*, nobody could resist him.

"Put on your hat," said Bee, "and come out in the sun, it always cheers you, and here 's a little case for your stamps." It was marked in gilt letters "Swizzle-gigs." How many, many long years since I had seen that comical dear name, invented in my babyhood by my uncle John Duval, a tender humourist, who said it expressed my peculiar vagaries. I have often thought it wholly appropriate to my entire restless, changing, inconsequent life. It would be impossible for any human being who suggested the name of Swizzlegigs to live an ordinary humdrum existence.

"Bee," said I, "how did you ever remember?" But I need not have asked; Bee never forgets.

"Here are your gloves," she said, "we will go to the Exchange and see the pretty things."

On our arrival in Charleston we had been lucky enough to find shelter in the house of Mrs. Dotterer, a handsome, agreeable woman and an excellent housekeeper. Mrs. Chapman, her mother, after the War, started the Woman's Exchange, a most useful institution with all sorts of interesting objects for sale, authentic antiques, carved looking-glasses, good specimens of genuine Sheffield plate and good copies of old furniture. I bought a wild turkey-tail fan and shall use it in England as a fire-screen. The "Lady Baltimore" cake, the *chef d'œuvre* of the Exchange, so toothsomely described by Owen Wister, is now known all over the world. The ladies there receive orders from Russia, China, Japan, and I daresay, even from the Balkans. My kind hostesses, hearing of my sad loss, gave me a little surprise that evening, a "Lady Baltimore" cake all my own. It was exceedingly good, but very rich, being made with layers of delicate white cake filled between with a thick sugared paste of divers sorts of nuts and citron. The top is of richly flavoured icing, and covered with candied flowers.

That night at supper someone told the story of Mrs. Pettigru King, one of the idols of my childhood. She had incomparable wit, great charm, and, if not beauty, the reflection of it, for her skin was exquisite, her bright shining nut-brown hair a lovely colour, and her smile was enchanting. Thackeray had heard of her wit, and, to draw out her powers when she asked him the question, "Mr. Thackeray, how do you like America?" his eyes twinkling with mischief, he answered: "Very much, but the Americans, they are vulgar." Whereupon she quickly answered: "That is easily understood,

for we are all descendants of the English." He said, laughing, "Forgive my rudeness, it was only to make you unsheathe the dagger of your wit. I am quite satisfied with the result." And after these sharp thrusts on both sides they became the greatest of friends.

## CHAPTER X

### THE CHARM OF CHARLESTON—THE SILVER GARDEN

THERE is no function historically more delightful or interesting in America than Charleston's St. Cecilia balls. The society began in 1737 with a concert given on a Thursday, St. Cecilia's day, and comprised originally a number of earnest musical amateurs who soon became ambitious and paid a large salary to the *chef d'orchestre*, who in 1773 received five hundred guineas a year. The arts and graces declined, however, as the years went by, giving place perforce to more practical interests. Fewer men had time for the study of music, and when President Monroe accompanied by John C. Calhoun, his Secretary of State, visited Charleston, it was decided that St. Cecilia must give a ball in lieu of a concert. Since then, except during the War, there has been no interruption of the three balls given every winter by the St. Cecilia Society. The members are elected by the society and it is no uncommon thing for the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of an applicant to have been members before him. Mrs. Ravenel says, "If a new resident, or a family recently brought into notice, there will be inquiry, perhaps hesitation and a good backing will be desirable. When a man is elected the names of the ladies of his household are at once put upon the list and remain there forever, changes of fortune affecting them not at all. The members elect the Vice-President, Secretary and

Treasurer and Board of Managers; the managers continue from year to year, vacancies occurring only by death, the eldest manager becoming President and Vice-President in due order."

The invitations are in themselves quite unique, for every name on them has figured in history before and during the Revolution, bringing back memories of the old picturesque life of the plantation gone to come no more. Edward Rutledge, one of the present managers, is a descendant of John Rutledge who wrote so heroically to Moultrie in 1776: "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the Fort. You will not do so without an order from me. I will cut off my right hand sooner than write it.—J. RUTLEDGE."

Joseph W. Barnwell, my escort to supper, a handsome clean-shaven barrister, with dark humorous eyes is a descendant of "Tuscarora Jack," a favourite hero of my childhood, chiefly I think on account of his name, although he was a daring, resolute fighter in the wars with the Indians. Another of the family, Robert Woodward Barnwell, a member of the Convention at Montgomery, gave the casting vote which made Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy. But every name,—Middleton, Porcher, Vander Horst, Sinkler, Stony, Barker, Ravenel—is honoured in the history not only of the State of Carolina, but of America, and these splendid names have been as nearly as possible preserved in the invitations of the St. Cecilia's Society by the election of sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons throughout the centuries. They are as gallant gentlemen as their great-grandfathers and even in the present-day balls a trace of the old order exists. No sitting out on stair-steps or hiding away in corners is allowed at these historic parties.

A story is told of one of the "Four Hundred," who on her way from Florida to New York received an invitation to a St. Cecilia ball. She sat out one or two of the dances on the staircase outside the ballroom. Such a breach of etiquette was unknown and was certainly not to be allowed, so the President, a man of beautiful manners and charming address, found the lady in a secluded corner and offering his arm said, "I have come, dear Madam, to conduct you to the ballroom. We cannot afford, if only for a brief moment, to lose so brilliant an ornament."

"Oh," she said, "I know I am breaking a rule, but all the world does it in New York and London." The President replied, "New York and London are too large to look after individual guests; here we can see to their welfare, and I fear you will take cold in this draughty hall." The lady laughed, took his arm, and went back to the ballroom.

The men of Charleston subscribe liberally, and the balls are beautifully arranged. The society owns its own napery, silver, glass and table ornaments and, with each table decorated with flowers, the balls have all the refinement of private entertainments. The suppers are served promptly at twelve o'clock, as the dances begin at nine, and are prepared by negro cooks, the ladies of Charleston superintending everything and often cutting sandwiches and preparing some special delicacy with their own hands. The round dances are interspersed with rather stately music when the older people walk round the room, for the St. Cecilias, unlike most balls in America, are by no means given exclusively for young girls. Mammas and even grandmammas are expected to be present and to participate in the evening's enjoyment.

Etiquette requires the president to take down the latest bride to supper, while the vice-president takes the most distinguished stranger. The girls are supposed after each dance to return to their chaperons, and in this way the men are left free to seek in time the partners engaged for the next dance. This is a fashion that might well be introduced at other balls in America. All the invitations of the St. Cecilias are delivered by hand and a stranger must almost belong to the *livre d'or* to receive one. When, however, the guest has arrived she is entertained like a queen; every dance on her programme is filled up, or if she happens not to dance, agreeable partners are provided for conversation, and no one who has attended a St. Cecilia ball is likely to forget its distinctive and hospitable charm.

There was one thing I wanted very much in Charleston that I did not get, a palmetto salad—it is said to be a very great delicacy and is made from the heart of the palmetto tree. It seems a great extravagance to destroy an entire tree for a dish, but on the plantations there are so many trees that one more or less makes very little difference. Those who have eaten of it say there is no flavour so fine and delicate as this round white heart dressed with fresh olive oil, lemon instead of vinegar, and a dash of salt. One of my hostesses, sweet little Mrs. Mitchell, promised if I would remain a few days longer she would send to her plantation for this luxurious speciality of South Carolina, and make a salad with her own tiny hands. I could n't wait, but some day I am going back for it.

The morning for our visit to the Magnolia Cemetery was glorious with sunshine, and Bee proposed that we should make a détour and go by the East Battery to take our car. Even grim Fort Moultrie looked cheerful

that day; there were several beautiful yachts in the harbour, the avenue of palmettos rustled their leaves in a faint bright breeze, and as I turned to look at the pretty white town, peaceful and prosperous, it seemed amazing that so much of it had survived the five hundred and sixty days of bombardment it had sustained during the Civil War. Certainly no city has suffered in the past more than Charleston, for, after the long siege, when her sons by land and sea kept her "virgin and inviolate to the last," came a severe earthquake. The house we were living in carries a great iron bar across the front in memory of this event. Fate seems indeed to have tried the people in order to prove their courage, which is indomitable.

The cannon along the Battery always detained us for a little; they speak so eloquently of that long bombardment, and each bears a brass tablet telling of the service it had done. A big gun looking directly upon Fort Moultrie had been down in the depths of the sea and this was its honourable record: "This gun, having taken part in the attack on Fort Sumter by an armoured squadron, April 7th, 1863, was recovered from the wreck of the sunken *Keokuk* by an exploit of heroic enterprise, and mounted on Sullivan's Island, where for two years it was used in defence of the city it had once been brought to attack. Removed to this place by the Civil Authority, August, 1889." Some of the guns had seen four years of active service; when the sun shone so brilliantly upon them it turned the black of the iron into a shimmering blue. Fate, with even her hardest knocks, cannot deprive Charleston of its ideal climate, and in another decade all her old prosperity will return to her, for there is no more beautiful spot in America than this lovely city by the sea. Even Magnolia

Cemetery smiled that day, and the dead seemed in happy peace. The monument to South Carolina's great soldier, General Wade Hampton, stands in the centre of the Confederate dead, whom with such valiant courage he led into heroic action. The most beautiful monuments are not however of stone; they are nature's great live-oaks, with their widely spreading branches, bending tenderly over the hundreds of little headstones, as if to say, "Soldiers, sleep well." And I thought of Father Ryan's little verses:

Old trees! old trees! in your mystic gloom
There 's many a warrior laid,
And many a nameless and lonely tomb
Is sheltered beneath your shade.
Old trees! old trees! without pomp or prayer
We buried the brave and the true,
We fired a volley and left them there
To rest, old trees, with you.

Old trees! old trees, keep watch and ward
Over each grass-grown bed;
'T is a glory, old trees, to stand as guard
Over our Southern dead;
Old trees, old trees, we shall pass away
Like the leaves you yearly shed,
But ye! lone sentinels, still must stay
Old trees, to guard our dead.

The sun grew so warm that to escape it I sat under one of the trees with the long grey moss softly touching my face like the gentle hand of an old friend. Bee was busy with her kodak trying to get an impression of one of the ancient oaks carrying seven centuries of mystic gloom, when a lady, dressed in deepest mourning, with a sweet face, old, thin and very white, came and

sat beside me. She said, "Good morning; the sun is very warm for this time of the year."

I said, "It is, indeed, but having been out of the South so long I am more than grateful for it."

"Do you," she said, "live abroad?"

"Yes," I said, "I live in London, at least I used to live in London; but now I have no 'dwelling more by sea or shore.' "

"Ah," she said, "then it is better to wander."

"Yes," I said, "perhaps;—this is a very beautiful place for rest."

She said, "I try to find it so, for, like Bobbie, the little faithful dog in Edinburgh, who when he lost his master spent his life by the side of his grave, I spend my life here. All my six children sleep over there—" she pointed to a row of graves not far off. "Whenever the sun shines I come here in the morning, and I leave in the evening. I do not always bring flowers, but I talk to them and often I go away comforted, for I feel they have talked to me."

"I, too, have my sorrows, but they are nothing compared to yours."

"I can bear mine," she said, "for I know I shall find my children again. I am a little lonely and I grow weary of waiting, but that is all."

"Good-bye," I said "I shall often think of you."

"I need not give you my address in Charleston," she said, "you will always find me here."

Bee had photographed the noble tree and met me with her camera.

"You look white and fagged, are you tired?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but a broken heart that still lives has been shown to me. The quiet hearts of the dead

are at peace; it is the sorrows of the living that are overwhelming."

And as we walked along under the brilliant sunshine, I told her of the poor lady that we had left with all her devoted dead; and when I had finished Bee's cheeks were not quite so pink, for she has a very tender, maternal, protecting nature. Her hand is instinctively stretched out to succour and to help. If she gets out of a street-car and an old lady follows, Bee waits like a perfect gentleman to help her out. If a friend is ill, Bee never fails to make a daily visit; if a child is fretful Bee can comfort it, and there is nothing in medicine or science for the benefit of humanity which does not appeal to her. To the world she presents a frank, boyish front, and never, under any circumstances, indulges in gush, even with her best beloved friends. But in her blue eyes there is the same expression that I remember in the eyes of a nun, who when she died, left eighteen hundred foundlings and waifs under her roof. Bee is sensitively proud and the soul of modesty. She is indifferently polite to men, unless they happen to be engaged to her best friends, when she puts aside her maidenly armour and is her own gracious hospitable self.

"Why do you," I said to her, "stand that conceited bore of a professor, give him Mary's best wine to drink, and have turkey for dinner whenever he comes?"

"Because," said Bee, "he is going to marry my friend Dorothy next month. She lives in Boston, and she has been such a long time making up her mind to do it I felt that I must give her some encouragement."

I said, "Poor Dorothy; she is going to be bored to extinction."

But Bee answered cheerfully, "He has his good points."

Friendship is with Bee a sacred trust, something not to be lightly embarked upon, but when once undertaken it assumes for her life-long and loyal obligations. She belongs to the type of woman who having married, would never, however unhappily mated, divorce her husband, and at no matter what cost to herself would bear her sorrows in noble silence and live up to her highest ideals to the end. And sometimes Fate is kind to me, for Bee is my friend.

It was early for the Garden of the Magnolias, that marvellous spot of beauty now frequently described and illustrated both in pictorial papers and in magazines. The boats were not running yet to the Ashley River, and to go first to Summerville and then a long drive to the garden and back again in one day meant a fatiguing journey, so Bee and I evolved an excellent plan. We found a man with a motor boat who said if we secured eighteen passengers he would take us on reasonable terms. Five people were mustered from our house, and the remainder from different hotels, which we notified of our excursion, and the next morning at ten o'clock we embarked. It was a warm soft spring day. The sky was deep blue, with a few billowy white clouds blown by a bright wind into eager motion. In the distance, a violet and pearl mist slowly lifted itself, leaving the fresh tender green of budding trees and shrubberies greener still from the soft moisture, and now and then a breath of yellow jessamine or honeysuckle floated towards us, showing that the sun had been kind.

We steamed along amidst pretty scenery, quiet plantations on either side, many of them having historical interest and all of them former scenes of open-armed, hospitable gaiety. The grass at the landing of

the Magnolia Gardens was as green as that of Ireland. The red-bud and flowering peach and plum and almond trees were all in blossom, and the hum of the bees seemed to belong to midsummer.

A cohort of black gardeners, male and female, met us, the men in blue jean and the women wearing calico dresses and plaid head handkerchiefs, as "befo' de wa'." They led us politely through the winding paths, where on each side every known flower was grown, yellow and pink old-fashioned cabbage roses, the canary coloured tea-rose, the monthly rose, which in the South is a daily rose until January, and sometimes faithfully blooms the whole year round. The hundred-leaf rose, with its close rosette in the centre; the little white and pink Cherokee rose, the crimson and yellow rambler; the musky moss-rose, in great luxuriance, and there were wide beds of pinks and carnations, yellow, white, rose and red. A carnation always breathes to me of passion, but a clean passion; there is nothing heavy and sultry about its fresh perfume, it is frank; robust and hardy. Even in the dry hot atmosphere of an over-heated room this flower, so full of vitality, refuses to die, and lasts for many days. A friend, young, happy, distinguished in his career, once travelled a day and a night to see me for only one hour. He gave me at our parting half a hundred splendid carnations, a flower for each day of our separation;—before they were withered he was dead. I never saw him again, but every carnation throughout all the years brings me a fragrant memory of him.

Near the beds of these dear flowers was a stately tomb of Italian marble; the negroes said it was a former owner who wished to sleep always amidst the luxuriance of the flowers he loved so well. If the gardens had been called the Gardens of the Camellias

it would not have been a misnomer, for before the blossoming of the magnolias they reign supreme and are of every colour, size, and known variety. The white flower was in perfection that gave Marguerite Gautier her poetic name, *The Lady of the Camellias*, one of which she gave to Armand Duval, saying, "When this flower is withered come back to me." As a contrast to its dazzling purity, scarlet flowers flamed on either side, and there were camellias of a pink so evanescent that it was like the blush of a fair young girl. Other varieties seemed to borrow the glories of them all, scarlet flecked with white, white splashed with crimson, and a pale pearl pink, the leaves deepening at one side into a vivid vermilion. The real queen of the garden was an opulent flower of a rich, pure du Barry rose, painted with splashes of white, as if Puck had dashed on the colours with reckless brush while waiting to go on that gay and breathless journey, when he girdled the world in forty minutes. The bold-faced trumpet flower, giving colour to the long pendants of sombre moss, had climbed to the very tops of some of the beautiful old live-oaks, the trees that in all the world I love the best. For one of my first memories is of my father finishing a chapter of *Guy Mannering* or *The Bride of Lammermoor*, under the spreading shade of a great live-oak, with little negroes and dogs tumbling at his feet, while I, a maiden of five, called to him from the porch to come, for Buttons, my pony, and Pomp, his horse, were waiting at the gate for our afternoon ride.

There is an eternal beauty about the live-oak surpassing that of all the other forest trees. With its great age, its superb dignity, its rough, burly bark, and its thousands of leaves, it is an inspiring poem:

"I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might not abide;
I have come ere the dawn, oh beloved, my live-oaks to hide
In your gospelling glooms—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh, my marsh, and the sea, my sea."

Near the protecting branches of a splendid live-oak grew a perfect tree, the glory of the South, the magnificent *magnolia grandiflora*, in the first perfection of exquisite bloom. Its glossy pointed dark green leaves held that divine chalice of creamy white as if to shelter and guard its unapproachable beauty. Each flawless leaf of the flower seemed sculptured in fine, smooth ivory; its perfume was the breath of all the South, evanescent, yet powerful and alluring, creating a strange desire to breathe its manifold fragrance again and yet again, for it was redolent of a thousand odours, myrrh and sandalwood, musk and mignonette, myrtle and olive, orange and oleander, rose and geranium, mimosa and gardenia. It is all of them, yet none of them, but only itself, this stately grandiflora, the most fitting emblem of the South.

The azaleas were not in full flower, but they blossomed thickly around a miniature lake, to the very water's edge, forming a frame of pink and yellow fire, the blue water reflecting again the rose and gold, made a very feast of vivid colour. A trifle to the right of this rainbow lake, the shrubbery seemed impenetrable, but I pushed my way though and my startled eyes rested upon a silver garden, a circle of shimmering patterned silver lace. It seemed a beautiful unreal vision, this most strange and exquisite fairy ring, formed by a belt of live-oaks, one standing a little forward as if listening to the voices of the others; the

greenness of each tree softly and modestly veiled by the long, pearly grey, waving moss, which from time to time had fallen and been blown about, until a soft, light, and tender silver grey resilient carpet covered all the earth. Each tendril of the moss, dependent from the trees, was be-pearled by a light rain of the night before, and where the strong rays of the sun penetrated and shone upon the pearls they were turned to myriads of sparkling diamonds. And beyond this enchanting zone there were flashes of colour mingling with the subdued radiance of the silver. From the outside of the circle, yellow and white jessamine and purple wistaria and coral honeysuckle had climbed over the tops of the trees and softly trailed over the grey moss, forming on the inside an irregular fringe of flowers. And, peeping impudently through the lower branches of the trees, there appeared the saucy face of a pink or rose or red japonica, while here and there the outer edge of the carpet was brightened by an occasional patch of fallen white and scarlet petals, and underneath the tall oak, standing inside the charmed circle, a little ring of pointed, green leaves, with their starry blossoms had gallantly pushed themselves up through the silver moss, and, covered with dew-drops, they glistened like a band of translucent opals. And I knew that if I waited until nightfall Titania and Oberon and Puck would meet me there.

No one came to see this silver garden and I was glad that its solitary loveliness was to be mine alone. I heard Bee calling and I walked down the winding path with long wands of bridal wreath, flowering almond, and trails of roses touching my face, but when I saw a little by-path I turned back again for I wanted this vision of luminous pearl and tarnished silver to be

fixed forever in my memory. And I thought of one who could have immortalised its glory, a Southern poet, young, gifted, beautiful, who died on the threshold of life. He believed that "Music was harmony—Harmony was Love—and Love was God." Perhaps these many years he has abided in a silver garden whose radiance is unfading, whose light is eternal.

## CHAPTER XI

### IN SAVANNAH

"WHY on earth do you go to Savannah?" said a very old lady in Charleston with thick white hair majestically rolled back from her forehead, and her wrinkled hands adorned with quaint diamond rings, relics of her ancestors before the Revolution. "You won't see anything there except Jews and Yankees."

"Jews," I said, "are a wonderful race. Look at the artists and musicians, authors and financiers they have given us, and for me they have been among my best and most serviceable friends. At the close of the Confederacy Mrs. Clement Clay could not have got to Washington to plead for the life of her husband, except for the whole-hearted kindness of a Jew. Don't you remember what she wrote in her memoirs:

"'The middle of November had arrived ere, by the aid of Mr. Robert Herstein, a kindly merchant of Huntsville—may his tribe increase'—(and so say I)—'who advanced me one hundred dollars, (and material for a silk gown to be made when I should reach my destination), I was enabled to begin my journey to the Capital,' —A distinguished Jew at a grand party in London was once my escort to supper and I ate so many olives he asked me if I was a Jewess."

"With that blunt nose of yours, my dear," said my friend, "he must have been a stupid Jew."

"And," I said, "I know a true and wonderful romance of a Jew gifted with godlike beauty, and an Empress. Some day I am going to tell the story and call it *The Heart of a Jew.*"

The lady drew herself up stiffly. "You are Catholic in your tastes," she said, "and what do you think of Yankees?"

"Josh Billings," I said, "when asked after a tour in France what he thought of the French, answered, 'I find that generally everywhere human nature prevails.' I have known very charming, agreeable, and generous Yankees."

The lady said coolly, "My dear, you have been very lucky; but you are a Southern woman no longer, you are merely a citizen of the world."

"No," I said, "that is where you are mistaken. The one satisfactory thing in my shorn and unsatisfactory life is that I was born a Southern woman. I love the South and everything in it. I could be, if I allowed myself, rigid and narrow, but I just open my heart and won't be. It seems to me we should all try in a measure to understand the pæan of praise written in memory of that brilliant Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly:

"'Sees he the planet and all on its girth—
India, Columbia and Europe—his eagle-sight
Sweeps at a glance all the wrong upon earth.
Races or sects were to him a profanity:
Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.'

"We cannot of course reach his high altitude, at

least I cannot," I added, "but my beloved father, with his broad humanity managed it, and not only his body, but his soul—the very essence of him, belonged to the South."

"You loved your father," said the lady.

"I think," I said, "that every human being brought into contact with that noble, generous spirit loved him."

"I too," said the lady, "loved my father. He was the grandest gentleman I ever knew. He came from Savannah, but that was, of course, before the War, and it was there I met my husband at a fancy ball. How handsome he was, dressed in black velvet as the Duke of Buckingham. I went as little Red Riding Hood, wore a red cloak, long yellow curls on either side of my face, and carried a basket of eggs. My husband had this little gold egg, which is a vinaigrette, made in memory of our meeting and I 've worn it on my châtelaine ever since. My father is buried at Bonaventure. Of course," she said, relenting, "you will enjoy Savannah as a city, but you will see that it does n't compare with Charleston."

I got up to say good-bye and a quaint portrait of two children attracted my attention.

"Mary Ellen and Laura Lee," said my hostess, "they were real Charles the First children in appearance and I always cut their hair and dressed them in that fashion. It was the only style that became them."

Yet it is said that America is modern! America is what you wish to find it—intensely progressive, or entirely of the past and conservative. In its broad area any climate in the world can be found. Any taste in the world can be gratified.

Bee said when I came in, "Swizzlegigs, I must be

getting back to Washington to work. Can you go to Savannah to-morrow?"

"Yes," I said, "I can; we could have gone before only I dread your leaving me, and starting off to New Orleans alone."

We, however, went the next day to Savannah and found, as in Charleston, a heavenly winter climate. It was warm enough to go to the theatre in the evening without wraps or hats. We spent the next morning at the Art Gallery, where they have the nucleus of an interesting collection of pictures. Gari Melchers, himself a most distinguished artist, buys for the gallery, and I never saw a better Hitchcock—a long stretch of early tulips in Holland, a very wealth of fresh, exhilarating, variegated, vivid colour.

In the afternoon Mrs. Lester, the widow of Senator Rufus Lester, who for years so ably represented Georgia in the United States Senate, came in her motor to take us out to Thunderbolt, one of the picturesque and convenient suburbs of the city. It is on the beautiful Warsaw River and was named from a thunderbolt, which in a terrifying storm buried itself deep in the ground, loosening the waters which ever afterwards gushed forth in a bountiful spring. The sunshine was white and weak, and a thin gauzy mist of blue and lavender lingered on the river, but even while we looked upon it the sun shone brightly, penetrated the fair veil and promised the splendour of an orange and purple sunset.

"That," said Mrs. Lester, pointing to a picturesque house, "is the Savannah Yacht Club." And as we motored farther along the fine road, "There is Bannon Lodge, famous for its wonderful variety of fish and the excellence with which it is cooked." When we turned

towards the river I saw palmetto and myrtle, orange and magnolia, catalpa, sweet olive and oleander, giving out already their thin sweet scents and promising a wealth of fragrance a little later in the spring. We were almost in sight of Bonaventure, known to me from a much-liked story that my father, who was born in Georgia, used to tell.

In 1760, the property belonged to Colonel Mulryne, an Englishman. The grounds were of surpassing loveliness, immense live-oaks draped in moss made the air cool with their grateful shade. There was a large brick house facing the grassy terraces which extended to the river, and a famous grove of magnolias leading to the road scented all the air. Colonel Mulryne was entertaining a large company at dinner when he was informed that the roof was ablaze and there was no possibility of saving the house.

"Ah," he said quickly, "then we must dine on the lawn." The table was quickly removed by a number of slaves and the dinner finished while the house burned to the ground.

Cool and sustained courage is certainly one of the most picturesque and admirable of human traits. I know an ex-naval officer who had gone into business in New York. While giving a large dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he happened to look up at the special report of the stock market while the guests were being marshalled in the dining-room, and saw that through an unexpected panic everything he owned had been swept away, leaving him penniless. His face never changed, and no one at the dinner was more gay or agreeable than the self-possessed host. Next morning, one of the guests, a millionaire, hearing of his loss and remembering the way he had borne it, called upon him

and said, "I've come to place forty thousand dollars at your disposal. A man with your steady nerve is bound to win." And he did, eventually becoming president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year.

Colonel Mulryne rebuilt his house and was living in it at the beginning of the Revolution. He was a Whig, but his patriotism stopped at the Declaration of Independence; and, giving shelter to Governor Wright, he was persuaded to accompany him when he left America and sailed in a man-of-war for England. Mary Mulryne, his daughter, an heiress, had married Josiah Tatnall, a Royalist, who in disgust also went to England to live. Her boys, however, born in America, wished to return and the eldest, Josiah, finally ran away, and on his arrival in Georgia joined the army of General Nathaniel Greene. Inheriting the cool, intrepid courage of his grandfather, he served with great distinction during the War of the Revolution and was rapidly promoted from a lieutenancy to be Colonel of the first Georgia regiment. In recognition of his services, part of his estates, including his birthplace, Bonaventure, were restored to him, and when the war was over he made a no less distinguished statesman than soldier. He served first in the Legislature, and was afterwards sent to Congress. On his return from Washington he was elected Governor of Georgia, and all this brilliant career was compassed in the short space of thirty-six years. Had he lived, his would doubtless have been one of America's most illustrious names. He was buried in the grounds of Bonaventure that he loved so well, beneath a great oak, and his son inherited the beautiful estate won back to the family by his father's patriotism. But it was not to remain with the Tatnalls, for nearly

a century later Bonaventure was again confiscated, when his grandson, Commodore Tatnall, refused to remain in the service of the United States Navy. He was the officer who in June, 1859, had helped the British fleet in the Peiho, giving as his reason in a despatch to the Navy Department "that blood is thicker than water." During the war with Mexico, he fought so gallantly that the State of Georgia had sent him a splendid sword. He could not turn that sword against her in her bitter hour of need. And yet he had been a distinguished officer in the United States Navy for fifty years when he joined the Confederacy. A whole long lifetime.

Americans are the most patriotic people in the world, for theirs is a sort of double-barrelled patriotism, first the love of their State, of which they are inordinately proud, and in no lesser degree the love of the United States. To fold a flag and put it out of sight under which a man has served for fifty years, must have been a moment of supreme tragedy. The pain could be no less intense in divorcing an old wife.

I knew an English couple who separated after fifty years of married happiness and the quarrel, alas, arose out of a book. The man in his old age, was deeply interested in writing his experiences of travel by land and sea. The lady, who had always found him an exemplary husband and, that rare individual,—a man willing to put aside his desires to please his wife, asked him one day to come for a drive. He refused, saying he was busy writing his book. She told him with cruel frankness that he would never find either publishers or readers. When she came back from her drive he was gone, never to return,—and thus do separations and tragedies of life grow out of trifles light as air.

There will be no more changes for beautiful Bonaventure, for it is now a sweet and peaceful, quiet resting-place for the dead, and the Tatnalls, after a life's feverish struggle can once more go home. Mrs. Lester pointed out as we passed it a handsome house, very interesting to me with my love and admiration of Thackeray, for it is said that he wrote the greater part of *The Virginians* there while visiting Andrew Low, the Englishman who built it.

How Thackeray was entertained in America! Everything this bounteous land produces—fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables and fruit—were served to him in lavish abundance by proud but anxious hostesses. He afterwards said that at every American table he was first served with "grilled hostess." The poor ladies at the head of their tables, fiery red, anxious and hot, had evidently been until the last moment occupied in superintending some special dish!

There was an ancient fashion in South Carolina and Georgia of serving an enormous turkey which, like a Chinese box, contained one after the other about six other birds, until it finished with a rice bird, small and delicate enough for even the little bones to be edible. The juices of all the different birds, basted in fresh butter, were supposed to be of unique and marvellous flavour. Probably Mr. Thackeray ate of this gastronomic complexity on more than one occasion.

Mrs. Clay, in *A Belle of the Fifties*, says: "Mr. Thackeray's lecture and poetry were a red-letter occasion, and the simplicity of that great man of letters, as he recited *Lord Lovel* and *Barbara Allen*, was long afterwards a criterion by which others were judged." And in that sprightly and human book, *A Diary from Dixie*, Mrs. Chesnut writes:

Letter from home carried Mr. Chesnut to Charleston to-day. Thackeray is dead. I stumbled upon *Vanity Fair* myself. I had never heard of Thackeray before. I think it was in 1850, I know I had been ill at the New York hotel, and when left alone I slipped downstairs and into a bookstore that I had noticed under the hotel for something to read. They gave me the first half of *Pendennis*. I can recall now the very kind of paper it was printed on, and the illustrations as they took effect upon me, and yet when I raved over it and was wild for the other half, there were people who said it was slow."

Even to-day there are great Thackeray lovers in America. When Major Judson, that brilliant officer of the Engineer Corps, was—luckily for the American army—ordered to the East to study the methods of fighting during the Russo-Japanese War, he carried with him only two books, one of them being *Vanity Fair*. On a roof garden in Washington one blazing night this last memorable summer, he went through a highly creditable examination on that wonderful book, which is as familiar to me as *Pinkie and the Fairies*.

After a day of activity and motoring in Savannah, any normal human being would have slept, but it was my off night and if sleep comes to me at all every other night, it is as much as I can hope for. Fortunately I discovered before I went to bed that my room was bare of books and the manager at the office lent me two volumes which, although read before, interested me until seven o'clock next morning. One of these was Mrs. Chesnut's *Diary from Dixie*, and contained this paragraph about the mother of my Nancy who had died in New York;

CAMDEN, S. C., August 2nd, 1865.

Mary Kirkland has had experience with the Yankees.

She has been pronounced the most beautiful woman on this side of the Atlantic and has been spoiled accordingly in all society. When the Yankees came, Monroe, their negro manservant, told her to stand up and hold two of her children in her arms, with the other two pressed close against her knees. Mammy Selina and Lizzie stood grimly on each side of their young missis and her children, while for four mortal hours the soldiers searched through the rooms of the house. Sometimes Mary and her children were roughly jostled against the wall, but Mammy and Lizzie were staunch supporters. The Yankee soldiers taunted the negro women for their foolishness in standing by their cruel slave-owner, and taunted Mary for being glad of the protection of a poor ill-used slave. Monroe, meanwhile, had one leg bandaged and pretended to be lame, so that he might not be enlisted as a soldier, and kept making pathetic appeals to Mary. "Don't answer them back, Miss Mary," said he, "let 'em say what dey want to; don't answer em back, don't gib em any chance to say you were impudent to em."

How dramatically my poor friend Nancy began her life, although she was then only a baby in arms.

A further extract from Mrs. Chesnut's diary relates two incidents, one tragic the other amusing.

July 13th, 1863.

Halcott Green came to see us. Bragg is a stern disciplinarian according to Halcott, and he did not in the least understand citizen soldiers. In the retreat from Shiloh he ordered that not a gun should be fired. A soldier shot a chicken and then the soldier was shot. "For a chicken!" said Halcott, "A Confederate soldier for a chicken!"

Mrs. McCord says that a nurse who is a beauty had better leave her beauty with her cloak and hat at the door. One lovely nurse said to a soldier whose wounds could not have been dangerous "Well, my good soul, what can I do

for you?" "Kiss me," said he. Mrs. McCord was furious at the woman for telling it, for it brought her hospital into disrepute, and very properly.

Frederic Norton, the frankest of humourists, once said to me: "The difference between a man and a woman is this—a woman only wants to kiss the man she loves; a man will kiss any woman who will let him—tall, short, fair, dark, fat, thin, grave or gay." Some men I am sure are not quite so universally affectionate, but "out of evil cometh good;" the request for a kiss made to a friend of mine completely reconciled her to the short-comings of her husband.

She had quarrelled with him and left him, and her idea had been to take her broken heart to the stage, that kind refuge for so many troubled souls. She had a beautiful voice which had been trained with extraordinary care by the best masters in France and Italy, and she carolled like a veritable canary. Her husband was rich and she, young, pretty, and attractive, had been at the head of a large establishment and had had not only the protection of a home, but of a man. It was a very different position from that of a woman alone in the world, who generally comes to know that in spite of the boasted chivalry of man, she will meet one at least, now and again, ready to take advantage of her defenceless situation.

My friend went to sing for a fat, bald, old impresario. He sat at his ease on a sofa with arms outstretched, while she hurriedly unfastened her gloves, played the introduction to Proch's variations, and began to sing. She knew she was in good voice and she displayed all her vocal pyrotechnics with great effect. Roulades, the chromatic scale, trills, all came like smooth silver

that morning. She improvised a little, her voice mounting higher and higher, and finished with a bird-like D sharp. Then she turned to the quiet gentleman, expecting that he would at least say, "Your voice has been admirably trained." But what he did say was, "Come and kiss me!" He did n't even offer to get up and go to her, so sure was he of his power. There he sat, old, fat, common, vulgar, calmly asking such a favour as a matter of course. It really was an intensely comical situation, but my friend had no sense of humour. "Think of the humiliation," she said; "I almost die at the memory."

I sent for her husband. Luckily he had no sense of humour either. He wanted at once to thrash the impresario for insulting his wife. "He would show him," etc., etc. I suggested that if his wife had been in her own home, which she would never have left except for his vagaries, the kiss would not have been demanded, and a sensible reconciliation followed.

I am terribly opposed to a condemnation based upon circumstantial evidence. What a commentary upon it is this other little story, taken from *A Diary in Dixie:*

April 22nd, 1861.

Arranging my photograph book. On the first page Colonel Watts. And here goes a sketch of his life: Beaufort Watts, bluest blood, gentleman to the tips of his fingers, chivalry incarnate, he was placed in charge of a large amount of money and bank bills. The money belonged to the State and he was on the way to deposit it. When he went to bed at night he placed the roll on a table at his bedside, locked himself in, and slept soundly. The next morning the money was gone. Well, all who knew him believed him innocent. Of course he searched and they searched, but to no purpose—the money was gone. It

was a damaging story and a cloud rested upon him. Years after, the house in which he had taken that disastrous sleep was pulled down. In the wall behind the wainscot was found his pile of money. How the rats got it through so narrow a crack was most mysterious. Suppose that house had been burned, or the rats had gnawed up the bills past recognition. People in power understood how that proud man had suffered those many years in silence when men looked askance at him. The country tried to repair the work of blasting the man's character. He was made Secretary of Legation to Russia, and was afterwards our Consul at Santa Fé de Bogotá. When he was too old to wander far afield they made him Secretary to all the Governors of South Carolina in regular succession.

Yet another extract from the diary:

CAMDEN, S. C., Nov. 5th, 1863.

Mattie Reedy (I knew her as a handsome girl in Washington several years ago) got tired of hearing Federals abusing John Morgan. One day they were worse than ever in their abuse and she grew restive. By way of putting a mark against the name of so rude a girl the Yankee officer said, "What is your name?" "Write, Mattie Reedy now, but by the grace of God, I hope one day to call myself the wife of John Morgan." She did not know Morgan, but he eventually heard the story—a good joke it was said to be. But he made it a point to find her out; and as she was as pretty as she was patriotic, by the grace of God she is now Mrs. Morgan! These timid Southern women under the guns can be brave enough.

The Fates evidently liked Mattie Reedy. They gave her what she wanted, and had no such surprise in store for her as they had for an American girl who when travelling by carriage in Italy with her mother stopped at a wretched, muddy, damp, dirty little village for supper. It was late, the horses were tired,

the idea had been to spend the night there, but her sensibilities were so offended that she urged her mother to try the next little township, which she agreed unwillingly enough to do. In Rome, the following winter, the girl met an Italian who lived in a tumble-down villa in that same abhorred village. She married him. It was a love match and they were poor, so she went back to the shabby villa and lived in the impossible hamlet without leaving it for seven years.

How Fate disciplines us with mocking laughter and quaint surprises. "I cannot bear it," "I would die with that," and straightway, both inflictions are sent to us. She had a rod in pickle for Frances Anne Kemble when her marriage with Pierce Butler was ordained. He was a handsome, not too brilliant American, whose wealth all came from his plantations in Georgia. There was nothing of the assimilative blood of her French grandfather in this admirable lady. She was a straightforward, respectable British matron, though she lived in both Pennsylvania and Georgia; and in spite of the appreciation and fortune she received when she gave her Shakespearean readings throughout the country, she disliked America cordially, and had little good to say of it. When she wielded that conscientious and prolific pen of hers, it has always the heavy touch of the tragedian, and never by any chance the lighter one of the comedian.

I was fond of a certain little old-fashioned poem which she gives in the records of her girlhood, a little song called the *Spirit of Morn.*

Now on their couch of rest
Mortals are sleeping
While in dark, dewy vest,

Flowerets are weeping.
Ere the last star of night
Fades in the fountain,
My finger of rosy light
Touches the mountain.

Far on his filmy wing
Twilight is wending,
Shadows encompassing
Terrors attending:
While my foot's fiery print,
Up my path showing,
Gleams with celestial tint,
Brilliantly glowing.

Now from my pinions fair
Freshness is streaming,
And from my yellow hair
Glories are gleaming.
Nature with pure delight
Hails my returning,
And Sol, from his chamber bright,
Crowns the young morning.

And there was a time when she seemed to me the sweetest poet in the world. It was in my extreme youth at (to be exactly accurate) fifteen and a half, after my parting from a young artillery lieutenant, a brand new graduate of West Point, all brightest of brass buttons, bluest of eyes and untiringest of dancers. When my first love letter from him followed me to Texas he quoted her poem of *Absence:*

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet hour of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I will tell thee; for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, belovèd one! art far from me.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

And he ended the letter by imploring me to return to Washington and end as soon as possible the "doomèd time" of our separation. But long before this dreary blank of absence was over there was a curly-haired officer of the Engineers, and a fair Cavalryman looming in the horizon, also the Captain of Engineers had the advantage of writing original and very eulogistic poetry, so my taste for Frances Anne as a poet soon suffered an eclipse.

No one in Savannah remembered that Frances Kemble had lived both at St. Simeon's and in Butler's

Island. Yet not only was her home there, but she had really appreciated the beauties of the country.

In 1838 she wrote:

Last Thursday evening we left out hotel at Charleston for the steamboat which was to carry us to Savannah. About the middle of the day we landed at the Island of Edisto which is famous for producing the finest cotton in America, therefore I suppose in the world. On Sunday morning the day broke most brilliantly over these Southern waters and as the sun rose the atmosphere became clear and warm as in the early Northern summer. We now approached Butler's Island and on landing from the boat, we were seized, pulled, pushed, carried, dragged and all but lifted in the air by the clamour of the black multitude (the slaves). They seized our clothes, kissed them, then our hands, and almost wrung them off. "Howdy Missy!" "God bless Missy!" "Hallelujah! Missy's come!" they cried . . .

And later she wrote from St. Simeon's:

March, 1839.

I wish, dear Emily, I could for an instant cause a vision to rise before you of the perfect paradise of evergreens through which I have been opening paths on our estate in an island called St. Simeon's, lying half in the sea and half in the Altamaha. Such noble growth of dark-leaved, wide spreading oaks; such exquisite natural shrubberies of magnolia, wild myrtle and bay, all glittering evergreens of various tints, bound together by trailing garlands of wild jessamine, whose yellow bells like tiny golden cups, exhale a perfume like that of the heliotrope and fill the air with sweetness, and cover the woods with perfect curtains of bloom; while underneath all this spread the spears and fans of the dwarf palmetto, and innumerable tufts of a little shrub whose delicate leaves are pale green underneath and

a polished dark brown above, while close to the earth clings a perfect carpet of thick growing green, almost like moss, bearing clusters of little white blossoms like enamelled stars; I think it is a species of Euphrasia.

At least something of the charm of my dear Southern land had penetrated her Northern spirit.

In the morning when Bee came in she found me with Mrs. Chesnut's book still in my hand.

"Is it possible," she asked, "that you have been reading all night?"

I told her it was, but nevertheless I felt fairly fresh, quite well enough to go for a sight-seeing walk after breakfast.

Savannah has any number of excellent shops. It was a perfectly beautiful morning and we stopped to look at the pretty spring fashions in the windows. Walking along Liberty Street I had the impression of pearls in the air, but it was only a negro shoe-black smiling a broad smile and disclosing two perfect rows of milk-white teeth. "Mek yo' shoes lak black diamonds." And as my shoes had never been "lak black diamonds" I stopped. He brushed, and he blew long breaths upon them, and he smiled and blew again, and brushed and blew, lifted each foot, cleaned the soles, and when he had finished they certainly did resplendently shine. I asked his charge. "Twenty-five cents," he said. "Twenty-five cents! Is n't that very dear?" I asked. "Not, " he said, "when I breffs 'em. Eff I jes blacks 'em it 's only fifteen cents, but eff I breffs 'em it 's twenty-five." Then he smiled his superb, appealing smile, and I willingly gave him his quarter.

"I suppose," I said to Bee, "breathing on them is an extra effort. He has a great deal of breath; they feel quite damp."

We talked about taking the trolley to the beautiful old plantation of "The Hermitage," where the long row of slave quarters are still to be seen. But Bee said that we really ought to go down first to the wharf and see the cotton. "Don't forget," she said, "that Savannah is the largest cotton port on the Atlantic and the third largest lumber port in the world."

The wharf proved a most busy and intensely interesting place, and Savannah will find it an immense advantage to be the nearest port to the Panama Canal, when that work of genius is completed.

The morning passed all too quickly and in the afternoon Judge Speer, that courtly and accomplished gentleman, came with his wife to call upon us. He brought me a book of *Sketches of Prominent Men of America* to read in the train and in the evening Bee and I separated.

She went back to Washington and her Art School, and I alas, started alone for New Orleans.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE MULES OF GEORGIA

"Take out yo' mule, boys,
Hang up yo' gear;
Daytime is gone, boys,
Night-time is here."

ALTHOUGH fine gentlemen in Virginia refused as late as 1820 to breed the mule, he has become since that date almost as much of an institution in the South as the palm leaf fan.

After the war, in 1865, a cousin of mine who had gallantly served his turn in the Confederate army returned to his home in Georgia. He had left a pretty little white house of two storeys, with balconies stretching across the front, overgrown with flowering vines. At the rear there was a neat stable, a smoke-house, a wash-house by the never-failing old spring, a big barn which held enough hay to feed the cattle for the winter, and all the usual comfortable outhouses of a Southern plantation. His place lay directly in the path of Sherman's march to the sea. He returned in his ragged grey clothes, with a tarnished star on his collar, and the bridle of a big gaunt mule over his arm, to find even the land blackened by fire. The only evidence of former habitation was a handful of salt under one of the charred logs of the smoke-house.

A few negroes agreed to work on the chance of a cotton

crop. He then cut down from the primeval forest near by enough logs to make a rude cabin, and to this home he brought his wife and three little children to begin life over again. Their sole and only dependence was Satan, a mule who in the first place had inherited from his mother a defiant, reckless, suspicious mind, and, in the second, had begun life under the management of a rather cruel negro. Consequently, his disposition was early made sour, resentful, and pessimistic.

Almost in his colthood the war came on, and he changed the negro for another master and the strenuous life of a hard-worked Union mule. His indifference to calamity caused him always to place himself in the front of the battle, and he was very soon shot in one of his hind legs. With his excellent constitution, he rapidly recovered, and was later captured by the Confederate artillery. With them he served until the end of the war, his disposition getting daily more cranky, and his views of life more saturnine. Every time he hauled a heavy gun it always gave his lame leg a recurrent pain. He had no faith in the goodness of man, either white or black. He had no affection for any human being and was filled with bitterness and cunning. If a horse or a mule stood too near him he invariably left the mark of either his teeth or his hoofs somewhere about the unfortunate animal, and though of enormous size, he had the agility of a cat in his movements.

More than one negro had to be taken to the hospital with literally a terrible sinking of the stomach after one of the mule's hind feet had been planted there violently and unexpectedly. His feet, indeed, as he had no hands, were against every man, and he felt that every man was against him. Anything more resentful, more hopeless or full of scorn and wickedness than Satan

could not be found in the world. Even his splendid strength and robust health never lifted the black clouds that environed his sad mule estate. He rarely lifted his voice, but when he did his "heehaw" was full of satanic rage.

This was the capital that my cousin brought home from the war.

One of the negroes, whose business it was to load the waggon with logs for Satan to haul from the woods to the former site of the house, said, "Dat mule suttenly am got de right name. Dere could n't a been one found better suited to him, an' he look like it too. Dere ain't no time when he can't show de white ob his eye, an' he jes' curl up his lip at you and frof at de mouf if you speak to him, like his whole soul wuz full ob hate. He suttenly is a scornful mule. Sometimes he eben scorns de fodder, but I will say he can do 'bout three times de work of an' ordinary mule, an' dere 's one thing to be said 'bout him, he will work. It seem like to me he got some secret sorrow, an' he des tries to fergit it by his job, 'cause if he took it into his head *not* to work, it would be des like gettin' one of dese here ellifants to move."

And early and late Satan and the Major were up and stirring—three o'clock in the morning often found them ploughing. "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—sometimes. There certainly never was such a crop as those first years of cotton and corn. Every acre yielded two bales, and the silky gold of the myriads of corn tassels promised a rich harvest for the autumn.

A little smoke-house had been built, and the Major had bought several pigs that were being fattened for the winter's hams and bacon. They were allowed to

run at large, and had made a deep crescent-shaped hole under the logs at the back of the house. One joyous day for Satan the Major was obliged to go to Atlanta and he was given a holiday. Such a thing had not happened to him since he ran by the side of his mammy, and he became quite active and gay. He ran round the fields kicking his heels in the air, and finally lay down to take a good wallow, but unfortunately he stuck his great head in the hollow place under the smoke-house and had n't enough horse sense, being a mule, to get it out again. There he lay screaming and kicking and floundering about, with his legs flying round like the arms of a windmill. No negro dared to go near those horrible heels that were ready to destroy anything within range.

Jenny Lilly, the Major's wife, attracted by the noise, came out of the house and her imagination at once projected the consequences of this scene. It meant future desolation—the mule would die, for there was no way of extricating him, the splendid cotton crop and all those plumes of corn tassels would mean nothing. How could they get the bales of cotton to Atlanta? How were the bushels of corn to be hauled to the railroad? And success seemed so near—even the new frame house was just in sight. She covered her face with her hands and cried like a child. What could be done?

Then an idea occurred to her. She went into the smoke-house and, regardless of the curling lips and wild eyes of the mule, she seized his head and with superhuman strength pushed it until it just escaped the logs. Satan was free! Her arms were covered with blood and she was almost in a fainting condition. As for Satan, one of the negroes wanted to shoot him at once

and put him out of his agony. The whole side of his long head was torn and bleeding; the bare flesh could be seen; one eye, apparently, was blind, and there he stood, a horribly skinned, maimed, and dangerous creature.

Jenny's greatest attraction was her soft, pretty, caressing voice. She fearlessly went quite near the poor suffering creature, and began to condole with him, "Oh honey," she said, "oh honey, don't die and ruin us." It was the first time in his life he had heard that word and it sounded very sweet to his ears. "Honey," how different from "damned beast." But what was to be done? One negro had already gone to the house and loaded a pistol. "Miss Jinny," he said, "dere ain't no use in de worl' tryin' to do nothin' wid dat mule, he des boun' to die. De wedder is so hot, his head will mortify in a day. Dere ain't no more use in tryin' to sabe him, den dere would be, to 'spect a cool stream ob water to come out ob dis here dry rock."

But a woman is usually dauntless and resourceful in the interest of the man she loves. Miss Jinny pictured the Major coming home in his old grey soldier clothes—he still wore his uniform minus the star and epaulets—and the death of Satan would be a too cruel and horrible blow to him. Who would break the news? And something had touched Satan; some chord in his memory had been awakened; perhaps as a colt a little darkey had given him a bit of bread and honey. Now, with his great head sore and bleeding he was standing quite still, tortured but evidently thinking.

Miss Jinny went fearlessly up to him, took him by the mane, and led him to the little log house. There was a long window opening into the kitchen. She placed him near it and when she went in she took a pone

of corn bread, recklessly covered it with butter, and held it out to Satan. He put his huge head through the window, and bit by bit she fed him. Then she gave him a drink of cold water. By this time the flies had begun to settle on the bare flesh. Miss Jinny then filled a bucket with fresh water and sponged the wound gently, oh so gently, scraped an old linen sheet into a square of lint, put it all over the raw flesh, made an enormous linseed poultice and laid it comfortingly over the lint. Strange to say, Satan stood perfectly still while the poultice, quite a yard long and three quarters of a yard wide, was gently but firmly bound around his big head.

For two weeks or more Miss Jinny was up day and night, stirring linseed and poulticing that great, black, stubborn head. Never during that time did he attempt to bite her, nor was he in any way vicious. At the end of the fortnight he gave the first instance of his reformation; he put his black nose on her hand and kept it there for quite a minute. This was in appreciation of a beautiful sort of mule baby talk, that had been evolved for his condition. He could not at first believe that any human being had such a sweet voice and such a sweet nature, and so much confidence in mules. When he heard, "Hold still honey, poor good honey, Miss Jinny would n't hurt her old mule for all the world," he felt his life-long cynicism flowing away like honey. At last the climax was reached when the nine months old baby was lifted up, and put his soft arms around Satan's neck, bubbled, cooed, kissed the white star on his forehead, and laughed and tried to poke his finger in Satan's eye. There was only one visible, for the poultices were still over the other.

He was a changed mule; all his black bitter moods

had softened, his faith in human nature was awakened, his love of mankind was fast being developed. At any rate there was one woman, slim and tall, with a sweet anxious face, gentian-blue eyes and hands never idle, who worked from daylight until dark, for whom Satan could really have died. When his convalescence was over and he began to work again and was put back into the plough, he kept one weather eye on that magic window, outside of which he had stood for so many hot and feverish days, and where he had found gentle hands, and heard for the first time in his life words of sympathy and tender love.

The moment the plough stopped he turned, gently trotted to the kitchen, put his huge head in the window, and patiently waited for his Miss Jinny. Every night he had his little pone of corn bread and butter or an autumn apple or some little delicacy. He even pretended to have a taste for bananas, notwithstanding he considered them a most effeminate fruit, without the least flavour, but then Miss Jinny and the children ate them, that was enough. Whatever they offered him, like Adam with the apple, "he did eat."

The next year when the second crop came, there was enough money to buy a basket phaeton. Satan actually allowed Miss Jinny to harness him to it, although he found it a most trivial affair, and drive to the nearest little town, about three miles distant and back again.

After his recovery he had a great deal more white hair than the star on his forehead, as it had grown in patches of black and white all over his long head. With his gay harness and jingling bells, everyone stopped to look at him, but Miss Jinny did n't mind, for she said that after the Major and her children,

Satan was really first in her affections. She petted him, called him "Satan-honey," "Satan-angel," and to the day of his death he was allowed to stand with his head in the kitchen, while he ate his evening meal.

His heart had been unearthed, his affections had been developed, and this had made him the gracious and tolerant mule that he had become. He was even amiable towards the darkies. The ploughman said, "I tell you what it is, Miss Jinny's bin dat mule's salvation. He 's bin on de mourners' bench shoutin' an' gone an' got religion. 'Tain't nothin' else could a done it. Whenever he see her he do jes' like de glory ob God done shine on him. Maybe mules is got souls; I tell you I b'lieve dis one is, he 's gone sho' nuff from de sinner to de saint. Why you can even *rely* on him, an' dat ain't natchul for no mule. Eve'y day I watches him, spectin' a outbreak, but it ain't come yit. Maybe it never will. An' his eye is des as sof' as a dove."

When they could afford a cook and the negro woman first came, Satan showed some of the old spirit and gave the tip of her ear one small nip. But perhaps it was just as well, as she was the greatest "borrower" in the neighbourhood, and the Major and Miss Jinny, at that time could not afford to have little sacks of coffee, and sugar and flour and jugs of molasses carried away. Satan had sound instincts after all; he brayed triumphantly and kicked up his legs with joy when the cook left, and Miss Jinny again handed him his corn bread.

He lived to be very old, his teeth were all worn away, and he could no longer chew. Miss Jinny with her own hands made him delicious corn mashes; the children wove daisy chains for his neck, and basking in consideration and love, he forgot all the sorrows of his youth

in the happiness of his old age (oh, thrice happy mule)! and met a gentle death with calmness and fortitude. The last words he heard were Miss Jinny's blessed ones of long ago, "Oh, honey, don't die." And he would have lived for her if he could, but he was old and weak; his time had come. The children, big boys now, built a paling fence round his grave and cut on a little block of limestone: "Here lies Satan, Miss Jinny's old Angel Mule. He combined all the virtues of a mule and a horse. His family loved him. August 1875." And although he was only a black devil of an outcast mule, Love never worked a greater miracle than when he gave Satan a gentle trusting heart.

Last summer a group of gentlemen went hunting in Maine. One night around the camp-fire a prize was offered to the man who could tell the best animal story. That delightful lover of all animal nature, Thompson Seton, was to be the umpire, and the prize was a set of his delightful books. Dr. Venning of West Virginia won it with the following story:

A retired gentleman jockey [he said], living near Charleston, a mighty good fellow of an inventive turn of mind, had been lucky in his dealings with a man in Saratoga who had won several races with Virginia bred horses. One day going through a field he noticed a negro ploughing with a young, agile, good looking, intelligent black mule which, when unhitched from the plough, instead of going home by the road with the other mules, leaped a six foot fence with a "hee" and with an exultant "haw" alighted on the other side, nimbly trotted over the field, with a regular professional gait, took another fence, and was eating his oats, almost before the other mules had started by the regular road. The gentleman jockey turned to the ploughman and said, "Don't put that mule in the plough again; I see glory

and fame awaiting him in the North." He then sent for a veterinary surgeon, renowned for the skill with which he used the knife, and told him to fashion the mule's ears and tail according to the pattern of a thoroughbred horse. This was done. The cuts healed quickly, he was clipped and curried until he looked like a piece of shining satin, and although his head was somewhat long and his nose rather flat, this was not noticed when he was in rapid motion, leaping into the air like a deer, and taking any fence that came.

When his training was finished the man from New York was invited to come down and inspect the wonderful jumper. He came, and the mule, untrue to the traditions of his race, behaved not with contrariness, but quite as a thoroughbred steeplechaser. He ran like a steam engine round the track, and a five-barred hurdle seemed to him a positive joy. The Northern sportsman, tremendously surprised said, "He 's fast, but there 's something queer about him. His head looks to me very bony; and is n't one ear a trifle longer than the other?" The Virginia jockey said, "My dear fellow, you 're not running his head, it 's his legs you are after. Did you ever see anything like him?" "No," said the man, "I never did." So he agreed to pay ten thousand dollars for the wonderful steeplechase horse, and he was sent on a special train to Saratoga.

The day of the races came, and he won everything. When the horses were put in line he stood at the head, waiting for the blue ribbon to be placed on his proudly arched neck, victory in his eye and pride written all over him, when suddenly he seemed to collapse, his head dropped down with a humbleness of which even the least respecting cab horse would not be guilty, his big upper lip curved back, showing all of his mule teeth, and the air was filled with an agonised bray. "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw." The blue ribbon in the judge's hand waved as if a Texas norther had struck it. The dread secret was out, and the horse was submerged in the mule.

I don't know why it is that the most ruffianly of all the mules in the world seem to come from Georgia. The inimitable history of this one is described over the telephone.

"Hello—yassah—hello—dis Marse Henry?"

"Yassah—dis Bob—yassah—Maud, dat ar mule, she dun bawk! Not far—'bout two blocks outen de stable —Yassah."

"Oh, we dun dun dat, Marse Henry. Yassah—we dun twis' her tail."

"Yassah—little ole' trav'lun man f'um Boston—he twis' her tail. Yassah, he 's in de hospittle—dey dun kerried him ober dare."

"Yassah—he 's hurt mighty bad, Marse Henry, but dey 'll take keer ob him in de hospittle."

"Yassah, Marse Henry, we dun dat too, we tied up her fore foot—yassah."

"Nawsuh—nawsuh—hit did n't wuck—she had two hind foots lef'."

"Yassah—yassah—nice man whut preaches—yassah he said no mule could do it wid one foot tied up."

"Yassah—yassah, but she dun dun it, yassah—biffed him in de stumick—de p'leece pourin' water on his head now—yassah."

"Yassah—yassah—we dun dat too—tied a horse hair 'roun her year."

"Yassah, yassah—a big fat man, yassah—jes' passin' by—don't know his entitlement—yassah."

"Nawsuh—nawsuh—not a bery big piece—jes' bit a little chunk outen his jowl—it 's bleedin' right smart but he ain't hurt much."

"Yassah—yassah—dey are sewin' up his jaw—right now—he 's all right."

"Yassah—yassah—we dun built a fire under her too, yassah."

"Burn part ob de cart? yassah."

"Yassah—yassah—dun burn right smart ob de cart. Dat 's exactly what I 'se been tryin' to tell you, Marse Henry—dun burn de whole cart all up, but I did n't want to shock you, an' I wuz jes' gwine to ax you when you gwine send a nurr' cart down heah sah, yassah."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SUWANEE RIVER

List, e'en now a wild bird sings,
And the roses seem to hear,
Every note that thrills my ear,
Rising to the heavens clear,
And my soul soars on its wings.

Father RYAN.

IN Florida, that land of flowers and of birds, it is said the mocking-birds sing more sweetly than anywhere else in all the world.

On a mellow summer afternoon, when even the air, hushed to stillness, seemed waiting, there lay dying in a long, low, white cottage covered with trumpet flowers and honeysuckle, a little child. Her father and mother, bowed with grief, were kneeling by the bedside and her negro Mammy stood over her, with all her strength turned to pain, listlessly moving a palm leaf fan. Outside the window grew a splendid live-oak, the noble tree that inspired Sidney Lanier's exquisite appeal:

Teach me the terms of silence, preach me
The passion of patience,
Lift me, impeach me,
And there, oh there!
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
pray me a myriad prayer.

From its branches came the silver note of a mocking-

bird. He sang with crystalline sweetness, as if to pour out his pure heart in one last gush of melody. It was thrillingly, appealingly tender, then piercingly triumphant, and finally victoriously exultant.

In the midst of his silent grief the father could not endure those tuneful, iridescent dew-drops of sound; he arose from his knees and went out into the garden to frighten the bird away. As he stood under the tree the notes mounted higher and still higher, up! up! up! until they floated away into blue ether and then seemed to break all together into one exultant chord of soul-stirring harmony. There was a moment of profound silence, then the bird dropped dead at his feet. He picked it up and went into the house to find the negro Mammy closing the blue eyes of his little girl, and he placed the dead bird in the little dead hand. Was it, he wondered, the song of an angel or the song of a bird?

One bitter cold winter day, long ago in New York, an accumulation of homesickness flooded my soul, and I determined to drop my work and hear the mocking-bird sing once more. Going to Texas by train was too expensive for me in those days, so I went by boat, and was luckily accompanied by my friend Phœbe, a most agreeable companion, and by far the wittiest woman I have ever known, for her wit was innocent, gay, impersonal, infectious, and never hurt a human being in the world.

We left New York in a driving snowstorm, and in two days we were sailing into perpetual sunshine with the Atlantic as calm as a lake. The only fellow-passenger that I recollect was a girl baby, a very beautiful child about a year old, with little soft, gold rings of hair all over her head, dark eyes with black fringes, a dimple in either cheek and in her chin, and the gayest,

happiest little laugh I have ever heard.—"There are only three things real on all the earth, Birth, Mother love and a little child's Mirth."—She was travelling alone with her nurse, a worried-looking, but very kind negro mammy who told us the child's history.

Her father, a young clergyman, had died of consumption leaving a family of five children. It was not long before the mother developed the same disease. Before her death she wished to see all her little flock cared for, and so, one by one, she had given them away to people who wished to adopt them, and a lady from Key West was going to take the last one, the baby. What sorrow it must have been to the Spartan mother to give up that dimpled darling before the end came!

When we arrived at Key West, although in December, it was the most heavenly summer day, and in the dusk of the evening we saw myriads of roses lifting their pink-and-white and scarlet buds and blossoms in the soft, dewy air. The first three people to board the boat were the baby's new family. First came a lady, dark, tall, and vigorous, with quick, capable movements, dressed in a black tailor-made gown. She wore a little black hat on her abundant hair, and carried a charming bouquet of Cloth of Gold roses in her hand. Walking quickly to the nurse she said, "Is this my baby, my little Margaret?"

She took the child in her arms with a most beautiful, close maternal embrace and, turning, called to her husband, "Harry, come quickly, our daughter has arrived!" A tall gentleman, with an indulgent smile, stepped across the deck followed by three sturdy, dark rather shy little boys. "Hurry up, boys," said the lady, "here is your little sister, come and kiss her." And all the boys stood in a row while the little, golden-

haired child cooed, made fluttering noises, and held out her arms towards the eldest, who carried her off the boat, the mother and father, the two younger boys, and the nurse, following. It was such a pretty, attractive picture, particularly after New York, where children are not convenient and often are not wanted even by their own parents.

And, oh, what a night of nights we spent at Key West! The boat cast anchor on account of our heavy cargo, and we did not leave until the next morning at nine o'clock. Phoebe and I—dear, witty Phoebe, who is now waiting for me on the other side—went up on deck to sit for an hour or two, but the glory of the night was so great, so stupendous, so wonderful that we never went below until seven o'clock next morning. There was a full moon of such penetrating radiance that we could see the clear sapphire colour of the sky, with occasional clouds of silver floating across it, and the sea was like an enormous looking-glass, reflecting all the glories of the world. Phoebe said, "I understand now

> "'Peace, deep as the sleeping sea,
> When the Stars their myriads glass
> In its blue immobility.'"

The sapphire chalice of the heavens, studded with glittering stars, and the silver clouds were all reflected in its smooth glittering surface, and there were many flying fish of purple, of azure and silver, leaping out of the still water, like amphibious butterflies, leaving a shower of diamonds in their wake. As the morning dawned, the wind came up out of the sea and rippled a thousand little foam-crested waves into being, and on each one rode a tiny, opalescent craft in full sail, of

pink and gold, and mauve and orange, for a shoal of flying fish were floating out to deep water for their morning swim.

There was a glow of rose in the East, at first of the palest pink then gradually deepening and, inch by inch, the sun began to push his luminous head up into this rainbow world of marvellous colour. But the moon, in her sea of blue, shone bravely on, till at last there was a silver moon in a sapphire sky in the West, and a golden sun in a roseate sky in the East. Between the sunshine and the moonshine there was a great dividing bridge of thousands of little clouds, making an immense path of translucent opalescent enamel, like the scales of a giant silver fish, some of them pink, and some of them silver, and some of them gold. And the blue, blue water was so clear we could look down into its depths and see, shining on the golden sand, a lost bit of silver. Far away to the South, the flying-fish were disappearing like fairy shallops of mother-of-pearl. To the right lay Key West, embowered in flowers, a little white, smokeless town (for there were no chimneys, save those of the kitchens). A bright wind came up and freshened all the world, and we went downstairs permeated and intoxicated with the vivid beauty of that scene.

It was something of which painters have dreamed. It was Turner's visions quickened into air, and light, and harmony. All that he ever imagined or painted of subtle, pellucid, penetrating, soul-satisfying, transparent colour was in this marvellous picture of Key West.

My mother and grandfather always loved Florida, and my mother talked of it continually, but I am sure neither one of them ever saw anything so beautiful as

my unforgotten night and morning there. And it is Florida that has produced the American song best known to all the world.

A little time ago six Southern people were dining in a pretty house in London, and one of them announced that he had crossed the Suwanee River between Texas and Louisiana. The other four jeered at the assertion, but at the same time were absolutely vague as to the geography of this river. In spite of the world-wide reputation of the song which makes so pathetic an appeal to many great singers and has become to one famous vocalist her favourite encore, there was but one person at the table who knew the situation of the Suwanee River, which has its source in southern Georgia and flows south through Florida into the Gulf of Mexico, and her knowledge came not from a map but from an unforgotten story.

A friend of mine, [she said], a well-known fisherman from the North, went to Florida for Tarpon fishing. He said that one night the boat was floating down a small, narrow stream with giant trees meeting overhead so closely that they completely shut away even the starlight. Suddenly the boat turned and they entered a broad, shining river. The moon had just risen, that radiant Southern moon that illumines the darkest shadows, and turns everything to purest silver. There were primeval trees on each side of the bank which threw black shadows on the water, and the grey moss was of such luxuriant length that some of it dipped into the silvery ripples. It was a scene of marvellous beauty, while a hundred different perfumes—honeysuckle, night-blooming jessamine, wild roses, rain lilies, oleander, magnolias, pink mimosa and myriads of orange blossoms—were wafted from the shore.

The gentleman drew a long breath and rejoiced that he was alive, and alive in that particular spot. The boatman,

a Florida cracker, could neither read nor write; he knew nothing of the world nor in the world, but that he was a fisherman. My friend turned and asked him what river it was.

"This," he answered, "is the Suwanee River."

"What!" said my friend, "the Suwanee River, the river that is beloved of all the world and has been the inspiration of an unforgotten song?"

"I ain't never heard of no song, but sho' 'nuff it 's the Suwanee River."

My friend said, "You have never heard the song with which Christine Nilsson, the greatest singer in the world, has brought tears to the eyes of thousands of people? You never heard, ''Way Down Upon The Suwanee River?' "

"No, I ain't never heard it, and I ain't never heard of it," said the man.

"Well," said my friend, "you are not to go to your grave, my good man, without hearing it. I have never sung before in my life, but I am going to sing it to you now."

And he raised his voice and sang,

" 'Way down upon de S'wanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart is turnin' ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home."

"Well," said the man, with indifference. "I ain't never heard the song before and I don't care if I never hear it *agin.*"

I suggested to my friend that perhaps it was the way he sang it, but he said: "No, I was inspired and am sure I sang it quite beautifully; it is simply that a river, like a man, is not a prophet in his own country."

Strange to say, one of my most vivid memories of this haunting song is connected with Venice. Renée, a beautiful young friend, and I were floating along in a gondola on the Grand Canal. It was the middle of October, the air was delightfully fresh and crisp, and to add to our pleasure there was a harvest moon. Presently we turned, leaving the other boats behind, and lazily faced the Lido, when immediately in front of us, gliding silently along, we noticed a gondola which suggested the introduction to an interesting romance. The boat was spick and span and beautiful. The gondolier, tall, handsome, with a red cap on his head, a silken sash around his waist and most graceful in all his movements, was leisurely handling the oar. A tall, lonely lady, partly sat and partly reclined on the black cushions. She was dressed all in black and enveloped in splendid furs from her neck to her feet. An enormous black hat, with drooping black feathers shaded her face so that we could only see a little of her white neck. A subtle perfume was wafted towards us, there was something magnetic and mysterious in her appearance, and I said to Renée, "She is our first chapter in a thrilling novel." Her gondola was a little in advance of ours, and we told our boatman to follow it. For some moments the two gondolas floated along in perfect silence, there was no one else in sight, and we were getting nearer the Lido. Suddenly the lady in the furs began to sing, '*Way Down Upon the Suwanee River*, with such a voice, such feeling, such sweet tenderness and longing, that the tears rushed to my eyes and Renée seized me by the wrist and exclaimed, "Why, it's Calvé."

When she finished the *Suwanee River* her voice became full of supplication and tenderness in Victor Hugo's *Sérénade.*

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"Quand tu ris sur ta bouche l'amour s'épanouit,
Et soudain le farouche soupçon s'évanouit.
Ah! le rire fidèle prouve un cœur sans détour.
Ah, riez, riez, ma belle, riez, riez, toujours!
Riez, riez, ma belle, riez toujours, riez."

Then she flashed out her great song, the Habanara in *Carmen*, and *Dixie* followed with an adorable accent and all the fire of the South. How my heart thrilled at her intensity as she sang,

"I wish I was in a land of cotton
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away, down South in Dixie."

By this time we had arrived at the Lido, and although it was after ten o'clock and dark, the inhabitants recognised Calvé's wonderful voice. Windows were thrown open, and calls of "Calvé!" "Bravo!" "Calvé!" "Calvé!" "Bravissimo!" came towards us with spontaneous applause. As the boats turned round and faced Venice, she turned her noble head and said, "Madame, quand je suis triste, je chante toujours."

And I answered, "Madame, your sorrow is our joy."

Renée and I were full of wonder and talk until we arrived at our hotel, when it was our pleasure to find that Madame Calvé had preceded us and was occupying a suite of apartments on our floor. My charming friend in Paris, Madame Runkle, a delightful musician herself, had asked me once or twice to meet Madame Calvé, but it had been impossible, and when I introduced myself as Madame Runkle's friend, she said, "But I felt when you passed me in the boat, that it contained a sympathetic soul, that is why I spoke to you. Now we must be together every moment while we are in Venice." And we were.

Apparently she was there to make a pilgrimage of churches. She said she had a dear memory connected with that adorable city at the sea. At the moment she was very sad, so our being together meant that she and I and handsome Renée said our prayers, and wept together in every church in Venice. She wept for the sorrows of the present, I for the sorrows of the past, and dear, young Renée for the sorrows of the future,

At night we went to the Lido and she gave us heavenly concerts all along the way, but the *Suwanee River*, and *Dixie* have never been sung with such beauty, such pathos, such hopeless longing or such fiery defiance as by this great artist.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS

THE "Crescent City" is no meaningless name, for the Mississippi in its constant movement has shaped the banks where New Orleans lies into a half-moon, and this Spanish, French, Creole city preserves to a very great extent its romantic atmosphere. Its distinctive charm and character remain French. There is no slightest reminder of the Pilgrim Fathers in its warmth and colour, but a suggestion of the mail-clad Spaniard who came in quest of glory, and the sanguine Frenchman, believing in visions of the seven fabled Cities of Gold. With the Spanish knights came dark-eyed beauties with fan and mantilla, and from France ladies with powdered hair, high-heeled shoes, music, song, and dance. The English Cavalier came later, followed by the Colonial squire with his comfortable fortune and his slaves. But already, the gay and witty Latin gentleman, the man of adventure, had set his seal on Louisiana, and to-day, even in the midst of its advance and progress, the foreign spirit, the delightful atmosphere of the past lingers in the lap of the present.

The Southern woman has always been distinguished for her spirit and self-possession. When New Orleans fell in 1862 and all was wild excitement and tumult, a very pretty lady with dark eyes, a white dress and rose-wreathed hat, was gracefully and coquettishly walking

along the banquette, her sweet face quite placid and undismayed.

"What," she said, stopping to speak to a soldier, "is the latest order?"

"They say," was the answer, "that General Butler is going to imprison women, if they do not behave themselves."

Her lip curled in scorn.

"How very *gauche* of him," she observed, "this timid General who fears a petticoat."

"Take care, Madame," said the soldier, "I shall have to arrest you."

"Really," said the lady, "that would not be very polite of you. I hope you will permit me to change my gown first. What would you like me to wear in prison?"

"It would be an impertinence for me to advise you," said the Northerner. "If I was n't a soldier and a despised Yankee, I might add 'in any gown you would be gracious in my eyes.' "

"Perhaps," said the lady, "I may give you an opportunity of saying that to General Butler in my defence. Meanwhile, why are those boys and men screaming, yelling, and running?"

"Madame," said the soldier, "a shell has burst over their heads or under their feet."

"Indeed," she said, "how very unpleasant for them! *Au revoir, monsieur; pour vos nouvelles mille remercîments.*" And, turning, she adjusted her rose-coloured parasol, making one cheek pinker than the other, and holding up her dainty skirt, walked composedly and gracefully away.

The soldier looked after her and said, "Game, by gad, game all through."

And the courage of the Southern woman has not

grown less with her modern development and advancement, in which New Orleans compares most favourably with other cities of the Union. The Sophie Newcomb College for the higher education of women, founded by Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb as a memorial to her daughter, is a department of the Tulane University. The endowment is magnificent, making it one of the richest colleges in America, with a power for development possible in any direction. Mrs. Sneath, a lady originally from the West, who is greatly interested in the college, where her daughter received her education, was my cicerone. The buildings are beautifully located and there is every comfort and convenience within their ample space. The long kitchen, spotlessly clean and complete, with every modern cooking utensil, and a *cordon bleu* to give lectures and practical demonstrations, sends forth accomplished academic cooks. It seems to me that, with servants daily becoming more scarce, cooking is far more necessary for women than a course in the classics. From kitchen to garden was but a step. The walks and courts are ample grassy places, shaded by fine oaks with their long pendants of grey moss, and the girls when not in their classes lead a free, open-air, athletic life.

Professor Elsworth Woodward showed us through the art department, where there were many original specimens of pottery. A large plaque of shaded Chinese blue with fine broad-leaved magnolia blossoms was worthy of any cabinet, and one piece of embroidery would certainly have aroused the enthusiasm and inspired the gifted pen of Ruskin. It was a scarf, the groundwork of which was of an old gold natural silky flax, woven with a round thread in a diamond pattern, and either end was heavily embroidered in a conven-

tional design of crêpe myrtle. The deep colour of the pink and the delicate form of the flower and foliage lend themselves to a most happy decoration. The lady who made it planted and grew the flax, gathered and spun the threads, wove them into linen, watched and waited for the flower to blossom, and while she breathed its faint perfume copied it with her needle. It is a most exquisite and original piece of work. The landscapes, the glorious sunsets, a perfect feast of colour, the tropical and semi-tropical foliage of Louisiana, are all inspirations to the artist, and that department of Newcomb College under the enthusiastic direction of Professor Woodward will go far in its development.

Another institution, the Christian Woman's Exchange, is not endowed, but has nevertheless since 1881 worked itself into an important success, and has bought its own buildings. Besides the business of exchange and embroidery it provides excellent lunches, both for ladies of fashion and the working women. New Orleans is, with every reason, proud of having erected the first statue in America to a woman, a humble Irish heroine who could neither read nor write, and whose only signature was a cross. But she made her sign in memory of Him Who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Margaret Haughery began life as a chamber-maid. She saved money, and, having been brought up on a farm, bought "a dun cow," sold the milk, made a beginning in this way, saved more money, and invested in a small bakery. The bread was excellent; she was prompt in her delivery and prospered, until at last the little bakery developed into an immense money-making affair worked by steam, which yielded her a fortune. But

from the moment she began to prosper she began to give. Her heart was not the heart of a mother whose love is centred only in her own children; she was one of those gifts from God, a universal mother to the lonely children in a hard world. All orphans, those poor and friendless little ones found in her a tender mother who worked early and late to provide for their needs and give them homes. She had good business capacity and succeeded in her various enterprises. She built St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum facing the Square. What joy it must have given her big heart to see the foundations laid! She helped to build St. Elizabeth's Industrial Home for Girls, and when she died the whole of her fortune was distributed among different charities for the children whom she loved so well.

Although Margaret was a good Catholic, her intelligence was too large for sectarianism. Jews and Protestants were alike to her—they were little, they were helpless, they were babies,—she gave from her largesse to them all. Her will, leaving the whole of her savings to New Orleans orphanages and homes, was signed with her blessed mark, a cross, and now, like the beautiful Elizabeth, Austria's murdered Queen, who sits looking ever toward the towering mountains she loved so well, Margaret's face is turned toward the windows of her Orphanage, and the children stand at twilight look back and say, "There is dear Margaret. I wish I might have known her." And the very marble seems to smile. The face is rugged and broad, but strong and kind and even distinguished, as every face must be that is illumined by a divine spirit from within. She is plainly dressed and wears a crochet shawl, her Sunday best, made by tiny fingers that, but for her, might have perished by the wayside. Keep guard, dear mother's

heart, over those helpless ones who are taught by the gentle nuns always to remember you in their innocent prayers.

Another great work in New Orleans had its beginnings in the humble endeavour of a woman to help a fellow-creature. A circus had come to town, and, although the animals were well trained and there were clever riders and acrobats, the show had been a dead failure. The last day came, the circus was disbanded, and the pleasant smell of sawdust lingered in the air. The manager had said good-bye, and these strolling players were free to find what occupations they could. Fate sat smiling and turning over in her roguish, inventive mind what should result from this sad little failure. Then she clapped her hands and laughed, as she saw the largest night school in New Orleans arising from that soiled heap of tarnished, spangled, torn tarletan and cast-off finery.

One of the performers, a young athlete of twenty-five, a fine specimen of manhood, had awakened to the fact that he wanted to do more than exhibit his muscles to the multitude. If he only had a little more education, he thought, he would try for a place in the Civil Service, settle down to steady occupation, and have a home of his own with regularity and certainty in his life.

As he wandered about he saw a sign, "Day School for Girls." Why not here as well as anywhere? He walked up the path. He rang the bell, and a girl came to the door. She was delicate and crippled, but the self-sacrificing soul of the universal mother shone from her tender eyes. He humbly answered the look, and knew he had found succour. In short, broken sentences he told his simple little story—how he had run away from home as a boy, joined a circus, and had no education.

"Could she, would she help him?" And she said impulsively, "Certainly I can and will help you."

Then she considered that all her days were occupied, her time being closely divided between teaching in her own seminary and the Normal School. The man said, "I have no money, not a penny; you will even have to give me a spelling-book." And the girl answered, "I 'll manage that, but I 'm poor too. I work all day teaching and have only my nights free. Can you come then?"

Of course he could, and he was only the first of a steady stream that began to flow, ever broadening, through the wide-opened heavenly door. Her willing maternal hands began to lift the thick heavy veil of ignorance from the poor and needy and to let in, little by little, the light upon their dark benighted way.

With her hard work all day, her crippled frame and over-active brain, sometimes the weak body was tired, but she worked on, undaunted in spirit, widening her scope of influence, until there was scarcely a corner in New Orleans where it was not felt, and where the name of Sophie Wright was not honoured and known. Volunteers came to help in the noble work, and only two conditions were exacted of the pupils—they must be unable to attend day schools on account of being employed during the hours when they were open, and they must be too poor to pay for lessons.

In the meantime her own school, the Home Institute, had prospered. Her pupils were well-to-do girls; she did her duty strictly by them, but her struggling, ignorant men and needy boys were her real children. They were creatures to whom she was necessary. She was their helpful, spiritual mother and teacher. She was giving them the means through education to earn their bread and to better themselves. Jews, Gentiles,

Catholics and Protestants, the school was open to all. Grown men came to learn their A, B, C's, boys to improve their arithmetic, young men to learn mechanical drawing. And frail, crippled, with no rich patrons, Sophie Wright dared Fate. She fearlessly borrowed the money for her night school at eight per cent. compound interest. She bought a larger house. Her guardian angel hovered ever near her. The day school prospered. She put all the money into books, maps, and articles necessary for the night school, and even with her constant outlay she reduced her debt one-half, until the yellow fever swept New Orleans. Then she turned her schoolhouse into a dispensary to which food, clothes, old linen and medicines were sent for distribution, and there she stayed except when on her tours through the afflicted city.

When the frost came to kill the detestable stegomyia, the poisonous striped mosquito, and the fever was finally routed, Sophie Wright was face to face with ruin. Apparently neither her own school could go on, nor the night school, which was so dear to her heart. But Heaven again befriended her. A banker took over her mortgage and lent her ten thousand dollars, while two men interested in her school each promised two thousand dollars a year. Before the yellow fever came she had had three hundred pupils in her night school; before the end of the following year she had a thousand. And she not only had room for them, but clean books, stout desks, good maps, and forty teachers to assist her. There were European teachers who understood foreign languages to instruct the raw immigrants, and now girls were also admitted to certain departments. The course was enlarged to algebra, geometry, calculus, shorthand, mechanical drawing, bookkeeping and history. All

sorts and conditions of students came—clerks, machinists, typesetters, errand boys, post office boys, newsboys, bootblacks, and, finally, the "Spasm Band," a group of nameless waifs who sold papers by day and made night hideous with horrible noises. Stale Bread, the leader, had decided that Slowfoot, Pete, Warm-gravy, Zu-Zu, and Rum-Punch must be educated. They however, proved too wild even for Miss Sophie's strong will to subdue, and only Stale Bread remained until he could read, then, sadly enough, blindness blotted out the newly acquired letters from his sight. But the night school prospered, although the debt of ten thousand dollars still remained, until a cheque for the amount, accompanied by a loving cup—a tribute from New Orleans to its Best Citizen a woman,—was presented to the founder of the night school, Sophie Wright.

Sometimes there does seem to be, even on this earth, a law of compensation. It has come to Sophie Wright, who was born in 1866 at a time when the South was poorest. At the age of three, becoming a cripple from a fall, she spent six years strapped in a chair. It must have been a time of pure torture for this child to remain inactive, with her eager questioning mind, desiring to drink thirstily from the fount of knowledge. Afterwards she completed her education in five years and opened a little school for girls. If she had been strong and well, she would in all probability have married, and whether happier for her or not, it certainly was better for the world, that she should have entered the arena of public life and have become the intellectual mother of so many neglected children. She gave one thousand, five hundred and eighty-one pupils to the city of New Orleans when she turned over her night school to its care, and, like all mothers who send

their children out into the world, she has her lonely moments. But honours are still showered upon her. The Girls' High School in New Orleans has just received the name of "The Sophie Wright School," and to all who know her she stands for the absolute triumph of Mind over Matter, the unanswerable evidence of a valiant soul conquering and surmounting the dragging flesh, and presenting an argument for the soul's immortality to the unbelieving.

And though New Orleans can strike a serious note, it is a gay-hearted city. New York is too hurried even to smile, London on the sunniest day can only look complacent and cheerful, but New Orleans can riotously laugh. During the carnival, Rex, its king, is the merriest, maddest, gayest of all living monarchs. Mardi Gras makes even the most melancholy citizen cheerful. The people love the carnival and never grow tired of it, for it means colour, light, music and movement. When I saw the wonderful frescoes of Goya in Madrid, they brought back memories of the rich Spanish colours—the orange and rose, purple and red, gold and green—of the New Orleans Carnival.

What an experience it is for the young—a lifting of life's practical veil, a veritable peep into long-lost fairyland. The mystery that surrounds this merry function is more alluring still. Rex and his Broow flower, the blossom of laughter invented by himself—the very mention of him brings back merriment forgotten, and that jolly king is, above all, the most gallant monarch in the world, for, even more than his kingdom, he loves chivalry and beauty and youth. To-night he gives the ever dear and always entrancing story of Cinderella. The Prince, brave in velvet, satin, gold lace, silken hose and diamond garter, is surrounded by his

gallant gentlemen-in-waiting. The selfish Mamma and Papa and the Ugly Sisters are arrayed in purple and fine linen. The Fairy Godmother, with her pointed hat, starched ruff, and quilted petticoat, leans on her magic staff, and a crowd of girls, like fluttering white doves, await the Prince and the slipper:

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ho, ho!
But lowly and high are eager to try
In attic and yard and cellar;
Each maid in the land is longing to stand
In the slippers of Cinderella.
Ho, ho! Heel and toe!
Nay, pretty maid, they are not for you.
Your ankle's neat, and your stockings are sweet,
But you have n't the foot for a fairy shoe."

There is only One for that enchanted slipper, and she, the youngest of them all, sits dreaming and unconscious of the high rank that in a moment kind Fate is about to bestow upon her. Among the ladies-in-waiting a charming, eager, dainty maiden has a tender hope of the coming honour her sister *may* receive. She remembers now that months ago a gallant knight was extremely solicitous as to the size of her sister's shoe. Why? What reason had he? Her heart beats to suffocation. Her sister is from Virginia; it is rare that an outside girl is chosen as the Queen of Beauty. New Orleans favours first her own fair daughters. But her sister is so lovely, so sweet, so exquisite—surely she is "Queen of all the rosebud garden of girls." She looks lovingly at that fair proud head; perhaps——?

The music sounds importantly; the Prince and his precious trophy, the little glass slipper covered in overlapping, iridescent spangles, sparkling with the rain-

bow's every hue, has started on his quest. Anxiety brings the Fairy Godmother a little forward; she looks first at one girl, then at another. No, not this pretty foot, nor this, nor this. The Ugly Sisters can only balance the fairy slipper upon one toe and fan their masks in vexation. Their rage makes the house rock with laughter.

It is easy to laugh to-night. What a pretty ankle! But no, the little glass slipper goes farther afield. The anxious Godmother almost points her wand, but it would n't be fair, and it only trembles in her hand. Look! the Prince has paused; is it the beautiful face uplifted to his? No! He kneels to a still more beautiful girl, and lifts an astonished little foot to his knee; his equerry bends over and delicately adjusts the folds of silk in modest place. The glass slipper fits; it is on, Cinderella is found!

> "Ho, ho! Blow high, blow low!
> Come winter snow or come skies of blue!
> You 'll tread upon air as through life you fare,
> If only you 're wearing a fairy shoe."

The music gives a splendid blare of triumph. For a moment the scene for Cinderella is blurred, the lights blend together in rose, gold, blue and silver. Then her own generous sister (not one of the plain ones) touches her lovingly on the shoulder, saying, "Steady, dear Princess, your crown awaits you." The Prince takes her hand, assists her to rise; gentlemen-in-waiting reverently bearing the insignia of her rank advance. In a second all the front of her simple white gown glitters with jewels, splendid diamonds encircle her throat and wrists, a crown of rubies and pearls is placed on her abundant hair, a court train of ermine and velvet

is attached by ropes and tassels of glittering stones to her shoulders. She is no longer Cinderella, but a veritable shimmering Princess of Fairyland. The future Consort, this gallant Cavalier and Prince by her side, has lightly kissed, with his beautiful pink, wax lips, her hand and gently placed it on his arm.

The music plays a passionate throbbing waltz. Is she dancing, she wonders, or merely floating in air? Her cheeks are aflame, her eyes are glittering blue-steel stars, her lips are rose-leaves parted over pearls, all her emotional nature awakened, she is transcendently lovely. Hold high, Queen of Beauty, the Beaker of Life and drink; drain every drop of its intoxicating nectar to-night, for it is filled to the brim with mystery, music, laughter, light, gaiety, youth (you are barely eighteen), rose-red beauty and awakening love. Perhaps your future betrothal and wifehood lie just behind that handsome impenetrable mask, for those gloved hands are wonderfully tender, guiding you through the mazes of the dance. And no matter, dear Cinderella, what sorrow the Fates hold in store for you, this is your supreme hour. You are Queen of the World, and yours is not the dull Kingdom of Inheritance, but the unlimited Kingdom of the Imagination. It is given you with lavish hand, for you are all the gods love—glad youth, sweet beauty, unconscious innocence. Dance, dance, until you are breathless, go home with a happy heart in the saffron dawn. And, without his mask, to-morrow the Prince will come to woo.

Society in New Orleans is the most agreeable in America, for the reason that women do not entirely make it. Men are of it and in it. They belong to it by right of inheritance; they brought from the gay salons

of Paris two centuries ago an appreciation, an intimacy with women and an understanding of them, and they are to-day thoroughly at ease, courtly and happy in the society of ladies, and at the same time are manly men of affairs. The women of New Orleans are open-heartedly hospitable and kind. Mrs. Bruns, who married Dr. Henry Bruns, the son of Dr. J. Dickson Bruns (who until his death was an extremely popular doctor and more than an ordinary poet), is a unique woman, pretty, dainty, agreeable, full of enthusiasm, with both the door of her heart and her house ever on the latch. Someone said, "Katie Bruns's husband is going to give her a new carriage." "Why," said a woman who knows her well, "that won't be the least use to her. What Katie wants is a roomy omnibus to accommodate all her friends."

Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Bruns's mother, was visiting her when I was at her house, and, discovering that she had nursed Judge Brawley during the War when he was wounded and lost an arm, I said, "This is not according to romance; you should have married him, dear Mrs. Logan." She blushed, the blush of seventy which is as delicate as the beautiful blush of seventeen, and said, "I married his most intimate friend. The Judge was always talking to me of my husband. I think I loved General Logan even before I met him." (Another case of Priscilla and Miles Standish!) "When my husband first saw me," she continued, "he was pleased to call me the 'pious flirt,' but finally apologised by falling in love with me, and we were married at the end of the War." How delightful it is to be charming at seventy!

With no effort or trouble Mrs. Bruns entertains constantly. The moment I arrived in New Orleans I was bidden to come next morning to an eleven o'clock

breakfast. Ruth McEnery Stuart, that true daughter of the South and talented delineator of Southern life, was there. No one, not even Uncle Remus himself, has written more humorously and tenderly of the negro than she. And as a woman she is so entirely lovable, free from pettiness, and generous.

Mrs. Bruns said, handing me a silver filagree basket, "Let me recommend these cakes to you."

"No, thank you," I said.

"Ruth McEnery Stuart made them especially for you," she added.

"Then," I said, "give me the whole basket and I will eat them all."

It was so reminiscent of the old dear neighbourly South, to prepare a delicacy for a friend. Ruth Stuart is a wonderfully proficient cook and has invented a number of toothsome dishes. She recited her own poems in negro dialect that afternoon and they were so touching that when she finished no one was able to speak at first, least of all myself. Some day she is coming to England to conquer London and with her energy she will do it. When she invited me to a six o'clock breakfast party in the old French market I paused for a moment, before accepting it, but, of course, I went and the party was a great success. The coffee served there is unsurpassed in the world. Miss Stuart said an old Cajan priest declared it to be, "as pure as the angels, as strong as the devil, and as hot as hell," combining the three qualities necessary to make coffee perfection. But William Beer, who with an indelible memory and wide reading, knows everything, said, "I fear your worthy priest is a plagiarist; Talleyrand said before him: '*le café doit être noir comme la mort, doux comme l'amour, chaud comme l'enfer.*'" We drank this superb coffee in thick

cups on a table covered with American cloth, but it was a better beverage than one can get in Dresden china cups in New York.

The old market is wonderfully picturesque and a veritable feast of colour. The heaps of wild flowers, goldenrod, pitcher plant, coxcomb, purple cyclamen and wild orchids were still gleaming with the dew of the early morning. The fish stalls were shimmering mounds of silver, purple and blue, with strings of red snappers hanging above, seemingly carved out of pink coral. Grey trout, speckled with orange and scarlet, were flanked with enormous lobsters and greenish grey crabs. On the next stall were pheasants and wild turkeys, with their beautiful rich bronze, gold and green feathers. Golden plover, tiny reed birds, wild ducks with soft breasts of blue, grey and green made a shining mass of colour. And opposite them stood a table of richly dyed Indian baskets, filled with smooth, shining, satiny, strong beads, deep red, pale canary, orange, aqua marine, scarlet, and pearl colour with a sheen, like silver. "Now these you must have," said Ruth McEnery Stuart, touching the last, "they just match your gown." And I wore away a long string of dull silver-grey beads.

We stopped at the cathedral, where there is a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes, and as we walked along through the French quarter Mr. Beer pointed out the old house built for Napoleon when the Creoles formed a plan to rescue him from St. Helena, which, alas, was never carried out. On Bienville Street in an old pawn shop, my quick eye discovered the quaintest ornament in the window, a pendant composed of two little Egyptian figures, doubtless Cleopatra and Mark Antony, in blue, mauve, and white enamel. The man held in his hand

an infinitesimally small fan, cooling the air for the Egyptian queen. And the little figures in profile were surrounded by old rose diamonds set in heavy silver. I did want that peculiar jewel badly. We went in and asked the price; the dealer said it was fourteenth century work, and of course it was far beyond my purse. It filled with regret the generous heart of Ruth McEnery Stuart that she could not immediately present it to me, but later I forgot even Antony and Cleopatra, when we sat down to a *déjeuner à la fourchette* in a splendid red and gold restaurant and ordered soft-shell crabs, hot rolls, black coffee and gumbo!

There is continual entertaining of an easy agreeable sort going on in New Orleans. Mrs. Eustace has a beautiful old house, with a splendid hall forty feet long and enormous rooms on either side, which accommodate any number of people comfortably. Mrs. George Penrose, a charming, pretty woman, is distinguished for her lunches and her black butler, who has the manners of a courtier. Mrs. Norvin Trent Harris, whose husband, a famous shot, can talk more entertainingly of birds and beasts than any sportsman I have ever met, keeps open house. And there are people in New Orleans of divers interests, musicians, poets, journalists, writers and ardent suffragists, of whom one, Miss Gordon, has done excellent work for the Cause, and a goodly sprinkling of delightful, soft-spoken Creoles, bankers, and cotton kings,—in fact, society is as varied as one would have it, and both the men and women have easy gracious manners. I regretted not meeting Grace King, an authority on the history of Louisiana and a most entertaining author. Cornelius Donovan, the engineer of the mouth of the Mississippi, who for years has been studying the vagaries of that uncertain stream, offered, if I

remained another week, to take me down the river. It is always changing, that wonderful stream, receding from the land to-day, and overflowing it to-morrow. The continual uncertainty of its movements, lends a constant interest to the vast immensity of water. I wanted to sail away, and see one of those marvellous Gulf days so poetically described by Lafcadio Hearn:

It must have been to even such a sky that Xenophon lifted up his eyes of old when he vowed the Infinite Blue was God;—it was indeed under such a sky that De Soto named the vastest and grandest of Southern havens Espiritu Santo,—the Bay of the Holy Ghost. There is something unutterable in this bright Gulf air that compels awe, something vital, something holy, something pantheistic; and reverentially the mind asks itself if what the eye beholds is not the Infinite Breath, the Divine Ghost, and the great Blue Soul of the Unknown. All, all is blue in the calm,—save the lowland under your feet, which you almost forget, since it seems only as a tiny green flake afloat in the liquid eternity of day. Then slowly, caressingly, irresistibly, the witchery of the Infinite grows upon you; out of Time and Space you begin to dream with open eyes,—to drift into delicious oblivion of facts—to forget the past, the present, the substantial, to comprehend nothing but the existence of that infinite Blue Ghost as something into which you would wish to melt utterly away forever. . . ."

## CHAPTER XV

### OLD-WORLD NEW ORLEANS

ALL my first memories of New Orleans are those of pure delight. When my father, on our way North to place me in a boarding-school, stopped a fortnight there, he was very busy attending to the famous Gaines case, and Mrs. Delgado offered to take care of the lonely little girl who was staying at the hotel. This lady belonged to the *ancien régime*, and was a very *grande dame* indeed. Her complexion was pale, she had dark hair, clearly cut aquiline features, very beautiful soft dark Creole eyes, and her hands and feet were exquisitely shaped and very small. In later years when she grew stout those tiny feet refused their office and she ceased to walk, going everywhere in her carriage. She dressed exquisitely, and her house was no less perfect. As the walls were very thick, and the floors covered with white matting, it was quite cool even in very warm weather, and throughout, the rooms were pervaded with an odour of eau de cologne, which Mrs. Delgado used with lavish profusion.

It was in New Orleans that I had my first feast of the theatre, and it was, I am sure even now, an exceedingly good bill, for Joe Jefferson was starring in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. I already knew the story by heart, and everything in life faded away from me, except the sight of the people that I loved so well really living,

speaking, and unfolding their romance before my absorbed and intense vision.

After the theatre I remember my dear father stopped at a little café on Canal Street and got us each a saucer of gumbo, a dish for which New Orleans is famous. Okra is a poetic and historic plant, as it grew in luxuriance along the banks of the Nile in 50 B.C. Caesar, Mark Antony, and Cleopatra ate of it, and it is not only a succulent vegetable, with its tender green pod, but it is worthy of being grown in the handsomest flower garden, for its lovely bell-shaped blossom of thick canary-coloured petals, ending where they join the stem in a deep rich shade of garnet. Gumbo is not, as many people suppose, a vegetable, but is a very thick soup made from a combination of young boiled chicken and okra, flavoured with a soupçon of garlic, and well seasoned with salt, pepper, and rich, fresh butter—an unforgettable delicacy. Thackeray found the name so amusing that he gave it to his negro in *The Virginians*.

In one greenhouse in England this plant is grown, for Lord Ashburnham brought the seed back with him from Egypt, and at a time when I was ill, a little package arrived from Ashburnham Place, and when I opened it, lo and behold, to my surprise and grateful joy, there was a box of okra, the fresh green pods looking exactly as if they had been grown in Louisiana.

In the French Quarter, which was not far from the house of Mrs. Delgado, a young negress kept a little stand, where she sold pecan pralines, and a tiny bouquet of single pinks went with each package of the nut candy. She had the most charming animated manners and an insinuating smile, but she only spoke a sort of patois French which I did not understand. Her dress was of dark blue cotton, sprinkled with little white dots,

and she wore a white fichu, a string of red coral beads round her neck, and on her head a gay plaid handkerchief.

Another interesting personality whom I never forgot was a tall man with soft brown eyes and brown whiskers. He wore the Confederate grey, and the little button of the Southern Cross of the Confederacy on the lapel of his coat. His shirt was spotlessly clean, with cuffs which he turned back, and he played a triangle to attract customers. He carried a fascinating large blue box strapped across his broad shoulders, and when he lowered it there was a fine assortment of pretty wafer biscuits of many charming colours. The topmost of them had an icing of pale green, pink or mauve, while there were others without any icing at all, and they were all as crisp and toothsome as it was possible for wafers to be. But the little musical triangle, which he played as if a grasshopper sang faint far-away tunes, was much more seductive to me than the wafers. My black Mammy played the instrument, and the moment I heard the slight sweet notes I ran quickly down the stairs and was out in the street to make a selection from his wares, for the musician always gave his little customer "lagnieppe"—an extra wafer. Other children, too, loved the triangle, and the wafers and the vendor. I made one or two charming friends through his introduction. One little girl who lived two streets beyond Mrs. Delgado had long, much admired, keenly-envied yellow curls, and before we parted she gave me a lock of her hair.

When I went back to New Orleans I looked for my old friend. Now the brown whiskers would be white, I knew, and the erect shoulders carrying the box would be bent; but he was gone. I did find the negro woman

still selling pecan pralines, her head as white as cotton. She is of a great age, and has grown peevish and impatient; her manners are not so good nor her smile so sweet as in years gone by. And since then she has learned some half-dozen words of English.

I went to the Hotel De Soto on my arrival, to be near my life-long friend, the Major. He said, "I want to introduce you to the manager of the hotel." And, bringing forward an exceedingly good-looking young man, he presented him as Mr. Alexander, who asked, "Were n't you Miss Betty Paschal, of Texas?"

"Yes," I replied, "a good while ago I was Miss Betty Paschal, of Texas."

He said, "My name is John Alexander, and we come from the same town of Austin."

"Then," I said, "you are a relation of Dr. Alexander, our old doctor who was with my mother when I was born."

He said, "I am his grandson."

"Not the little Johnnie Alexander," I asked, "whom I remember as a child being shot in the wrist?"

He held out his right hand. The wrist was scarred and considerably broader than the other, and I had seen that wound dressed. His father was a chemist in Austin, and this baby, just learning to walk, was standing on the counter holding out his arms to his grandfather when a desperado walking down the street, jerked out his pistol and shot at a man standing in the back of the shop. The bullet missed the man but hit the baby. My aunt's house was nearest to the chemist's, he was brought in to have the wound dressed, and I remember running to the kitchen to get a jug of warm water for the doctor. The boy who shot him was not more than sixteen years old and this was the beginning of a career

of crime. He subsequently took the lives of a number of men and at least three women, beginning with a young vaudeville actress, who fell in love with him, and after he had left her, tried to see him. He told her if she ever came near him again he would shoot her. One morning at a hotel in San Antonio she went to his bedroom door and opened it. He was lying in bed with a pistol by his side, which he picked up, aimed deliberately at her, and she fell dead, shot through the heart.

Johnnie Alexander made my stay at the Hotel De Soto pleasant and comfortable. And my faith in the old-time negro was refreshed and revived, for the Major has, what before the war was called a "body servant." John is quite black, with very kind, amiable, foxy eyes. He is extremely neat, has a good figure and, dressed in the Major's well cut cast-off clothes, he makes quite a fine appearance. He came to my room the morning after my arrival and said, "De Major sent me to say dat while you is here, I am to come two or three times a day to see if dar' s anything I kin do for you."

I said, "I am sure there is, John."

"De Major was talkin' dis mornin' des like he was gwine ter give me to you, but he can't give me to nobody, he can only loan me. I told him he can loan me to you des as much as he likes, but de Major can't get rid ob me," he said with a chuckle, "not ef he was to try."

"You must take good care of the Major," I replied, "because he is getting on, you know, in years."

"Don't say dat, for de Major is jes' as full of ambition as he kin be," he said, "an' he suttenly is got a gallant heart. Even when he got de gout he puts on dem shiny shoes ob his (I suttenly does make de Major's shoes shine like a crow's wing), an' he won't even let me

tie 'em up for him, he is des as ambitious as he kin be, and not only is he got a gallant heart, but he is got a gallant *young* heart."

I said, "That is what I have heard, John."

John chuckled loudly and said, "I tell you what it is, I am proud ob de Major. When I sends him out in de mornin' dere ain't no young blade in New Orleans what is any better turned out, den what de Major is. I don't let no speck nor spot stay on him, not a minute, I tell you what, when he is walkin' down de street even right young girls turns dere heads to look at de Major."

I said, "John, I 'm afraid you are leading the Major into temptation."

John gave a loud guffaw.

"No 'm," he said, "I ain't don dat but sometimes he 's right hard to manage."

"John," I said, "I want a laundress, and I have six pairs of gloves to be cleaned."

"Yassum," he said, "I knows des de best kind of a cleaner, and I know a laundress what can make your clothes look des like new."

When John returned with my clothes and gloves, I came to the conclusion that he himself was my laundress and also my glove cleaner. The gloves were enormously stretched, a good deal more soiled than when I sent them, and the charge for cleaning was forty cents a pair.

"John," I said, "is n't that an awful price for gloves?"

He replied, "Yassum, 'deed it is, and I jes' talked wid dat woman wid such eloquence dat she 's gone out ob bisniss, an' I 'spect she 's gone clean away from New Orleens. I never did give any woman such a dressin'

down an' a trouncin' wid my tongue as I give dis here same woman."

"Look at my clothes," I said, "they are very badly done. I heard that laundresses in New Orleans were so good."

"Yassum," he said, "dey is good, but dis woman done los' her husband. He died des as she was beginning to wash your close an' de poor creature's in sich grief I could n't bear to scol' her so I jes' brought 'em along. I 'spect dem close was sprinkled wid tears."

I paid for the clothes and I paid for the tears, but I made up my mind that John had better confine his offices to the Major. I could not, however, get rid of his assiduous attentions. And one morning he told me, with a great look of expectation in his eyes, that he was going to be married in four days. I knew what the look meant quite well—a wedding present. "Why, John," I said, "I thought you were a confirmed old bachelor."

"So I is, Miss Betty," he said (he had dropped the Madam and got to an affectionate "Miss Betty"), "but de Major don't like my runnin' roun', and you know a man is des 'bleeged to run 'round, lessen he 's married. De Major is one of dese here moral men, he say men oughter to stay home in de evenin's, so I 'm gwine to git a home to stay in. I don't want to git married, I 'm des marryin' to please de Major. An' hits one of dese here sensible kind ob marriages too. De lady what I am gwine ter marry is 'bout de bes' cook in New Orleens, she can wash wid any ob dese here French women, and she 's des as neat as a pin 'bout de house; but I must be bringing down dat pineapple what I got fur you."

When John brought down the pineapple it was stale and over-ripe. I don't think he had been to market for

it, but had bought it from a huckster on the street for three cents."

"John," I said, "is n't this pineapple rather a poor one for a good marketer to buy?"

He said, "Yassum, Miss Betty, dat 's de Major's fault. I done tole him to let me go to market an' he done sent me to one ob dese fruit shops kept by a Italian, an' dere ain't no 'pendence in de roun' world to be put in dese here furriners. You can't trust 'em for a single minute. De pineapple what I said I 'd take was all right, but dis here man done change it for another, when he put it in de bag. I thought you was in a hurry, so I did n't take it back, I des cut it up."

And never once did he supply me with fresh fruit. The Major confided to me that his only grievance against John was his extraordinarily bad memory when it came to accounts, his laxity in putting down on paper any money that he spent and his never bringing back a receipted bill. But there was never anything in the world like the diplomatic excuse which John always had ready. I gave him two dollars as a wedding present, but the Major has since written to tell me of the postponement of the marriage. All the employees in the Major's office had given him sums of money and by the time he is again to be married a second contribution will be levied. Never have I seen anyone who understood the art of flattery better than John. Every morning he told me I was much younger and better looking than the day before; that his happiness would be complete if I should decide to live in New Orleans; that the climate agreed with me, that everybody in the hotel loved me, that the Major's spirits and appetite had improved since I came, in fact every conceivable amiable lie possible of invention he heaped upon me.

He supplied me with withered flowers and stale fruit. He kept me waiting for my clean clothes and gloves; he cheated me out of my change and was hours in doing any small errand. Nevertheless, I had a sort of easy-going liking for him; he was so very transparent, so really without guile.

One afternoon I was sitting in the hotel waiting for him to return from the post-office when I noticed coming down the corridor a clean-shaven, rather stout, kindly looking man carrying in one hand a lily and in the other an exquisite rose. He stopped, saying, "Lady, may I present this flower to you?" and handed me the rich red rose.

"Perhaps you do not know this variety," he said; "it is a difficult one to find, for they are going out of fashion. It is the Napoleon rose and was at one time a great favourite in New Orleans, where as you know, Napoleon's memory is still warmly cherished. This is the rose which he asked to have sent to St. Helena from France, and he planted it there with his own hands. See what a marvellous flower it is; observe the tenderness of the stem; look at the perfect petals,—they seem to be cut out of ruby velvet,—and note how this single blossom perfumes all the air. It is a pity that more attention is not given to these roses, because they grow rarer every year. I present this to you in memory of Napoleon."

I said, "I accept it from you and from him. You seem to be fond of flowers."

"Yes," he said, "flowers are my friends. I go to a flower shop every morning to regale my soul and to provide myself with a little perfumed friendship for the day. If I had to do without my cup of coffee or without my rose, I would give up my coffee."

And he made me a low bow and went away, and although I saw him almost every day in the hotel and he looked kind and friendly, we did not have any further conversation. But I shall not forget him, for what better introduction can any man have than a Napoleon rose?

How eager I was to explore that fascinating city again. The very morning after my arrival found me at nine o'clock in one of the public automobiles, making a hurried tour to revive my memory of the old French Quarter and see the many changes in the more modern city. The car was full of tourists and the guide shouted with a strong voice through a megaphone. Nothing of his intonation remains in my memory except his reply to a tourist who asked, as we entered one of the beautiful cemeteries, what the four figures kneeling at the corners at the base of a tall marble shaft represented. He said the monument was erected by Mr. Moriarity, and that the four figures represented Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Mrs. Moriarity.

A large proportion of the tourists were Northern people and we stopped in front of a very large old-fashioned house with galleries on every side. The house was white, with heavy green shades such as were used in the old Creole quarters; there was a grove of orange trees leading to the gate, groups of oleander and tall magnolias in splendid leaf and blossom in a pleasant garden surrounding it. An old grey-haired Mammy, hemming a little white frock, sat with her foot on the wheel of a perambulator taking care of a sleeping baby, while five or six children were tumbling and playing about together. It was a pretty scene of peace and Southern life.

The guide said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we stop here,

not to see the house, although it is a fine one, but because four generations live happily in it,—a great-grandmother who was married when she was fifteen, two grandmothers and a mother, whose children are playing in the garden. I have heard," he said, "that some folks don't get along with their families, but here in the South we are learned to look after the old people, and we expect to do it as long as we live, for they are our kin."

Just then a very old lady with perfectly white hair came down the steps leaning on the arm of a tall, charming looking octoroon maid. One of the children ran to take her other hand, saying, "Gran, Gran, let me help you." So I suppose this was the great-grandmother, and it was the pleasantest and the most refreshing picture that I saw in New Orleans.

In the park the old landmarks are the same. The great live-oaks with their wealth of Spanish moss, under whose branches duels were fought, remain unchanged, and on many tombs in the old French cemetery of St. Louis will be found, "Mort sur le Champ d'Honneur," or "Victime de l'honneur," in memory of the gay cavaliers who met their death under these noble trees. The French Quarter has perhaps grown a little shabbier. The old houses are still made attractive by the inner court and quaintly shaped flower beds, with a clipped centrepiece of spitti-sporum, that delightfully odorous shrub of the South, and borders of sweet violets, jonquils, lilies, amaryllis, fragrant myrtle and cape jessamine. These old-fashioned blooms still perfumed the narrow street with their sweetness. I was looking so longingly at one of these gardens that a pretty Creole girl gave me a little nosegay. The old placards, "Chambres Garnies," dangled from the balconies, half-hidden

by flowering vines, and everywhere the French language is heard or the English tongue spoken with the prettiest imaginable French-Creole accent.

Antique shops in the Vieux Carré are perilously enticing. Every memory of my childhood seems to be embodied in these shabby old shops with their varied contents, carved rosewood furniture covered with worn French brocade; little work-tables with flaps letting down on either side and two drawers with glass knobs that were in every Southern lady's bedroom; little, low four-legged rosewood footstools, covered with moth-eaten embroidery; old square pianos, tall heavy candlesticks in sets of four which were used on every supper-table, and splendid candelabra of ormolu with their tinkling weight of triangular crystals. In the porches of the South, tall glass cylinders used to encircle candles. A pair of these proved irresistible; I bought them and shipped them to England. Then there were the old-fashioned French coloured steel engravings—I remember a set of these called "Le Manteau," in my mother's bedroom. In the first, a tall, slender, exquisite gentleman in a cavalry uniform, with little side-whiskers, splendid cap and a long full cloak, was wooing a young lady in a white Swiss muslin hobble skirt, pink sash, and a bunch of curls on either side of her round, rather foolish face. In the next picture she is eloping from a white château in a pink muslin gown, and "Le Manteau" envelops her form, as well as the soldier's. In the third picture she is sitting with a curly-headed child resting against her knee, dressed in widow's weeds, still wearing "Le Manteau" which was apparently her husband's only legacy. In the last picture, with a long black veil floating over "Le Manteau" and holding the chubby infant by the hand, she is walking up the steps

of the château, where I certainly hope she found refuge and forgiveness. I always thought the story incomplete. The last one should have had "Le Manteau" hanging up in the hall, the lady free from it at last, she in her father's arms, and the grandmother embracing the small boy.

The window of one of those shabby shops in Royal Street displayed an artfully seductive placard over two cups and saucers, two plates, and a little jardinière of exquisite and original design. The china was transparent and very white, with lines of black, narrower at the base than at the top, running vertically on all the pieces, and softened on either side by a lace-like tracery in gold that converged in a little disc of gold lace in the centre. Underneath was written in a fine, old-fashioned French hand, "Faïence de Diane de Poitiers," and in parentheses, ("La Duchesse de Valentinois"), so the vendor knew something of history. I went into the shop to ask the price, which I knew beforehand would be far beyond my purse, and the distinguished-looking, white-haired little Creole lady said, "It is dear; but, Madame, it is veritable, it bears the colours of the Duchesse de Valentinois, who never left off mourning for her husband, Monsieur de Brèze."

"Yes, Henri II," I said, "wore her colours, black and white, at the tournament when he was fatally wounded."

She smiled and said, "Then Madame is a student of French history?"

"No," I said, "but I know something of it from a dear Irish friend, Mrs. Emily Crawford, who has lived in France forty years. She gave me a little lecture on famous Frenchwomen one day when we walked in the garden of the Tuileries. 'It was through her buoyant

health,' she said, 'that Diane de Poitiers, although nineteen years older, kept her dominion for so many years over Henri II. She was a woman far in advance of her times. She bathed daily in tepid water when other women scarcely bathed at all; she was an intrepid horsewoman, she invented athletic exercises, she drank cold water, and she ate simple food. She was a cheerful philosopher; and above all things men value cheerfulness—it makes them comfortable. The infidelities of her royal lover disturbed her but little. She knew her power, and felt sure of his return, and although Catherine de' Medici, his queen, bore him ten children and was an astute statesman, she never dislodged Diane.'"

"Yes," said the Creole lady, "Diane was a great woman. And the faïence, Madame?"

I took out a little book and wrote down her name and address.

"Madame," I said, "if I am ever rich these relics shall be mine. I cannot afford to buy them just now, but I can have visions. These addresses are all those of my future treasures. This is a quaint little shop in the square of St. Mark's in Venice, where there is a Doge's bottle of gold and crystal; and here, at The Hague, a small squat clock of old silver, with a wreath of pink enamelled roses, is waiting for me. But at the present moment I would forfeit all of my dreams for the faïence of Diane de Poitiers."

There was a little, old, inexpensive oil portrait of the Duc de Choiseul in a battered frame which she offered me as a bargain, for the history of Louisiana does not make the picture easy of sale. Louis XV saved him, but not New Orleans.

"You will be damned, Choiseul," said Louis to his Prime Minister.

"And you, sire?"

"I? Oh, I am different, I am the Anointed of God." And all France laughed and applauded, for wit is allowed there; but if one of England's kings said lightly that *he* was the Anointed of God, the nation would be shocked, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the humblest subject. No public jokes are allowed in England or in America; the door of the castle or the cottage in these countries must be closed on wit.

The amiable little lady bade me a smiling farewell, saying, "Adieu, Madame, bonne chance, et revenez le plus tôt possible, avec la bouteille du Doge et la pendule de la Hollande pour la faïence de Diane."

## CHAPTER XVI

### A RUSSIAN ROMEO AND JULIET

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

THE history of New Orleans is a series of the most romantic and delightful episodes, connecting this fascinating city with the great romances of the world. Where can a more beautiful story be found than that of this latter-day Romeo and Juliet, who lived in 1712?

The Duke of Brunswick, Wolfenhüttel, was the father of a daughter called Charlotte. She was beautiful, tall and slight, with a regal crown of fair hair. She sang charmingly, was very accomplished, possessed a most tender, sympathetic nature, perfect health, high spirits, and at the same time she was docile and obedient. Naturally every one in the little duchy loved her. Attached to her father's court was a handsome young Frenchman, the Chevalier d'Aubant, a man of a passionate yet faithful temperament—oh, rare combination!

It had not been necessary for these two exquisitely attuned human beings to speak of love; they felt it, it surrounded them, it was in the air and in the flowers,

and it bloomed with exotic radiance in their two young hearts. D'Aubant would have been an acceptable suitor in her father's eyes, for he was not only a man of family but he possessed a small fortune, and life was charming, quiet, dignified, and quite happy in this pretty Lilliputian court. But unfortunately for these devoted lovers an unexpected traveller appeared in Brunswick in the person of Alexis, the eldest son of Peter the Great, the heir apparent to the crown, who had been a great disappointment to his father.

He was unbelievably stupid, cruel, and wicked. There was no vice in which he had not steeped himself —the palace and the hovel were alike to him. His father was in despair that such a being was to become the future ruler of the millions of people whom he had made every effort to enlighten and elevate, and as a last resource he sent Alexis on a long journey.

While he was the guest of the Duke of Brunswick he fell in love with the charming, aristocratic young Princess Charlotte. Alexis wrote home to the Czar, and Peter received the news with joy. He had heard of the beauty, the virtue, the charm of Charlotte, and a hope sprang up in his heart that her noble character and example might have an influence upon his impossible son. A message was conveyed at once to the Duke of Brunswick to demand his daughter's hand in marriage.

Being a tender father, his heart was filled with sorrow for the future of his sensitive, carefully-reared daughter, but he did not dare to refuse, knowing that Peter the Great was of all things an unrelenting despot.

It was only necessary to look into the cowardly eyes of Alexis to know his brutal character, and there were no rejoicings at the wedding. It was a most pathetic

affair, and Charlotte, who had done her father's bidding and sacrificed herself that the duchy and the power of the Duke of Brunswick might remain unimpaired, clung to her father like a drowning woman, and had to be lifted from his arms into the carriage.

Six powerful, wild Mazeppa horses were waiting to speed the bride and bridegroom to Russia to the great Court of St. Petersburg, and a rough escort of Cossacks surrounded the travelling coach. There was one who rode like mad, always ahead of the others, with his thick, shaggy Tartar cloak pulled down close over his head and ears. Occasionally he turned and came back to the carriage door, and whenever he did so Charlotte leaned forward, as though to touch his friendly cloak. This Cossack was, of course, d'Aubant, who was following her into Russia with a broken heart.

After the betrothal of Charlotte was announced, he had scarcely spoken and never smiled, but he made that rough journey possible for her, for whenever the horses were unruly his hand was the first to restrain them, and he was always rendering the Princess some slight service. Once she slipped in getting out of the carriage. Blessed moment! for one brief second he held her lightly in his arms. When he put her down this hooded Cossack swayed like a tree in the forest that is swept by a mighty tornado.

On the entrance of the bridal pair to St. Petersburg the bells rang out one hundred chimes, the people shouted until their throats were hoarse, and a dozen military bands gave forth inspiring music to welcome the beautiful bride of Alexis to the imperial city. The faithful Cossack rode ahead and stood by the door with humble mien as the tall, beautiful woman passed by him. That night her faithful German maid carried

him a letter; the words were brief, but there was some comfort in them. She wrote:

D'AUBANT:

Your disguise was not one to me. It could not deceive my heart. Now that I am the wife of another know for the first time my long-kept secret—I love you. Such a confession is a declaration that we must never meet again.

The mercy of God be upon us both.

CHARLOTTE.

This letter contained another paper. It was a passport signed by the Emperor, and it gave to the Chevalier d'Aubant the right to leave the empire at his own convenience. At dawn the following day d'Aubant was far beyond St. Petersburg, and eventually he arrived in Paris.

But he was always sad and restless, and in 1718 he was appointed Captain in the colonial troops that were starting for Louisiana. On his arrival there he was stationed in New Orleans, and although a favourite with men and officers, for his manner was exquisitely gentle and polite and his face expressed resignation, yet there was always a sorrowful look in his eyes and he evidently preferred solitude to the gaiest and most brilliant company.

Near New Orleans was a small village of friendly Indians, and a road called the "Bayou Road" ran through a primeval forest, connecting the little village with the French settlement. D'Aubant became a favourite with the Indians, and they gave him permission to build a rural hut on the outskirts of their village. It was fashioned of fragrant cedar logs with a thatched palmetto roof, and was furnished with rustic chairs and tables. Above the mantelpiece of one room was a re-

markable picture in a heavy carved gilt frame—a full-length portrait of a wonderfully beautiful girl. She was dressed in flowing white and the face was that of an innocent virgin; a great coil of fair hair crowned her proud head, and her deep blue eyes, filled with melancholy, gazed upon a pointed crown which, instead of lying on a cushion, rested crushingly upon a human heart.

This picture must have been painted from memory by d'Aubant, who was something of an artist, for the likeness to the Princess Charlotte was faithful and living, as if a man had wielded the paint-brush with his soul. Whenever he could be spared from his military duties, all his time was spent in adoring this lifelike portrait, which was tended like a shrine. Great pots of mimosa and magnolia and crêpe myrtle stood before it, roses and lilies filled rude but beautifully shaped vases of clay made by the Indians; and the little room was fragrant with cedar and aromatic with the odours of the South, while a small lamp burned perfumed oil below the crown and the heart, and cast a soft light on the face of d'Aubant's great lady.

Through all the long years he had not communicated with her except to send her a magnolia leaf with "May 16th" written upon it—a date which neither of them could forget, because she had danced with him on that day for the first time at the ball given on her birthday in the far-off duchy of Brunswick; and there were two names marked upon the leaf—"D'Aubant" and "New Orleans."

Charlotte's future destiny was settled by that magnolia leaf. Her finer nature, her exquisite refinement, her virtue, her religion had only served to exasperate and annoy Alexis. He could not change her, he could

not lower her pure morality, and finally his irritation developed into brutality, for the constant injustice of a cruel man towards a delicate woman inevitably ends in hatred.

Thinking of the most refined insult which he could put upon her, Alexis conceived the idea of compelling Charlotte to receive at court a kitchen wench, with whom he had an open liaison,—a broad-faced, broad-hipped person, who could neither read nor write, of low intellect and coarse instincts which matched his own. He knew, of course, that Charlotte would decline to receive her, as she did with firmness, spirit, and dignity. As the last words of refusal left her pure lips he rushed at her with the infuriated cry of a wild animal, his mouth foaming with rage. He called her all the names of his loathsome vocabulary. He tore her fair hair, and doubling up his great fists knocked her down, beating her until she was senseless. And in all that court neither nobleman nor gentlewoman dared to interfere, for Alexis was their despotic and merciless master. It was, however, the beginning of the end for him. He was losing control of himself, and not many years afterwards Peter the Great, justified in his own eyes and acting, as he said, for the good of Russia, with his own hands put his inhuman son to death.

During the maniacal attack on Princess Charlotte, the Countess of Königsmark had made a step towards her friend as if to rescue her, for she alone had the complete confidence of the Princess, and served her with loyalty and a great love. At this time in St. Petersburg there was a wonderful apothecary, who had developed his talents under the encouragement of Peter the Great until it was said that he could almost raise the dead. Certainly, like Friar Laurence, he could

successfully put the living into a deathlike sleep, and Charlotte, with the aid of her friend the Countess of Königsmark, obtained from him a little phial. The Princess had borne all that she could bear and yet live; if death came she would welcome it. *And she* had taken the desperate resolve when she awoke to join d'Aubant in that far-away land, kind alike to aristocrat and to numbered convict.

The Countess of Königsmark brought the draught, and, with a prayer to God for mercy, the Princess Charlotte eagerly drank it. Then she felt

> A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
> Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
> No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
> The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
> To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
> Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.
> Each part, deprived of supple government,
> Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like death;
> And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
> Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
> And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

The funeral of Charlotte was even more magnificent than the sumptuous fête of welcome to St. Petersburg. There was a great gilded hearse with waving sable plumes, a sound of muffled drums, an impressive cathedral service of barbaric music and clouds of incense, the intoning of many gorgeously-robed priests, and then the quiet of the vault. Through it all Charlotte slept her deathlike sleep, with her hands crossed and cold in their waxlike rigidity.

The face of the Countess of Königsmark was white and fixed with anxiety. She had much to do; permis-

sion had been granted her to sit by the side of her beloved friend, and there in the chill vault she waited for the blue lips to change to a soft rose, for the stiffened eyelids to relax to mobility, for the proud eyes to open once more upon this tragic world.

When Charlotte woke she was weak and needed wine and food, but Hope warmed her heart to life and a sense of elation gave her palsied limbs strength. She belonged to herself now, and to no other. The Princess Charlotte was dead.

All Europe rang with the news, but a woman, young, beautiful, nameless and free, lived; a woman carrying deathless fidelity in her heart, a woman whose soul whispered to another soul thousands of leagues away of a winged love and a swift meeting.

Simply attired, with a few jewels and a well-filled purse, Charlotte issued from the tomb, nameless, unknown, but warm, living, and happy. In 1721 two hundred immigrants arrived in New Orleans, among them a beautiful, highbred woman, with an imperial crown of fair hair. She had never spoken her name, and, though her manners were gentle and unassuming, she unconsciously commanded those about her, and they, as unconsciously recognising her as one above them, obeyed. Instinctively they felt her to be a creature singled out by the gods for the fulfilment of an extraordinary destiny.

On arriving at New Orleans, she said she had a letter to the Chevalier d'Aubant, and she was told he was in his rural retreat near the settlement, but that it would not be necessary for her to go so far, as a dozen willing knights offered to carry him her message. She, however, declined their offers, asking only for a humble guide, and a black-eyed, silent Indian led her to the forest.

It was a tender, tranquil summer evening with the long rays of a declining sun slanting through the leaves. One ray penetrated a wide-open door and illumined a picture of herself. D'Aubant, in a reverential attitude, was gazing upon it as though it were the image of a saint, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and he looked up. A woman stood before him with outstretched hands, tear-filled eyes, and soft quivering lips, a woman all light and gladness, with the purified love and longing of many years of weary waiting in her sweet eyes.

He started towards her and then stopped.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "if you are a vision, stay with me; if a woman, comfort my starving heart!"

She said in low, tremulous tones, "I am a woman—your woman, now and for all eternity."

In a moment he held her in a heavenly embrace. Then came the miraculous explanation of her presence there, and next day in the golden dawn of early morning, in a rude little church, they were married, and the bride softly whispered her one name, "Charlotte."

But there are no secrets in the whole of the universe. People personally concerned in a secret fondly imagine they are hiding the dread truth, but even at that moment the world discusses it.

Many times it is to the interest of all concerned to guard a secret, but the wind whispers it to the trees, the trees to the flowers; the flowers are gathered and breathe it to the house. And it is possible for one mind without words to communicate with another. Charlotte and the Chevalier d'Aubant certainly remained silent. Perhaps the Countess of Königsmark told the secret to her lover, and during a supper with wine flowing like water, he whispered it to a friend; or

it might have been revealed in another way. There are undoubtedly people in the word gifted with second sight. Perchance some sorceress banished from France gazed on Charlotte with prescient eye and divined her history. At any rate, rumours soon began to be whispered in the colony about this wonderful couple. They were regarded with so much furtive interest that d'Aubant felt they would be safer among a multitude, and very quietly they left New Orleans for Paris. But in the garden of the Tuileries Marshal Saxe recognised Charlotte. The Chevalier felt there was danger. By this time he had been promoted and was Major of his regiment, and at his request he was transferred to the island of Bourbon. Charlotte accompanied him, and they resided there for a long period. In 1754, after more than thirty years of perfect married happiness, d'Aubant died, leaving Charlotte with one daughter. She survived him nearly twenty years, and in the end died in great poverty.

There are historians who doubt this story, but it has always been credited in Louisiana, and Gayarré presents it most graphically in his delightful history of the land he loved so well.

The swamp-land all around New Orleans is rapidly being reclaimed. Pretty, quaint little houses and bungalows, brilliantly painted, are being built, and the outskirts of the town offer a gay and exotic appearance. One house with a roof of orange colour, was painted white, with cobalt blue shutters and a wide blue gallery. It was a daring combination, but under the intense sapphire sky and amid the surrounding growth of tropical green it was not unpleasing, or, to use the favourite word of smart London, it was

"amusing." The road to Lake Pontchartrain, where there is a club and a tea house and boats of divers kinds for hire, is now lined with motors, and it presents a livelier aspect than the long stretch of lonely sands where, when Louisiana belonged to France, Des Grieux and beautiful Manon Lescaut, the immortal heroine whether of reality or fiction, journeyed to the death of one and the everlasting grief of the other.

All the world knows that touching story, the subject of drama and opera, the inspiration of pictures and statues innumerable. It convinces by its sincerity, it flames with amorous love, and is undoubtedly the truthful revelation of the soul of that passionate reckless lover, soldier, and priest, the Abbé Prévost, who, like other men of genius, was born to feel

> Time flowing in the middle of the night
> And all things moving toward a day of doom.

Manon Lescaut is indeed more than a story; it is, in its way, a symbol, an illustration of mere passion developing into love, and love, with its infinite tenderness and sense of protection, destroying the grossness of passion and finally ending in tragic suffering and expiation. It is a refreshing vision of many thirsty souls held in durance vile by weak and sensual bodies; it is an end devoutly to be wished but rarely attained.

Romances of the heart, however, are not the only thrilling episodes connected with the history of New Orleans. There is a very moving little story of a really noble redskin who died to save his son. A Colapissa Indian killed a Choctaw chief and hid himself in New Orleans. The Choctaws followed him, found him out, and demanded him from the Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who at first refused to give him up. When he

was finally forced to order his arrest, it was found that the Indian had escaped. His old father then appeared and offered his life to the Choctaws in place of that of his son. After a powwow the offer was accepted. The old man at once stretched himself on the trunk of a forest tree, and a mighty Choctaw chief with one great blow severed his head from his body.

I have always thought one of the most splendid arguments against capital punishment—which, if necessary for the criminal, who is only one man, is distinctly brutalising to the jailors, the warders, and the hangman, —was the tragic action of a noble slave.

When Louisiana was a colony it was without an executioner, and every white man refused the office with horror and loathing. Finally it was decided that a negro blacksmith must be forced to accept it. He was a man of herculean strength and health, called Jeanot, who belonged to the Company of the Indies. He was shoeing a horse when he was sent for and given his freedom. His heart bounded with joy at the unexpected news, and he was just about to express his gratitude when he was told that it was necessary for him to be a free man as he had just been appointed public executioner. He groaned in agony.

"Oh, God," he said, "I can't be that. Let me be a slave again; I 'll work my fingers to the bone for you."

When they refused him he went down on his knees and prayed and wept in anguish, crying out, "I will never cut off the head of a man who has done me no harm. Never! Do not ask it! I will die rather than do it." But his masters were coldly obstinate. So he got up from his knees with a wild and desperate look and said:

"Wait one minute."

He ran quickly to his cabin, picked up his hatchet, laid his right hand on a block of wood, and with his left, cut it off at one blow. Then returning to, the group of waiting men, he held out the bloody stump silently and grimly towards them. Quickly the wounded arm was bound up and his freedom was given him.

There must be something wrong with a system which places such a stigma as the executioner bears upon a human being. Who in the world would ever invite a hangman to tea? Would n't it be a horrible blight upon the feast? And yet, if he is but the agent for the execution of strict justice, why is he not honoured?

Because in our hearts we know that only God has the right to cut short human life. We arrogate too much to ourselves when we hang the worst criminal. Imprisonment for life, with no possibility of a pardon, is punishment enough; wrong, injustice, oppression, cruelty, have more than once turned the merely weak into the vicious wicked. Heredity, circumstance, environment make most of us what we are.

> If I could dwell
> Where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I,
> He might not sing so wildly well
> A mortal melody,
> While a bolder note than his might swell
> From my lyre within the sky.

How thankful we should be if our lot makes us escape without breaking the laws openly, to be judged at the last by God, and not by man.

## CHAPTER XVII

### AN OLD-TIME PLANTATION

Oh! hush my heart, and
Take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

REESE.

ON my way to the plantation of The Magnolias to visit my friend Mary Davis, I stayed over night at Port Gibson, a delightful little place, all valleys and soft rolling hills, with a wide, grassy main street shaded by a fine avenue of cotton trees, clothed in the tender, vivid green of early spring. The cool umbrella-shaped trees, called the Pride of China, were just beginning to open their purple and amethyst blossoms, perfuming the air with their unforgetable pungent odour. In my childhood a big China tree with its wide-spreading, cool branches grew just outside my Aunt Elizabeth's window. How often have I seen her in the early morning, in a fresh white wrapper, stretch out her pretty, round arm, and gather a lavender blossom for her belt. So I have double reason for my love of this beautiful tropical tree,—the dear memory that it holds for me and the charm of its own beauty.

Port Gibson is more than merely a pretty town; it is the birthplace of that short-lived, remarkable

Southern genius, Irwin Russell, lawyer (who though a minor, was admitted to the bar after a brilliant examination, by special act of the legislature), wanderer, traveller, author, and above all poet. I tried to find the house where he was born, but the people I asked knew nothing of it. In spite of his having modelled his poetic style on Burns and the English poets, he was able to emancipate his mind from tradition and was really the first American author who truthfully described the life and character of the negro. There has been nothing ever written more full of movement, more vivid and lifelike than "Fiddling Josie," in "Christmas Night in the Quarters":

Git yo' pardner, fust kwatillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is, "Oh: dat watermillion!
Gwine to git it home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners; scrape perlitely—
Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all! now step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—mind de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
Hol' on, tell I take a dram—
Gemmen solo—yes I 's sober—
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat 's de way—dat 's hard to beat.
Sides fo'wa'd—when you 's ready—
Make a bow as low 's you kin!
Swing acrost wid op'site lady!

Now we 'll let yo' swap ag'in.
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef';—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, and show yo' style.

What character, what understanding, what reality, what go, is in this inspired jingle. The first appreciative helping hand extended to him was that of the Scribners, who have always befriended the South, and they published many of his poems. He only wrote when impelled by inspiration and everything he left will live. He died at twenty-six, still a boy, but tired of life and glad to rest.

While I was waiting at the station for the train, which of course, in Southern fashion, was quite an hour late, a neat, well-dressed, pleasant-faced woman spoke to me. She was expecting her husband, who was, she told me, "a travelling man." She pointed to a pretty white cottage on the hill and said she had so little to do, only her housework and the clothes for herself and two little girls to make, that to occupy her "idle hours" she had taken to chicken farming. Yet it is said that Southern women are lazy! Fancy a woman having "idle hours" with her own housework to do and dress-making for three people. "And how," I asked her, "have you succeeded with your chickens?" "Remarkably well," she said, "too well. I have more chickens than I want and about two hundred eggs a day." I advised her to send them to New Orleans. She said she had not thought of that.

Port Glass, the next station from Port Gibson, was five miles from the plantation of The Magnolias. Mary had arranged in case of my arriving unexpectedly that a neighbour was to drive me over. When I got out at

Port Glass, which is really only a good-sized store, I heard a loud "Hello!" and a gentleman came flying across the field and gave me the welcome of an old friend, saying I was to come to his house for a mid-day dinner, and then he would drive me to the plantation in his buggy and deposit me with Mary. "I hope you are going to be with us a long time," he said. "Miss Mary has only been here a few weeks; the plantation is too lonesome for her since she lost her mother." We had arrived by this time at his flower-wreathed gate and there I saw the sweetest mortal in the world—a smart little maiden of three, in white frock, red shoes, and a little white sunbonnet flecked with scarlet spots. It was a case with us of love at first sight; the little woman gave me the warmest embrace and nestled close in my arms. And how proud she was of her gay morocco shoes! They were of the same colour as those of Madame Octavia Levert, the celebrated Southern beauty, who was such a belle in the forties. Mrs. Clay has described her as creating a veritable sensation at a ball in a lemon-coloured satin gown, a wreath of coral on her dark braids, and coral morocco shoes. Imagine a belle of 1913 being garbed in such simple fashion! Her dress must be embroidered with diamonds and pearls, with satin slippers and pearl rosettes to match. Fashionable ladies of the present day would scorn morocco slippers, even for the bath.

The immediate land about Mary's house is four thousand acres in extent. It is four miles from the border of the plantation to her front door. My host made a short cut by taking the back road, and at last we reached The Magnolias, a charming white house with many windows, green blinds, and an ample gallery running across the wide front. Mary was just

finishing her toilet and her buggy was waiting to go to Port Glass to meet me. What a welcome she gave me! For, lo, these many years I had been promising to come, and as they rolled relentlessly on Mary had at last given up all faith in my promises, but Scipio, never. Mary is not older than I am, perhaps she is even younger, but she belongs more to the past, having lived so much with her mother who had received the old-fashioned romantic Southern education. This accomplished lady played the guitar, sang pretty, old-fashioned ballads to the end of her life, and spoke French with a delightful Southern accent. She read a great deal of poetry, knew *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* by heart, had exquisite manners, and was delicately pretty. She even figured in a Book of Beauty of famous Southern women. Living in the days when there were hosts of servants to do everything, she knew nothing about the practical or domestic part of life until after the death of her husband, when she began to manage her own plantation.

Scipio, the foreman, was born on The Magnolias and except for one or two trips to Vicksburg he has never left the plantation. He can neither read nor write but nevertheless he is a black gentleman and a very intelligent man. He loves in theory the great world, and pictures of London particularly delight him. When I send the *Illustrated London News* to Mary, with dukes and duchesses in glad array standing in the grounds of Buckingham Palace at a garden party, Scipio's face is wreathed in smiles, he fairly gloats over them. But he loves a ball better. Mary had a lovely photograph of Queen Alexandra in a ball gown, which mysteriously disappeared. She at once suspected that Scipio had borrowed it, and when she issued an edict saying that the

photograph *must* be recovered, it suddenly reappeared one morning and Scipio looked pensive all that day.

I met Mary in New York on her annual shopping tour. With her grand manner one might have thought that she had a portly negro coachman and footman waiting outside in a barouche for her numerous parcels, instead of having to use like other strap-hangers a crowded Sixth Avenue street car. I faithfully promised her then that this time in America I would visit The Magnolias. But for twenty-five years this promise had been given and not kept, so naturally she was somewhat doubtful of my intentions and she said more than once to Scipio, "I don't believe Miss Betty 's coming." Scipio never failed to answer confidently, "Yes, she will, Miss Mary." "What makes you think so?" Mary asked. "Why, Miss Mary," he said (looking at my photograph), "she has got one of dem unforgittin' faces. Look at dem eyes and de square set of dat jaw. She 's gwine to come, and you better be gittin' ready for her, I tell yo' dat right now."

Even in all the years when Mary ceased expecting me Scipio kept faith, and when I wrote to her from New Orleans saying I would be with her in a few days and she told him, he said, "Well, thank de Lawd, we suttenly will be gittin' de news from London now. Dat 's what makes me say what I do say. Take dese people wid de unforgittin' faces an' sooner or later you can always depen' on 'em."

The day before my arrival he noticed an engraving of Queen Victoria at the time of her coronation and said to his mistress, "Miss Mary, I 'm gwine to bring dat picture of de Queen from de hall upstairs and hang it over de mantelpiece in Mrs. O'Connor's room; it will make her feel more at home and she won't be so lone-

some for England." Mary said Scipio regarded me as an intimate friend of the Queen, and she had never been able to disillusion him of the idea.

He is getting a little grey now; it troubles him, and he said, "Miss Mary, I 'm gwine ter have a black silk cap to wear at de table, 'cause Mrs. O'Connor is sho' not to like grey hair."

"Why not?" said Mary. "She has grey hair of her own."

But Scipio was firm. He said:

"Nem-mine, she 's sho' not to like grey hair on a ole nigger."

So at dinner the night I arrived, the big silver candelabra, brilliantly burnished, holding half-a-dozen candles each, were lighted in my honour, and Scipio, in spotless white linen vest and coat, black trousers, and a neat black silk skull-cap, waited at table with old-fashioned courtesy.

Next day Mary proposed that we should drive to an adjoining plantation which had recently been bought by some people from the West. Scipio looked very gloomy when told to harness up the buggy. He said, "Miss Mary, you don' want ter know dat 'ar person. She 's common."

Mary said, "Why, I saw the lady in church. She 's quite a nice looking woman."

"Dat don't make no diffunce," said Scipio; "I tell you, Miss Mary, she ain't yo' kine."

"How do you know that?" said Mary.

"A woman what don't know de faces of her own flowers ain't wuth knowin'. An' dis here one don't know de Duchess of Luxemburg from Marshal Niel. She don't know a picayune from a Cherokee rose. She don't know love-lies-bleedin' from heartsease."

"One," remarked Mary, "often needs the other."

Scipio did not notice the interruption, but went on, "Nor do she know gillyflower from larkspur. No, ma'am, Miss Mary, you kin be lonesome, but you don't want to know dem folks. When I goes over dar for a errand she axes me to introduce her to her own flowers. Now nothin' kin be commoner dan dat. Why, part of being a lady is to be kin' to flowers. I done seen yo' ma kiss one ob dem fresh-faced Caroline Testers more dan once, I is dat."

Mary actually gave up the idea of making the acquaintance of the lady of the flower garden, and Scipio, as usual, won the day. Instead of a drive, we took a long walk over the plantation without hats or gloves, meeting but one person, a troubled, anxious darkey boy, driving a fine, refractory black and white cow. She had been sold by Scipio to a plantation seven miles away, and in a fit of homesickness had deserted her calf and had come back to The Magnolias.

Mary said, "It serves me right; I should never sell any cattle. It breaks my heart to do it, but I thought we had too many cows, and Scipio said we had better let just this one go. Now we will have to buy her back again."

We called to Scipio, who came and gave a Gargantuan laugh.

"Why, Miss Mary, dat 's de cow what you named Psyche; I tole you no cow what was named dat funny name could behave like udder cows. It 's a good job de man ain't paid me for her an' all I got to do is to go over an' fetch her calf."

The boy then explained that the cow was not the only truant.

"We thinks, Miss Mary, dat de red steer dun come

home too, we can't find him nowhere." And, sure enough, not far away, with a rope dangling from his neck, was the red steer grazing contentedly and switching his tail. "There now," said Mary, "I will never sell another animal while I live."

When we finished our walk I lingered on the balcony, for the early spring flowers had just begun to bloom. The honeysuckle and coral honeysuckle and little star jessamine were making the air sweet with perfume, and in a plant at the end of the balcony I recognised an old and long-sought-for friend. "Mary," I said, "is n't this a night-blooming jessamine?"

Mary answered:

> Not think of thee! O friendship's bloom,
> Is like the flower that shuns the light
> Which only sheds a rich perfume,
> When veiled in absence from the light.

"Then it is my long-lost darling," I said.

"I have spoken," replied Mary.

"And," I rejoined sadly, "I do so long to see it bloom once again."

"Then stay," said Mary, "until it sheds a rich perfume."

"No," I said, "I can't wait now, but some day I will come back in the month when the jessamine blooms, for next to carnations I love best the night-blooming jessamine. When I was a child and went to bed before it opened, my mother always laid a spray of it on my pillow, and if I awakened I instantly put my hand out to hold it to my face. My Rose, when I am in London, often puts a flower beside my bed, and when wakefulness comes, it is a fragrant comforter. There are some

lovely things I want unchanged in heaven. I hope the flowers will all be the same."

"Yes," said Mary; "the same flowers, and the same birds and the same butterflies, and, oh, my dear, above all, the same dearly loved and gone-before people."

That night after I had gone to bed, Scipio said, "Miss Mary, Miss Betty" (he had dropped the Mrs. O'Connor), "looks right young, don't she?" A peculiarity of his is that, like children, he always wants the people he likes to be young. So Mary answered with hesitation, for she knew it would be a blow to him, "She is n't *very* old, but you know she is a grandmother." Scipio winced. "For de Lawd's sake, Miss Mary, she ought not to tell nobody dat! Why do she? Anyway she is just as neat as if she was sixteen, 'cause I bin in her room and put some roses on her dressin' table and I jes' took a look aroun':"

I told Scipio that later I was going to Vicksburg to pay a visit. He said he hoped I would like it, that he did n't. "Dey tells me de hotels is good in Vicksburg, but I think dese here town darkies is mis'rable creatures; dey ain't got no awes of de white folks. My Mammy brought me up to have awes of white folks, and I think it 's jes' what a darkey ought to have. Dem Vicksburg town ones, wid brown boots an' great big teeth all filled up wid gole, I ain't got no use for, and I tells dem dat myself when I goes to Vicksburg. But I got a sister dat lives dere, she 's a mighty good washerwoman and a mighty good woman. Miss Mary will tell you dat. Her name is Lucinda Norton, and if you wants her to wait on you I will get my niece to write a letter for me."

The night after my arrival Mary and I went to a negro wedding in the New Town Landing Baptist

Church. It was a very long entertainment, and would have been much more magnificent, if the boll-weevil had not so seriously interfered with the income of the various participants. The church was crowded, with people standing up even outside the door. Two seats in the first row had been reserved for Mary and her guest. In a few moments Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by ear on a melodeon. It was not *quite* Mendelssohn's Wedding March but strongly reminiscent of it, with little independent twirls and imaginative flights in between the original harmony.

Then Bacchus Top, the bride's father, and his daughter, Blanche Evelyn Top, slowly advanced up the aisle, followed by a bridesmaid and groomsman, the bride's mother, Mrs. Bacchus Top, and Charlie Top, the brother. Blanche, in spite of her name, was an indelible ink spot. She looked like a pillar of soot clothed in diaphanous white swiss muslin, a long white veil, a colossal wreath of orange blossoms towering to a point in front like a cathedral, and large white shoes with immense rosettes. She carried in her hand a Bible covered in silver paper, evidently having heard that smart brides now carry prayer-books. She presented a wonderful figure, and certainly "Solomon in all his glory" was never arrayed like that.

The bridegroom, a small, bandy-legged, pathetically self-conscious, black negro, stood at the foot of the altar waiting for Blanche. Large check trousers of brown and white adorned his barrel-hoop legs; brown shoes, a black swallow-tail coat, a white waistcoat, and a blue tie completed his costume. The black preacher took the marriage license out of his pocket and read it in a sonorous voice to the congregation. This was to be a marriage "wid a pair of licenses an' de book," not

a "takin' up"—I suppose to show that the marriage was really a legal one. With due gusto and decorum he then proceeded to unite Blanche Evelyn Top and Billy Brooks in holy wedlock.

After the preacher had bestowed his blessing, a tall, jet-black negro advanced, and delivered a short address. He became very eloquent and some of the guests wept, while Blanche Evelyn sobbed aloud, and Billy Brooks stood first on one large brown foot and then on the other and looked immensely uncomfortable. The orator said, "We gathers here to witness this secret cirimony." (I turned to Mary and said, "Why secret with about three hundred people in the church?" Mary said, "My dear, you have been too long in England; he means *sacred.*") "We fetches up a daughter," he continued, "and we watches ober her day an' night. She 's a good gal of fine elements, an' den when she 's young, an' fresh an' tender, an' useful, we is obleeged to give her up. A stranger comes an' she des flies into dem arms of his 'n befo' you kin say 'Jack Roberson." (Mary leaned over to me and said, "Billy Brooks was born in the next cabin and has played with Blanche Evelyn since they were six months old!") Loud sobs came from Blanche Evelyn. The father, Bacchus Top, ejaculated, "Now ain't dat de troof." And the congregation said, "You spoke a parable."

The speaker continued: "When William S. Brooks fust axed Bacchus Top fo' de hand ob Blanche Evelyn, he declined de idea, but love gits ober de roughest places, he don't keer fur jolts, not in de beginnin', anyway. In de een Bacchus Top saw dat William Brooks had consumed his time in a way dat was favourable to savin' a right smart sum ob money, so he done gib his consent to de marriage, an' dat 's how it come to take

place." (A few sniffles from the congregation, mothers and fathers, I presume, of young and tender daughters.) "Yes, frien's an' neighbours, an' young an' ole, an' rich an' pore, after dis here secret cirimony, de most secret condition in de whole ob dis here roun' worl', arises for a man and a woman, dey is jined togedder in holy wedlock as long as dey live, unless dey git a divo'ce, and dis is somethin' which ain't only occurred onct on Miss Mary's plantation, and not onct since de boll-weevil is come, and even dough de boll-weevil, please God, goes back to whar' he comes from, I hope it will never happen agin. Well, all ob us knows dis here Billy Brooks. He is a good man, I tell you, an' a splendid cotton picker. We all knows Miss Blanche Evelyn as one ob dese high fliers, but neber min', she 's young, an' dar 's nothin' like matrimony to make a woman fly low instid ob high. An', anyhow, she 's bin a good chile to her ma and her pa, and she 'll be a good wife to Billy Brooks. He ain't like so many husbands, a stranger from a' adjoinin' plantation; but a man must always be a stranger to his wife till he 's married to her; den he shows hissef as hissef, and den she shows hersef as hersef, an' den sometimes de whole roun' worl' is full ob trouble. So dough Blanche Evelyn and Billy Brooks has knowed each other all dey lives, dey 's strangers till Billy Brooks has showed hissef what he is an' what he 's goin' to be, and Blanche Evelyn has showed hersef what she is an' what she 's goin' to be. You all dun heerd ob de man what got married an' when he tuk his wife home, he got out a pair ob breeches an' laid dem on de baid. Den he say to his wife, 'Look at dem, an' tell me who 's gwine to wear 'em; ef it 's you, I wants to know it right now, 'cause it will save a mighty heap ob trouble. Ef it 's me, I 'll keep 'em on dis time forward.' Now in dis

weddin' maybe needer Billy Brooks nor Blanche Evelyn knows who 's agwine to wear dis garment but I does, dough I ain't agwine to tell nobody; I ain't gwine to say a word. But nebber min' who 's gwine to wear dem breeches, I sho' does want dis here man an' dis here woman in sperrit an' life, as long as dey libs together, dat dey love each oder, dat dey 'll make a home de one for de oder, an' pick cotton togedder and have children togedder, and live to be ole people. 'Cause when married folks lives togedder dese many years an' gits de habits ob each oder, in de een dey 'll be one person. Dis is de good luck an' de good fortune dat I wishes for Mr. and Mrs. William S. Brooks."

He then unfastened a large gold cross from the neck of Blanche and held it in his hand. A hymn was sung, the bride and groom sat down, and two men advanced with two very large washing baskets, one of them full and the other empty. Mr. P. C. Hall, he of the "secret" discourse, stepped down between the two baskets and held up in front of the congregation the gold cross, with a suspiciously large diamond in the centre. "Dis here, ladies an' gentlemen, is from Miss Mary Davis, de owner of dis plantation, an' mo' den dat, a sho' nuff lady, and the cross am gole an' de diamond do shine." The cross was then handed back to Blanche Evelyn, who adjusted it about her neck. He next held up a small glass lamp and read on the card, "Mrs. Joseph Langham to Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks, an' de light shall shine, dat 's what we all hopes for 'em, an' always nuff oil for it to shine wid."

He then exhibited a pair of heavy, unbleached cotton sheets from Mrs. Delilah Young. "Dese here sheets is strong and tough, dear sisters and brederin'; I only hopes dat de love ob de bride an' groom is goin' to last

as long as what dese sheets is. It 'll take a many a year to wear 'em out. Maybe some day, an' I hope it 'll be a long day fo' de sheet an' de man, dey 'll be de windin' sheet ob Billy Brooks." Billy Brooks shivered. The sheets were then solemnly placed back in the basket. "An' here," said Mr. Hall, "is de present ob de bride's ma, Mrs. Bacchus Top"—a frying-pan, a teakettle, and a large sieve were held up. "Dese things is fur de kitchen an' to encourage de bride to stay in it, fur de most ob de time; dat 's where de wife belongs, wid her fryin'-pans an' her teakittles an' her sieves, an' when she ain't dar, wid her sewin' an' her mendin', she ought to be waitin' wid a lovin' smile for her husband to come home. But on his side he must n't keep her waitin' too long; no, sir, when de fry is ready, dar 's whar *he* ought to be."

The cooking utensils clattered into the waiting basket and he held up a long pink envelope sealed with two pink flying cupids. "Dis am de cheque from de bride's pa to her, an' it don't make no difference what de amount is, de cheque am here. De rest ob de people on dis plantation ain't got no use for a bank, an' a bank ain't got no use for dem, but Mr. Top made hissef into what might be called a citizen wid needs for a bank, an' you can't get no furder dan dis. He is got up wid, an' befo', de bird an' de worm, he is toiled, he is a shinin' mark for every big or little coloured man on de place to follow." Loud applause with, "He is dat, amen!" from the men, and "Hallelujah!" from the women. The envelope was then carefully handed to Blanche Evelyn. Then two very meagre towels were held up, with Mr. and Mrs. Zack Foster's compliments. Mr. Hall smiled genially: "Now did anybody eber see de beat ob dat? Brer Zack Foster suttenly is a clean man,

an' he wants Billy Brooks to wash his hands as often as he do."

Next came from Mr. Ned Bullen a lace collar with a flattering remark about the beautiful neck of the bride. This was followed by a long list of heterogeneous objects, none of them in the least useful; therefore they gave particular pleasure to the giver and the receiver and all of them were held up to the audience and commented upon as they were transferred from one basket to another.

The baskets were now removed, and Mr. and Mrs. William S. Brooks turned about to receive the congratulations of the guests. An enormous pink cake, profusely covered with white roses, and a tray bearing wine glasses were passed round with a distinctly heady brand of wine. I only sipped a little, as it seemed composed entirely of aromatic alcohol. We then helped ourselves to a small portion of cake, congratulated the bride and groom, and drove home in the beautiful spring moonlight. I was vastly and tenderly amused by the evening's festivities, which seemed to have transported me back again to the scenes of my childhood.

My week with Mary was a visit all too short, for the house was full of memories of the old South, old letters, old engravings, old books, which I had no time to see satisfactorily. It is curious how alike the tastes of Southern people were. Every old library in the South, no matter how meagre, contains *Chambers' Journal*, the copies all bound in glossy yellow covers with a little border of green leaves round the edge and a branch of green in the centre; Byron, Moore, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Thackeray, a complete set of Scott and Dickens, and several Books of Beauty. I came across an adored one of my childhood—*Women of*

*Beauty and Heroism from Semiramis to Eugénie*, with charming engravings of Penelope, Beatrice, Jeanne d'Arc, Isabella, Diane de Poitiers, Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Pocahontas, Nell Gwynne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Marie Antoinette, Queen Victoria (rose in hair), Charlotte Brontë, and the "Maid of Saragoza."

> Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
> Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
> Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
> The foe retires—she heads the rallying host:
> Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?

A good verse, with its martial ring, for the Suffragists.

All Southern races are instinctive lovers of poetry and music. Lisa Lehman's "Persian Garden" from the immortal Omar Khayyam is known and sung throughout the South; and when I tell them she is a granddaughter of Robert Chambers they feel that she is a well-known friend.

Among a bundle of faded letters written by Mary's mother to her father soon after they were married was one dated on a Mississippi steamboat in 1857. She said:

"The journey has been perfectly delightful. The steamer is large and luxurious, beautifully furnished, and the staterooms are very comfortable. Several of our mutual friends from the Delta have been at the landing stages to say a word of welcome and give me bunches of roses. The people on board are very interesting. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Prentiss have a stateroom next mine. He is the most brilliant talker I ever met, so witty, eloquent, and delightful. Mrs. Prentiss runs her husband close in wit and they are an excellent foil for each other and an example to all hus-

bands and wives inasmuch as they never spoil each other's stories. You do not hear him say, 'On Tuesday last I was walking down Fourth Street in Louisville, Kentucky,' and Mrs. Prentiss interrupt him with, 'No, my dear, it was *Saturday* afternoon.' As if it matters to the hearer when a story is told whether the incident occurred on Saturday afternoon, Sunday, Monday or Tuesday. After seeing the Prentisses play into each other's hands with such distinction and humour, never again will I correct you, my dear, even if I know your story to be entirely of the imagination, and if nothing in it happened on *any* day of the week.

"There is a beautiful play actress on board, and her husband is a handsome man with large dark eyes and a Roman nose. They say his name is Booth and he comes from England. They have lost their only son, a year old babe, and they actually seem to be deeply grieved. I would like, in a Christian spirit, to speak to her, but the ladies on board would not understand my action, and it takes courage, for you know none of my friends and acquaintances have ever in their lives spoken to a play actress."

Actors in those days were regarded as such pariahs, so different and apart from the rest of the world, that evidently this lady was greatly surprised at their suffering grief like ordinary mortals. Fifty-four years, have, however, reversed the position of the gentle chatelaine of the plantation and the play actress of to-day. Now, this lady's granddaughter would probably be waiting at the wings to present a bunch of violets and an admiring letter to a star, who, if capricious, would have no hesitation in refusing to see her, for play actresses are no longer pariahs and outcasts, but are veritable queens of the world.

On the day of my departure, when I looked for the last time at the pretty, sleepy old house, with its long roomy verandah in its flowery setting of early spring

blossoms, my heart was full of regret and, absent-mindedly, I brushed against the freshly painted fence. But Scipio was quite equal to the occasion. He said, "Des a minute, Miss Betty, while I des assassinate a flannel cloth in turpentine, and I 'll take dat paint off your dress in a jiffy." And in the twinkling of an eye the dress was cleaned and we started on our journey.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

The very thought of this is sweet;
What though the memory be fleet,
The sound, the odour, but a snatch?
It is the clicking of the latch.

REESE.

NEW TOWN LANDING is only a mile from The Magnolias, and Mary offered to go with me to Natchez, which would give us a day and a night on the river. The landings on the Mississippi are not landings in the builders' or architects' sense of the word, for, if nature and the river do not make it, there is no landing at all, and at New Town the bank of the river is so steep that it makes the bridge almost perpendicular. With the deep brown water flowing beneath and not even a rope to offer a sense of protection, my courage failed me for a moment; but the captain and chief mate ran up the plank, each gave me his arm, and with my eyes fixed on the blue sky, I found myself quickly deposited on deck. Mary, even more tremulous than I, followed me with the same assistance.

There are now comparatively few passengers travelling on these boats. The bends of the river, Palmyra Lake, and the many landings where oil, bacon, meal, flour, corn, ploughs, rakes, spades, and cotton are unloaded, extend a journey of two hours by rail into one

of a day and a night by water. When I was a little girl and my father brought me North to place me in a boarding school, it was not so long after the war but that some of the splendid steamers still plied their way up and down the Mississippi. We were a week on board and, child as I was, that mighty, uncontrolled river even then held a wondrous charm for me, and I recollect the week of dancing and singing and laughter and light and the gay people who only went to bed at rosy dawn.

It was the last week in September, and the autumn sunshine was of a most luminous gold. At night the river was a veritable diamond-studded lake, while flaming torches lighted the splendid dark forests standing in their myriad hosts on the banks, and soft winds stole northward to us from the Gulf of Mexico, bringing the sweetest odours of honeysuckle and orange-groves, and the tonic breath of the pines. We could almost hear the rustle of the lime trees on the banks. The "roustabouts," or porters, were up all night, as we stopped at the various landings, where we deposited barrels of molasses and flour, cornmeal, sugar, coffee, whisky and brandy, kegs of salt fish and pickles, and, for the richer planters, all sorts and kinds of delicious condiments. The rousters, like the jinriksha men, descend from one generation to another. Tall, black, muscular, healthy, hearty, abnormally strong specimens of manhood, they can pick up a barrel weighing one hundred and ninety-six pounds and sling it on their shoulders as easily as an ordinary man would handle a baseball.

As soon as the sun went down, the banjo began to give out its song as the night jessamine gives out its perfume. One tall, dandified negro silenced the voices

on the deck above, as he picked up his banjo and sang:

Late in de fall de ribber mos' dry,
Water lie low and de banks lie high,
Bullfrog roll up his pants jes' so,
An' he wade acrost from sho' to sho'.
Oh, you gallernipper,
Down on de Mississipper,
Gallernipper,
Mississipper,
O-hi-O!

Water so shaller dat de eel can't swim
'Dout kickin' up de dus' in de middle o' de stream;
Sun shine hot, an' de catfish say,
'We 'se gettin' right freckle-faced down our way!'
Oh, you gallernipper. . . .

I remember still every detail of our journey and my first impressions of that wonderful stream of mystery and charm, the slow-winding Mississippi—that river unique in all the world, which can boast of a duel fought on account of a sneering remark made about its greatness.

The authentic story says that about forty years ago the Chevalier Tomasi, a very learned man, an academician, who was living in New Orleans, published a statement about this river. He said that technically he could stop the river, make it deeper, or restrict it within scientific boundaries. A fiery Creole remarked to Tomasi that he was too sanguine about the management of the Mississippi, as it was a very headstrong stream, as changeable, as uncertain, and as fascinating as a woman. Apparently, the Creator of the universe had rules for everything in the world except that unique

body of water, which was a law unto itself. To this remark Tomasi gave a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, and said with a sneer, "Oh, you Americans know nothing of the geographical world; there are rivers in Europe so much larger than the Mississippi that they make it by contrast a mere creek." The Creole replied, white with rage, "Sir, I will never, as a Louisianian, permit the great Mississippi to be insulted in my presence." And he accompanied the remark with the flirt of a glove in the Chevalier's face.

A challenge was the consequence. Seconds were chosen, and the party repaired to the famous duelling ground of the day, where the Creole wounded Professor Tomasi, mortally, it was thought. Soon afterwards, however, the Chevalier appeared in the street with a bandage about his jaw. He had lost a good deal of blood, and was very pale. When asked about the duel, he stripped off the bandage and it was seen that the sword of the defender of the Mississippi had passed across his mouth from one cheek to the other. The Chevalier said, "I live, as you see, scarred for life, and my antagonist lives. That is the fault of your miserable American steel. My sword, when I gave him a deadly thrust, bent as if it were made of lead." But there was no one to defend American steel, and the Chevalier did not fight a second duel.

And, although my time was limited, the allurement of the mighty river called to me like the voice of a siren. There are many fine plantations to be seen. The banks can boast of primeval forests rich in game of every description. One huntsman on board said he and a party of friends, ten or twelve men, had killed twenty-nine black bears in one day. There are numbers of trappers living in the woods who make a good income

out of skunk and otter, beaver and coon, and the much-desired grey squirrel.

Nevertheless, the life along the river is as intimate as that of the Thames. Every planter knows the estate of every other planter, and the familiar history for generations of each family. "Davis Bend" is named for the master of Brierfield, the plantation of Jeff Davis; "Ashfield" belongs to Lady Ritchie, who married Sir James Ritchie; and "Limerick" is so-called in honour of an Irish family.

Although it was dusk a tall beacon light announced the landing of "Hard Times," a misnomer it seems, as the owner was a millionaire, and travelled up and down the river to superintend nine plantations. He lived during the winter at "Winter Quarters."

"Yes," said Mary to the Captain, "there shines the beacon at 'Hard Times' and all the family are dead. I remember when I was going there to visit Mrs. Gillespie she wrote to tell me that her husband would meet me at the landing. She had gathered seventy varieties of roses that day, to glorify the house for my coming."

"She loved roses, then," I said.

"Oh," said Mary, "she was the sweetest, daintiest creature; she loved everything that was beautiful."

"They were about the richest people on the river," remarked the Captain.

"And yet," said Mary, "the early years of their married life were dreadfully overshadowed. Mrs. Gillespie lost her first three children. When they died Mr. Gillespie would allow no hand to touch them but his own; he even carried the little coffins in his arms to the grave. Then came the last son, Jack, and he lived to grow up and was very handsome and clever and charming, but he, too, died young."

"Luckily," said the Captain, "his father and mother had both gone before him. Mrs. Gillespie died from a cold she contracted while making peach preserves on a charcoal fire. It was in the autumn and she wore a white muslin gown and got chilled, and never recovered from an attack of pneumonia."

"Yes," said Mary, "she was one of those notable housewives, who made their own preserves, and preserved peaches in brandy and cordials, and cherry and peach and apricot brandies. How delicious they were, and what pride the old-fashioned Southern housekeeper took in her still-room!"

My mind wandered back to the good old days when the splendid opulent plantations were intact, and not divided up into small holdings and leased as they are now to the negroes. Nor was the boll-weevil known then, that tragic insect, which has brought almost as much distress upon the South as the Civil War, but from which it is already nobly recovering.

But I was recalled to the present by a Mississippi man who had been regarding me closely and steadily for at least five minutes. He was, I learned afterwards, only two years and six months old, and, like Napoleon, was small of stature, but he made the most of his inches by an erect and proud carriage. His face was perfectly serious, not in the least sullen, but thoughtful. He wore his hat, however, like a thorough rake. It was the smallest Panama I have ever seen; it turned up all round except for a pert peak in front, and he carried it jauntily dangling on one ear. He was quite alone on deck, no nurse or mother interfered with his complete freedom. After his close scrutiny of me, although he did n't smile I thought I detected an urbane expression on his little square face, so I said, "How do you do?"

and put out my hand. He was a very long time taking it, but finally he solemnly shook hands with me and then retreated. In ten minutes he was back again to make a second examination, which seemed more satisfactory than the first. I said to him, "You are slow in making up your mind, but I have an idea you would make a fast friend." He said, "Oh, Ouch!" and again he promenaded the deck, going to the extreme end of the steamer. After a short meditation there, he returned and standing as straight as a little soldier before me, he said, "Up!" I gathered him in my arms, sat him on my knee, smoothed his tow head, placed his hat at a more serious angle, and thus our acquaintance began. "I thought," I said, "that rakish hat meant something." He grinned, showing at the time a good set of strong little teeth, and pointing to a negro carrying a barrel said, "Nigger work." Then I gave him my watch, which has a good loud introductory tick, and it just fitted his ear. For quite ten minutes that amused him, and the knife and a red lucky bean in my bunch of charms found great favour in his eyes. At the end of this examination a new treasure was discovered, my little brown leather bag, bought for me by my dear far-away English Rose in Wiesbaden. It opened and shut with a loud snap. I opened it, he shut it, and this game we played for some interesting moments. Finally, he dived into its contents and found a small pair of scissors in a red leather case. Oh joy! he could hold them in his small fingers, they just fitted and yet were safely closed. He was now conversational, trusting, and happy.

The Captain said, "It looks like war with Mexico."

"Mex," said the Mississippi man to me.

"Anyhow," said the Captain, "Uncle Sam will

manage these Dagos. He made things all right with Cuba."

"Cuba! Ba!" said the Mississippi man, greatly astonished.

Then his father appeared and said, "See here, young man, I 've been a-lookin' for you. I thought you 'd went overboard."

"No," said the child.

"I 'm mighty glad you ain't," said the father. "Maw wants to wash your face. Come now, the lady' s tired, come along, Albert."

Albert stiffened. "No, I won't go."

His father said, "I ain't never seen sich a child. We ain't got no neighbours. Albert 's been brought up on a plantation, he ain't never seen no people till to-day, and he ain't but two years and six months old, but he ain't afraid of nothin' on earth, neither bulls, nor cows, nor horses, nor people. He ain't never seen a boat till to-day but he do just like he owned the boat, an' now he 's doin' just like he owned you. He 's slow to make up his mind, but he dun made it up 'bout you, an' he likes you just the same as he does his maw. Now, son, stop lissenin' to the watch an' shut up the bag, an' come an' see brother Robert."

"No," said Albert doggedly, "no Wobbert."

"Listen to him," said his father, "he just loves Robert. Here," giving him a five-cent piece, "take this nickel to Robert." Albert took the nickel and with an enchanting smile presented it to me. "May I keep it?" I said to the father, "in remembrance of a very brave little gentleman?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the father, "an' shore he is. I 've yet got to see Albert afraid of any livin' thing. He 's little, but he 's game all through, an' he 's got a

heap of sense an', more, that chile 's got judgment. Come on, son, mother 'll be searchin' for us in a minute."

And Albert wept at our parting, not angrily like the ordinary child, but a few, self-repressed, strong, manly tears.

Later he came back of his own accord to kiss me good-bye. He was n't a cuddling, appealing child. He will not win friends by his charm, but by his straightforward honesty, his wonderful courage, and supreme confidence. He is one of Mississippi's smallest sons, and he comes of the people, but he already does credit to the State. The last I saw of him he was trotting behind his mother, a tuft of his tow hair sticking out beyond the peak of the Panama hat, which had resumed its saucy angle. His father, carrying the baby, offered him his hand, but he declined it and walked alone. Perhaps some day Albert will be a great soldier, or a great statesman, or even President of the United States.

In the evening Mary and I sat late on deck. It was the 17th of March, and the Captain, who was of Irish descent, gave me a small brooch containing a figure of St. Patrick in porcelain surrounded by a little silken wreath of shamrock, and the flag of Erin was hung in the cabin. I think there was more real sentiment for St. Patrick along the banks of the Mississippi than in the East. A young journalist on *The Herald* describing to me a St. Patrick's day parade in New York said, "It is wonderfully democratic and is carried out in the widest catholic spirit. First, there will be one Irishman and two Jews, then two Irish and four Greeks, then four Irishmen and two Turks and two Armenians, then six Irishmen and ten Italians and a scattering of Germans; all of them wearing large bunches of shamrock, and nobody knowing why the Dickens they have got it on;

but what they do know is there will be "lashins" of drink towards nightfall, one or two good, stirring fights, and any number of broken heads. So they all enjoy themselves, though it is Babel, for they cannot speak each other's tongue."

Although the boats are no longer splendid on the Mississippi, the charm of the great river is there. The splendid flaming sunsets of ruddy gold and deepest rose and purest violet blaze in the west and turn the water into lakes of living fire, and the rousters still play and sing on the lower deck after nightfall begins. A good baritone lifted up his voice tunefully in:

Adam neber had no mammy
Fur to take him on her knee
And tell him what was right, and show him
Things he 's ought to see.
I know, down in my heart,
He 'd a' let dat apple be;
But Adam neber had no dear old mammy.

Adam neber had no childhood,
Playin' round de cabin do',
He neber had no pickininny life,
He started in a great big grown-up man, and what is mo',
He neber had no right kind of a wife.

Even in this little ballad Eve bears more than her share of the blame. "He neber had no right kind of a wife." Possibly not, but Adam was a weak creature. He needed no temptation, he was just as ready as he could be for that apple, and even a woman with a strong will who would have *forbidden* him to eat it could not have stopped him. If he had been as contrary as many men, just to show his independence of character, he would have eaten two apples instead of one.

My room on the steamer was very comfortable. It was furnished with a double brass bedstead, a chest of drawers, an ample washstand, and, notwithstanding the noise at the landings, I slept well. Next morning we arrived in good time at Natchez. Mary is a great lover of poetry, and she roused me quite early saying, "Get up, sleepyhead; here we are in Natchez-under-the-hill." I was very regretful at being disturbed in my unusual slumber, and grumbled, "And what of Natchez-under-the-hill?" "My dear," she said, "don't you remember that illustrious gentleman, Jim Bludso?'

"'He were n't no saint; them engineers
Is pretty much alike,
One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill
And another one here in Pike.'"

"Well," I said, "well."

"'All boats has their day on the Mississippi,
And her day came at last,
The *Movastar* was a better boat
But the *Belle* she would n't be passed;
And so she came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
And brunt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I 'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot 's ashore."

Through the hot, black wreath of the burnin' boat,
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure 's you 're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle.*

He were n't no saint but at jedgment
I 'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentleman
That would n't a-shook hands with him.'"

"Mary," I said, reproachfully, "I think poetry before breakfast is unbearable."

She said, "It is n't before breakfast; here is a cup of coffee I 've brought you with my own fair hands. It will put you in a good humour at once."

"I remember," I said, "that my father was once blown up in a Mississippi steamboat, just about here at Natchez. There is a legend in the family that he owed his transparent colour to the accident. His skin before that was somewhat dark and sallow, but after he had been scalded and parboiled, it all peeled off and he came out with a beautiful pink and white complexion. Not only that, but he was a hero, having pushed a woman and her little boy into his place in the lifeboat; therefore he shared the fate of the captain and the sailors when the boat was blown up. He said the last recollection he had of anything was of a Methodist clergyman rushing up and down the deck with his child in his arms, screaming, 'O God, save me and my little boy! O God, save me and my little boy!' As to the fate of the other little boys and the people on the boat he was supremely

indifferent, if God would only save *him* and *his* little boy. My father was fished up out of the river in an insensible condition, terribly burned, and carried to shore, where he was nursed in kindly fashion for weeks by the family of a planter. Except for one or two scars on his beautiful hands there was nothing to tell of the disaster."

Natchez was before the war one of the richest places on the Mississippi, and it is certain in time to recover its prosperity. There is no place on the river with more beautiful natural advantages. The high bluffs slope sharply down to the broad and impressive water and there are any number of splendid ante-bellum houses that speak of its former riches and importance. For that reason, probably, William Edward West settled here as a portrait painter. He was the artist who afterwards painted Byron in his "sky-blue bombazine and Camelot frock coat," and the Countess Guiccioli, with her romantic appearance and hair of deep auburn colour, flowing over her shoulders in profuse ringlets. He also painted Rebecca Gratz, the original of "Ivanhoe," Washington Irving having inspired Sir Walter to this romance by his praise of the young American Jewish girl who had parted from her adored Christian lover rather than give up the faith of her fathers. Another of West's delightful portraits was one of Mrs. Hemans, and he painted the genial, kindly Washington Irving, with a slight cast in his eye, which he undoubtedly had, for West was true to life. Among the numerous portraits of famous persons left by him, the *chef d'œuvre* is that of Shelley. This, painted after years o serious study abroad, was in Richmond, but I scarcely expected to see it.

Those old planters in Natchez travelled and knew

something of art. They saw the talent of West, but also that he could not draw, and his portrait of Doctor Brown sent him to that fount of all inspiration, Italy, where he became not only a good draughtsman but mastered his art.

An ante-bellum home in Natchez of special note is that of Mrs. Benneville Rhodes. It was built by her great-grandmother and the architecture is of the simplest but is also the most satisfying and best. The hall, probably forty feet long, and proportionately broad, runs the whole length of the house. On one side of it is the drawing-room. The walls are covered with old-fashioned white and gold French paper. The enormous windows are curtained with dull yellow brocade, the velvet carpet has a white ground with a design of amber and old rose, and the furniture is of carved rosewood, so beloved in the old South. The room, wisely left to its own dignity, is not overcrowded in the modern fashion by little fancy objects having no relation to the period of the furniture, and the result is a sense of peace and repose. Across the hall is a music-room, the great dining-room, the library, and, in Southern fashion, an unusually wide gallery runs from one end of the house to the other. The house although standing in the town of Natchez is set in a beautiful park of sixty-five acres, wooded with splendid specimens of giant live-oaks, softly draped with pennants of moss. The garden contains a miniature copy of the Maze at Hampton Court, and is sweet with myriads of roses and all the old-fashioned flowers.

The family who inhabit this beautiful old place complete the picture. The eldest daughter, with her satin complexion, regular features, and fair shining hair worn back from her white forehead *à la pompadour*, is

like nothing so much as an exquisite Dresden statuette. The youngest daughter, with dark hair, well-marked eyebrows, brilliant dark eyes, dressed in simple white muslin, blue sash, white stockings, and the tiniest of black velvet slippers, looked as if a modest heroine of Jane Austen's had stepped out of one of the old English portraits hanging in the hospitable hall.

This was not Jim Bludso's Natchez-under-the-hill but a very aristocratic, fine flavoured, Natchez-over-the-hill. In our drive about the lovely old town, Mr. Rhodes directed my attention to the magnificent view beyond the river, the bluish hills in the extreme distance, and one or two softly wooded islands, surrounded by the pink haze of a perfect sunset. He said, "Now and then I throw off the fetters of civilisation and that is where I go hunting and fishing. There is an occasional bear to be found, with deer, hares, ducks, and plenty of birds and wild turkeys. And nothing so rests my spirit and puts me in such good temper as a solitary two weeks' hunt, for in every American there is a trace of the Indian hunter."

A little "toot" reminded us that the train was coming and we wended our way to the station. "Don't forget," said Mr. Rhodes, as I got into the train, "that you promised to send those English broad beans. I want to see what I can do with them in the South."

I replied, "I 'll remember. I 'm Old Reliable. But don't you forget to give them plenty of water, for everything grown in England is accustomed to humidity."

I have sent the beans, and am some day to know how they like American soil.

# CHAPTER XIX

## HARRIS DICKSON

Of friendship one can never lightly speak;
It is the eye of Heaven to the soul;
Without it life were pitiless and bleak,
And wanton self in us lost to control.

. . . . . .

O friend, be thou my mirror, and advise
How best my soul may please thy watchful eyes.

LILIAN STREET.

THERE has never been a country in the whole world where the flower of friendship has blossomed so luxuriantly, or breathed such a sweet perfume as in the South. The whole conditions of life have lent themselves to the growth of this grateful and blessed plant. Before the war, the opulent hospitality, the many servants, the rigid line drawn between the upper and the lower classes led to constant intermarriage between the old families, and to an intimacy so close as virtually to establish a kinship. Then came those terrible years of bloodshed that prostrated and impoverished the entire land, but they brought out the tenderness, loyalty, inborn pride, and endurance of the Southern character. Through all the darkened atmosphere burned a clear white flame, as strong and pure and steady as though lighted by the hand of a saint on a holy altar—the light of friendship. There was no

luxurious comfort or material benefit now, only self-sacrifice, unspoken tenderness, and sympathy silently expressed—words would have brought tears, and for a proud heart and soul a covering is necessary. So, poor and weary and sad and broken, the South was still richer in love than any other country. War had devastated the land; the flowers in the garden were dead; but the flower of friendship, watered by long years of blood and tears, bloomed brighter than ever, for sentiment is indestructible. And to-day, nearly half a century since the war, this tender plant still blooms hardily and tropically in the South. The thick leaves rustle and move to announce the coming of this rich blossom of the heart.

When in Vicksburg I met Harris Dickson for the first time, and the flower of friendship quickly bloomed for us. Perhaps an aid to our rapid understanding was his relief in finding that I did not answer to the description given him by a passenger who had crossed on the steamer with a namesake of mine. She described me as a "lady who wore a green satin dress, gave lectures on the Celtic language, and was surrounded by admirers of the opposite sex." Harris Dickson found me wearing a reliable English blue serge, surrounded by solitude, very eager to listen,—to learn and not to lecture. After some days he asked me what I thought was a peculiar question.

"Have you a green satin dress?"

"No," I said, "but if you like a green satin dress I can get one."

"And," he asked, "do you lecture on the Celtic language?"

"I lecture on nothing," I said, "and the only thing I know on the subject is that when George Moore was

temporarily an enthusiastic Irishman he issued an edict to his sister-in-law for his two nephews to learn the Celtic language under pain of disinheritance."

"Then," said he, "you were not the lady who crossed the Atlantic in a green satin dress, delivered a lecture on Celtic lore, and was vastly admired by my sex?"

"No," I said, "I have no lore. I know too much for the professional charmer, too little for the intellectual man, and nothing for the politician, so my friends among your exacting sex are few."

"Then where," he said, "do I come in?"

"You," I said, "are already in, through the open door of the South."

We talked together for two days, almost without ceasing. I told him of my temerity in writing a book about the South.

"My only equipment is twenty-five years of homesickness," I explained.

He looked kind and encouraging. "Well, never mind," he said. "Your equipment might be worse. Write the book; have it typed with wide margins; send it here and I will look it over and give you any suggestions that occur to me."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you are going to edit my book?"

He smiled. "That 's what it looks like," he answered. And the bud of the flower of friendship burst into grateful blossom. Why should a busy, talented writer offer to take such infinite trouble? Because he recognised in me a woman of the old South, the South of appeal, of helplessness, while he is a man of the young South, the South of helpfulness, of progress, and still, thank Heaven, of impulsive generosity.

While we walked about historic Vicksburg he said,

"Would you like to see the old quarters where I began my career as a very youthful stenographer of twelve?"

I said, "Certainly I should, and I am sure you were quite a decent stenographer, even at that age."

"Well, if I had n't been," he said, "they would have turned me down."

"How I envy you people versed in stenography," I said. "It is one of the most useful things in the world for every writer, every journalist, and every thinker. The mind receives no better drilling than the study of shorthand. It is woman's best friend, and it is no less useful to man."

"You speak," he said, "like a sage in a copy-book."

In the meantime we had arrived at the Court-House, and as the court was not sitting we could wander over it at our own sweet will. The old janitor was at the door. Harris Dickson said, "You must stop and speak to him; he is one of the best-mannered gentlemen in the town."

The Court-House is a fine classical building, and it had the quiet and restfulness about it of concentrated thought, and moreover there was the delightful odour of books and papers that I remember as a little girl, for I drove to court every morning with my father, who very often took me into one of the court-rooms for a few moments before he kissed me good-bye and sent me home with my mammy.

My father had the same passionate tenderness for me that George III gave to his little daughter, the Princess Amelia, and like her

> Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
> I laughed and danced and talked and sang,
> And proud of health, of freedom vain,
> Concluding in those hours of glee
> That all the world was made for me.

Amelia died young, the world was not made for her. Nor was it made for me, as I was soon to find out, through the severe and continual discipline of my step-mother, Fate. But even she cannot rob me of memory, and every trifle connected with my father is inexpressibly dear to me, and so I have an affection for all the old court-houses.

"Don't you want," said Harris Dickson, "to see the pictures on the walls? There is one of Sergeant Prentiss."

"Mr. Prentiss?" I said. "Why, my father knew him well." And I quickly climbed on a chair to get a better view of the fine, lean face, with the wonderful, penetrating, spiritual eyes and the aquiline nose.

"Do you remember," I said, "the description of him by Henry Wise of Virginia? 'His eyes were set deep in his head, large, clear, full of animation and hidden fires. When looked into, they returned the glance, which, like that of Lara, "dared you to forget."'"

"Yes," he said, "and even after half a century, in this dim old portrait those eyes still 'dare you to forget.'"

I remember quite well my father reading me, for he was himself a man of peace and sweet reason, Prentiss's "Eulogy on Lafayette," in which he said: "Napoleon was the bright fiery comet, shooting wildly through realms of space, scattering terror and pestilence among nations; while Lafayette was a pure and brilliant planet beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his barque and the shepherd tends his flocks. Napoleon died, and a few of the old warriors of Marengo and Austerlitz bewailed their chief; Lafayette died, and the tears of the whole civilised world attested the mourning for his loss."

"Perhaps," said Harris Dickson, "you remember his

famous address in New Orleans in 1847 on behalf of the Irish, asking for money for the famine? He said, 'Freely have your hearts and your purses opened heretofore to the call of struggling humanity; nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and suffering Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk, more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer that enemy. Send bread, load your ships with this glorious ammunition, and wage war against this despot—Famine. Let us, in Christ's name, cast our bread upon the waters.'"

"He possessed," I replied, "the eloquent oratory of the South. He was a true Southerner, and never forgot how Mississippi opened her arms and welcomed him when he arrived, an unknown young lawyer. His character was so complex I wonder no one has made him the hero of a novel. Henry Wise said of him, 'Every trait of his noble mind was in excess. His very virtues leaned to faults, and his faults themselves were virtues, so combined was he of all sorts of contradictions, without one characteristic which did not contradict and charm. He was naturally a spendthrift, yet of sound judgment and great discretion. He had the least charity for any kind of baseness and meanness, and the greatest charity for the unceasing weakness of human nature. He was learned in classical lore, and not a pedant. He was brave to foolhardiness, but would not hurt a flower.' What a fascinating combination! What a psychological study!"

"And now," said Harris Dickson, "that we have exhausted the Court-House, what about a look at the Military Park?"

We talked of other things on our way there, and I was unprepared for the splendid commemoration of that

long and bloody siege of three months, when in 1863, in the very sight and sound of home, the Confederate army fought every inch of ground with wonderful precision and prowess, making a heroic and brilliant defence until, undermined by saps and outlying approaches, they were gradually folded in the vise-like and deadly embrace of the Federal artillery until every man had to choose between death and surrender.

For sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
'If the noble city perish,'
Our brave young leader said,
'Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be the ramparts of the dead!'

For sixty days and upwards
The eye of Heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn
O'er Christian prayer and hymn
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

What an indescribable thrill of emotion this battle-ground, once dyed with blood, gave me, in spite of the beauty of its soft, misty valleys and high green hills overlooking the wide brown waters of the Yazoo and the Mississippi. If war is man's inevitable lot, as Homer Lea says it is, then this site, with its natural redoubts and fortifications, its strategic location for cannon, its unexpected windings and safeguarded retreats, was made for war. There are now one hundred and twenty-

seven guns in the Park, sixty-five of them Union and sixty-two Confederate guns, a hundred and fourteen field guns on light carriages and thirteen heavy guns on siege carriages, the replica of those used during the defence. There are eight hundred and ninety-six tablets each giving an account of the siege from one side or the other, with the number of killed, wounded, and saddest of all, missing. Many white stones are scattered about, each one marking the position occupied by one thousand men. There are splendid monuments, marble shafts, columns, and statues of the different Confederate and Federal generals. When the Park is finished each brigade, division, and corps commander—Confederate or Union officer—will be placed in the line of his command during the siege and defence. The siege then will be set in such order that a child will understand it.

When the twilight fell it was easy to imagine the lines of grey mist were the Confederate troops, while the long blue shadows moving steadily against them were the Union army. There never was more desperate fighting than on this battlefield. Mississippi lads, young boys of fifteen and sixteen, would look towards Vicksburg, almost within the sound of their mothers' voices, and ask, when mortally wounded, to be carried back to the trenches, where they could die fighting. One boy of sixteen lost both legs below the knee by a shell. After the blood was staunched he begged for a trench and a gun, and fought on, and still he fought—until a merciful bullet pierced his gallant heart.

Even in the midst of carnage there were some grimly amusing incidents. General Grant says in his *Memoirs:*

> On the 25th of June at three o'clock, all being ready, the

mine was exploded. A heavy artillery fire all along the line had been ordered to open with the explosion. The effect was to blow the top of the hill off and make a crater where it stood. The breach was not sufficient to enable us to pass a column of attack through; in fact the enemy, having failed to reach our mine, had thrown up a line farther back, where most of the men guarding that point were placed. There were a few men, however, left at the advance line, and others working in the countermine, which was still being pushed to find ours. All that were there were thrown into the air, some of them coming down on our side still alive. I remember one coloured man, who had been underground at work when the explosion took place, who was thrown to our side. He was not much hurt, but terribly frightened. Some one asked him how high he had gone up, "Dunno, massa, but t'ink 'bout three mile," was his reply. General Logan commanded at this point and took this coloured man to his quarters, where he did service to the end of the siege.

And while the soldiers fought on land, the sailors cannonaded from the water. The very air was black with smoke, shells whistled, rushed, and exploded in the air, sending pieces of iron like javelins to deal death wherever they found the mark. The clank of the artillery's ceaseless slow move, the loud roar of cannon, the scream of the coehorns from the barges, and the sudden explosion of the shells, made such a diabolical noise that many men became temporarily deaf. There are one thousand two hundred and eighty-eight acres of ground, and almost every foot of these thirty miles of land has at one time or another been wet with blood. For it was the fighting line of a three months', long drawn out, ragged, intermittent, desperate battle. And if it had not been for the steady, cool, persistent,

dogged courage of General Grant the siege would have lasted longer even than sixty days. Day and night he worked his army, digging saps, toiling in the trenches, marching corps after corps of cavalry, infantry, and artillery towards that superhumanly invincible, steady grey line, until they planted their colour staffs on more than one Confederate redoubt. His kind and noble heart must have suffered to see the Confederate soldiers who fought, many of them young boys, but they died like men, with their faces turned towards Vicksburg. Their battle was fought at home, there was no need to fire these young hearts with "I live and die in Dixie." They had lived in it all their lives, and the most glorious of all deaths was to die for it.

Vicksburg the town suffered horribly, too, with gunboats at her side, their guns pointing towards her very heart, the coehorns in the barges screaming until her brain was paralised, shells bursting everywhere, making holes in the sides of houses, burning others to the ground. It was, indeed, a pitiful town on the day of the final surrender.

"Come up here and see this fort," said Harris Dickson; "there is a legend that it has been a fortified position under six flags. First, it was an Indian fort. The French took it from them, and ceded it to the Spaniards; then the Spaniards ceded it again to France. Later it became a fort of the British empire, then a fort of the Thirteen Colonies, as it was the western edge at that time of the colony of Georgia. The Confederates fortified the place, and after the surrender of Pemberton the Stars and Stripes once more floated over it."

"Look," I said, "what lovely anemones are growing here; they are a purple red."

"Yes," said Harris Dickson,

> "'I sometimes think that never blooms so red
> The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.'"

We walked higher up the hill towards the Illinois memorial, a splendid dome of pure marble with a long flight of steps at the entrance. The inner wall is lined with tablets of bronze bearing the names of thirty-five thousand soldiers from the State of Illinois who took part in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg. As we stood inside the dome two old men slowly entered, poor and shabby, evidently failures in life; but they were once young and heroes on this field, for slowly and hesitatingly they traced with toil-worn fingers long columns of names until they found their own. In all else they had fallen short, *but they were on the roll-call of glory!* It saddened us to see them, they so embodied the relentlessness of Fate.

We got out into the fresh air and walked to the monument of the State of Wisconsin. It is a tall marble shaft, surmounted by a splendid war eagle, his wings not outstretched but folded close against his body. He sits sternly brooding, with his fierce head in clear profile. The First Wisconsin regiment carried an eagle all through the war. He often perched on the colour staff, and was such a very intrepid and manly bird that they called him after President Lincoln "Old Abe." But when he returned after the disbandment of the troops to Wisconsin and was comfortably housed, fed, and placed in a cage with other eagles, he promptly laid a nestful of eggs and unblushingly hatched them out like any ordinary mother. The eagle was only a *vivandière* after all, but a clever one to deceive a regiment by her brave daring and masculine courage, and she is not the only

female who has fought through an entire war without her sex being discovered.

The first monument erected in the Park by the State of Massachusetts was conceived and executed by a woman, Mrs. H. H. Kitson, and is perhaps the most beautiful of them all. On a large natural boulder a young, tall, vigorous soldier in undress uniform, peaked cap, and musket carried carelessly over his shoulder, steps buoyantly along, with a long free stride, showing the young sap and splendid joy of life. His open, candid, boyish face looks like that of a mountaineer, and the tilt of his head is brave and confident. It is an attractive figure, so full of movement and vitality that it brings the horror of war and death tragically before you.

The setting sun had turned the brown water of the Mississippi River to a wide lake of gold, the green, rolling hills and beautiful purple valleys were sending out sweet, thin scents of early spring, as we walked home. Harris Dickson's house is ideally situated on the edge of this beautiful Park, and we found Mrs. Dickson, his mother, waiting for us. She is a remarkable woman, and her son inherits much of his talent, and certainly his great heart, from her. She is full of love, the love of the mother—above all of the mother and of Home; the love of heroes, of poor folks, of friends and neighbours, and of all the little womanly things of life.

She said to me, "After the war we were very poor, but I have never been too poor for flowers, for friends, and for books." And what a prodigious memory is hers! She is an encyclopædia of Thackeray, and is familiar with every character in Dickens.

"If I went to England," she said, "I would n't go first to Westminster Abbey, but would wander out

alone to see Dickens' London, to commune in spirit with all the friends he gave me and that I have loved so well. I would like to see the places where they have lived and loved and suffered and rejoiced and died. Ah, poor Lady Dedlock!"

"*Bleak House*," I said, "I know well and have read a score of times, for my father fell so in love with Lady Dedlock's daughter that he begged my mother to call me Esther Summerson after her. But my mother's beloved sister, my aunt Elizabeth Beale, had given her only daughter, Marcia, my mother's name, and instead of Esther I was named Elizabeth after my aunt."

"Do you know Dickens' London?" asked Mrs. Dickson.

"No," I said, "I am ashamed to say I don't."

"When you return to England," she asked, "will you go for me into Buckingham Street, where David Copperfield 'settled himself in a suite of rooms including a little half-blind entry where you could see hardly anything; a little stone-blind pantry, where you could see nothing at all, a sitting-room, and a bedroom'? And then go and see the Marshalsea, where little Dorrit was born."

I said, "I have walked under the beautiful old arches of the Temple where Tom Pinch worked for a mysterious employer, and I 've seen 'Fountain Court all dappled in the spring's sunlight,' where Ruth Pinch used to meet her brother every day on his way home from work, and where one day John Westlock was passing too, and I 've often been in the Paper Building where Mr. Chester had chambers."

"That," said Mrs. Dickson, "is where Sydney Carton went after the trial of Darnay. I have just read *A Tale of Two Cities* for the twentieth time; it is a terrible and graphic picture of the Reign of Terror in France,

and a tender and touching story of the self-sacrifice of Sydney Carton—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' But so many of my friends lived in London—the impecunious Micawber, poor Barnaby Rudge, Little Nell and her grandfather, Miss Flite, who went about with her bag of papers and only lived for the celebrated case of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. And you must find for me the site of the Old Maypole inn, which a century ago was twelve miles from London. Perhaps the village gossips meet there still and tell tales of the neighbouring gentry over their tankards of ale."

I always think that it is n't reading so much that matters, it is remembering. All her life Mrs. Dickson has been doing both. Living in Vicksburg and scarcely ever out of it, she has journeyed the world over in books of travel and is a woman of wide interests and cultivation.

The night was cool, we had a little crackling wood fire, and Harris Dickson, in his charming voice, and in the negro dialect I love so well, read me the first of "Old Reliable's Busy Days," one of his many perfect pictures of the utterly inconsequent life of the negro evolved by freedom.

"And is there," I asked, as the reading ended, "an Old Reliable in the flesh?"

"Yes," said Harris Dickson. "There is. He 's a discovery of my wife's. Her description of him was so graphic it gave me the inspiration."

"His experiences," I asked, "what of them?"

"They, of course, are purely imaginary," he said.

"But quite possible," I said, "and indigenous to the South. Zack Foster is a word portrait of the present-day negro, lazy, irresponsible, untrustworthy, with no

sense of duty, and yet amusing and forgivable. Where is it all going to end?"

"Ah, where indeed?" said my kind host; "and that knotty problem cannot be solved to-night."

I had completely forgotten the hour in my great enjoyment of the reading. I said good-night, and, while I slept, dreamt of Old Reliable knocking at my door and saying, "Colonel Spottiswoode is downstairs to see you. He say you 's his own blood kin," and I awoke, sorry to find it only a dream.

I love Old Reliable, and can perfectly understand his day of unexpected vagaries. Later in the spring when I went to New York, to make myself keep an important engagement in Washington, as well as to save an honest penny, I bought a return ticket. My last day of grace, I lunched with Sally Nixon and stayed a week. Of course I had a powerful inducement—Sally, like Little Boy Blue, has only to blow her horn, and I would follow her to the ends of the earth, for she is a constant, clear, joyous, bubbling, healing spring of wit. When I am with her I laugh and eat, and under that hospitable roof I even sleep. What a mine of wealth she has been to her husband, the most tactful of wives, the most inspiring of comrades.

In my experience and observation of hostesses both in America and in Europe Sally is without a peer. She literally has every qualification for this rôle. She is joyously pleased to see people, unlike a certain lady in England whom her cousin described as not wanting to give a party and not one of the guests wanting to come to the party. Sally, on the contrary, enjoys her parties. She is cordial, agreeable, perfectly at ease, but with eyes that survey at a glance her entire dinner table, or drawing-room, and no one is ever neglected or ill at

ease for one moment. A pretentious woman said, "Mrs. Nixon, I see you introduce your guests; you know it is n't done now."

"Indeed?" said Sally. "My manners were taught me by my grandmother, an old-fashioned Southern lady of excellent taste." The grandmother of the monitor was a person whom she wished most earnestly to forget.

Her mind is as quick as a flash and she is gifted with the clear-eyed wisdom of the true humourist. I said to her, "Lewis is certainly a model husband, Sally."

"Yes," she said, "but then you see I 'm the wife who has never said 'no.' Think of it, Bessie, I 've never said 'no' to Lewis since we 've been married. I 've thought it, and I 've meant it, but I 've never once *said* it. There is something about men that rises up in rebellion at a wife's 'no.' If Lewis said to me to-night 'We will start to-morrow for Paraguay' (wherever that delectable land may be), I should instantly say 'yes.' You see, with 'yes,' so many things can happen. There might not be a boat to Paraguay, Lewis might be taken ill in the middle of the night with influenza, the papers might announce in the morning an insurrection in Paraguay, or an earthquake might have swallowed the entire country, or, what is quite possible, Lewis could change his mind. In fact it is always safe to say 'yes' to a man. I can always say 'yes' in a hundred different ways—the spontaneous 'yes' when I mean it; the temporising 'yes,' when I must have time to think things over; the soothing 'yes' when I mean 'No, indeed, not if I know it.' Every wise woman when she gets married should cut the word 'no' out of her vocabulary. You can say 'no' occasionally to a lover, but never to a husband."

I said at lunch, "You will forgive my hurrying away, but at two o'clock I have an appointment."

Sally's kind blue eyes looked intensely amused.

"I have," she said, helping me to broiled lobster, "a little programme for you." (Sally is a splendid housekeeper. Her staff expresses in a marvellous manner "the unity of nations," for she has a negro cook, an Italian kitchen boy, a Japanese butler and footman, a French lady's maid, an Irish housemaid, and yet, strange to relate, harmony exists in her household.)

"The butler," continued Sally, "will telephone and put off your engagement. The motor will be at the door in five minutes; we will go to your friends, the Wassermans," (I was staying at the time with my beautiful friend Renée); "I will wait at the door while you pack your trunk; the footman will put it in the motor and we will leave it here on our way to the railway station, where your return ticket will be deposited and changed for one of later date. We will then drive in the Park and take tea at the Plaza, where you will see all the pretty ladies in their smart clothes. And you will stay with me for a week, if not longer."

All of which programme I carried out to the letter.

The night before I left New York, John Savage called me up on the telephone and said, "Are you really going to-morrow or, like Old Reliable, have you got another job on hand?"

I did go next day. Sally came to my room to say good-bye, carrying a rose-flowered bandbox, the kind affected in musical comedy when the humble but lovely milliner, in an exquisitely fitting black gown, costing at the least, in its fetching simplicity, one hundred and fifty dollars, arrives to try a hat on the haughty beauty. The audience have no anxiety; they know that the neat

black dress and the song, with the bandbox suspended to her arm by a ribbon, will win the manly tenor.

Sally said, "I bought a black and white hat yesterday that looked just like you—take it with my love, and hurry, for you are late."

The bandbox did not go so far as to give me a tenor, but it did lead to my acquaintance with a keen-eyed, clever young surgeon, Dr. Kenneth Kellogg. That, however, is another story. The hat, light as a feather, pleasant to wear, was, like Sally, a joy through all the summer, and if Fate will be as kind to me, her Old Reliable, as Harris Dickson is to his Old Reliable in happily extricating him, sooner or later, from his difficulties, then I may expect, after all, a happy ending to my sad story.

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## CHAPTER XX

### A PRESENT-DAY PLANTATION

"I THINK it would be a good plan for you," said Harris Dickson a few days later, "to go to Atlanta and join a car there which is taking a delegation from the Agricultural Department through the country. It will be a splendid opportunity for you to see the fine work they are doing."

"But," I said, "Atlanta is sixteen hours at least from Vicksburg. They have n't invited me to go with them; they don't even know of my existence!"

"Oh," he said airily, "they have asked *me*, and I will appoint you as a delegate in my place. They will be delighted to receive you. The cars stop wherever they are needed and the farmers bring up sick horses, cows, sheep, mules, pigs, and even chickens and ducks for a diagnosis. You will see all the methods of this splendid department of the Government which is rendering such a practical service to the farmer, gardener, shepherd, ranchman, the breeder of race horses, and the seedsman."

I said, "Senator Morgan of Alabama used to tell a story against himself about seed. He had been for many years one of the most honoured men in the Senate, helping, encouraging, uplifting the South, winning back the confidence and the admiration of the North, work-

ing night and day at the knottiest of political problems, never sparing himself in the service of his State and his country. One day he received a brief letter from a farmer headed:

"'BLACK JACK FARM near MOBILE.

"'SENATOR MORGAN, Seedsman:

"'I live in your State in Alabama. I am a gardener and will be obliged if you will send me from the Agricultural Department any and all seeds that will grow in this country.

"'Faithfully,

"'J. CARTER.'

"Senator Morgan said, 'At last, after many years, I know what I am. I thought I was a statesman; I find I am only a seedsman.'"

Harris Dickson said, "The Bible says, 'the seed is the word of God,' and seed can be an important factor in life, let me tell you. I know a Member of Congress whose sole claim to office is that he sends out seeds quite regularly. You had better go to Georgia and join those gifted seedsmen of the Agricultural Department."

"No," I said, "in spite of the possible hospitality which might be extended to me, the journey of sixteen hours is too long. Remember, I am not accustomed to the vast distances of my country as yet."

"Then," he said, "the next best thing for you is to pay a visit to Alfred Holt Stone at Dunleith. He is a Southern man who has written an excellent book on the American race problem, and he knows as much about the South as anybody in it."

So he called up on the long-distance telephone and confident of Southern hospitality informed the gentle-

man that he was to expect a visitor. Mr. Stone was equal to the occasion and said he and Mrs. Stone would be delighted to receive me.

The next day I started for Dunleith, rather in a state of anxiety, for a plantation in the South even in these days can be primitive and uncomfortable, and there is a theory that literary people are never good managers or housekeepers. Mr. Stone met me at the station and dispelled all my fears at once. The buggy, a reminder of my childhood, was in perfect trim, and Charles (I subsequently learned his name), a shining, highly curried, well fed, knowledgeable grey horse, waited while his owner, a young, well-groomed man, with a resolute, Napoleonic face, gave me a warm hand of welcome.

"And now," he said, "you are to stay on the plantation just as long as you like it. Mrs. Stone is delighted at the prospect of a visitor and Dickson told me over the telephone that we should have much to say to each other."

When we got into the buggy Charles made good time in going homewards. How agreeably the plantation surprised me. There are 3500 acres under cultivation, planted in cotton and a modicum of alfalfa. There are about two hundred and fifty or three hundred negroes on the place, and a small colony of Italians. The little whitewashed houses range from two to four rooms, the fences are neat and trim, and there is a look of alert, intelligent, brisk, up-to-date management and continuous progress over every acre and every foot of the plantation. I found Mrs. Stone charming, and not only a model housekeeper but a most intelligent hostess. The house was originally an old-fashioned plantation house, but it has been greatly changed and improved. It has now several bathrooms with hot and cold water,

acetylene gas, wide galleries surrounding it, and two libraries, one of them Mr. Stone's own particular work-room, while the second, containing an excellent selection of books, is the reading-room of the family. The walls are panelled in odorous pine and my room was the most charming one I occupied in America. The light maple furniture was the colour of the pine walls; there was an apple-green carpet on the floor, and all the little appointments of the room were lavender and green, giving a sense of coolness and freshness. The drawers of my dressing-table held large sachets of lavender; my bed was most luxurious, with an eiderdown quilt flowered in lilacs; the bathroom, with its tiled floor, white porcelain bath-tub and wash-basin, was, like so many American bathrooms, a pearl to be remembered. I went to bed early and laid me down with a thankful heart in a beautiful silence. Oh, that blissful silence! so deep that it penetrated my restless heart, wrapped me in a mantle of velvet peace, and gave me a night of childhood's unmoving sleep.

Mrs. Stone is a great believer in the Agricultural Department. She has raised three hundred agricultural chickens who abode not so very far from my window, and yet they never disturbed me, for they were well organised, calm, and collected birds. When the hens laid in the morning they gave a full-throated cackle to announce the egg; the rooster made a careless comment on it, and there the matter ended. They were so different from my brother Sam's next-door neighbour's chickens at Chevy Chase—the hens whenever they laid an egg went into loud, wild hysterics, while the rooster, too, seemed to be utterly unnerved and loudly astonished by the event.

So I have been advocating ever since I left the

Stone plantation, that all who raise chickens send for pamphlets from the Agricultural Department and go exactly according to their directions. Even the roosters on the Stone plantation exercised judgment in their announcement of the dawn; at three o'clock in the morning they gave one soft crow in unison and then settled down to a well-bred silence;—not, as in other unscientific chicken yards, a faint crow at a quarter past three from a timid young bantam, followed five minutes later by the clarion call from a confident middle-aged rooster, and followed by hesitating echoes in different keys from other cocks until a quarter past four—an agonising hour of steady, unmusical, separated, trying, intermittent cock-a-doodle-doos.

I never ate canned peaches and fruits with such a fine flavour as those Mrs. Stone prepared herself, also according to the bulletins of the Agricultural Department. After a delicious, well-served lunch, when I went to my dainty green-and-purple bedroom the little black maid had unpacked my bag and everything was put neatly in place. We had already had driven around the plantation but Charles was put into requisition again and we went over to see the Italian settlement. It is on the edge of a thick, primeval forest. A strapping, black-eyed girl with broad shoulders, dressed in a stout linen blouse, a black skirt well pinned up over a heavy red wool petticoat, was ploughing with a strong, grey mule. She smiled benignly upon us as we approached and said "Good-morning." Then she headed her mule in another direction so we had no conversation with her. Mr. Stone speaks of the Italians as sober, steady, excellent tenants, doing twice the work of negroes, but they hoard the money they make, and it does not circulate again on the plantation. Pre-

sumably it is sent over to Italy for investment, as it is generally said that Italians have a strong love of country and always hope to go home again.

We stopped at the long roomy store, where the negroes are supplied with all they can possibly want. It was a reminder of my childhood with the assortment of flowered muslins, brilliant calicoes, straw hats, gaily coloured quilts and counterpanes, shoes and slippers, brooms and dusters, china and glass, beads and fans, and lo and behold, a dream, a vision realised—a splendid black harness with bright, scarlet, shining blinkers. Now what in the world could be more becoming to a black mule, and set off his individual beauty so well, as sealing-wax red blinkers? I have always wanted a mule with red and black harness. If I live in the South again they shall both be mine.

And, indeed, if I were young enough to wait on fortune, I would cast my lot upon the Mississippi Delta with its wonderful rich black soil, where whatever is put into it must grow. It seems marvellous to be almost within hail of a large city like New Orleans, and to see miles and miles of really untouched primeval forest. Whenever Mr. Stone takes in two hundred or five hundred acres, or prepares the land for lease or sale, the trees are belted, afterwards burned and the ground is cleared. It is only five years since bears were a great nuisance on the plantation. I have always known they were mischievous creatures, with their little funny, twinkling eyes and their slily smiling faces which show a keen sense of humour. From some distant point of vantage they must have watched the negroes planting long, straight rows of cotton, cunningly waited for the tender plants to come up, when they carefully straddled across each row and unerringly trampled

down every single shooting green leaf, just to show what can be done by a frolicsome bear with a lack of conscience.

Now, these beasts have retreated farther back into the woods leaving their vengeance to that dreadful, tragic pest, the boll-weevil. But the Agricultural Department is on his track, too; they know what the boll-weevil thinks, certainly what he eats, and before long they are sure to produce an epidemic for him and he will be exterminated. Already they are cleverly changing the seasons of cotton by planting the seed earlier and later, and have avoided his most prolific hour, and sometimes they avoid him altogether. And though at first seeming to bring bankrupt disaster in his wake the boll-weevil has not been an unmitigated evil, because he has proved to the South the possibility of other products beside cotton. Never have I seen such Jack-and-the-beanstalk alfalfa as on the Dunleith plantation, and never have I felt so exultant over the future of my own land, for nothing convinces like success.

Alfred Stone understands the negro, is the embodiment of reason in his attitude towards him, and is very hopeful of his future coupled with that of the white man in the South. He says: "It is the duty of every man who undertakes to study the race problem here, first to study the negro, just as we would the Chinese, the Italian, the Russian, or the Indian, in both his native and adopted homes, and without the bias, prejudice, or sentiment which in this country have for three quarters of a century rendered such attempted studies almost worthless."

If the study of the negro were undertaken and carefully carried out by a number of intelligent men in the United States, and stringent laws passed for his moral

and physical development, what a benefit it would be for all concerned. At the present time a race of vagabonds, shiftless, idle, and lazy, are growing up without direction, without discipline, without purpose; moving aimlessly from one plantation to another, seeking vainly a method of avoiding work. Any one interested in the negro can find much valuable information in Alfred Stone's *The American Race Problem.* His mind is naturally contemplative, just, and judicial. He was born and brought up in the South; and having for years given diligent study to the condition of the negro, and possessing the inestimable advantage of practical experience, his success has proved the result of his theories.

Now, even in the North, the negro franchise is acknowledged as having been a bitter mistake. Many of the negroes given a vote possess an intelligence scarcely above that of an observant chimpanzee. There is a story told of a field hand going to a circus and saying to a very big, black ape, "Good mawnin', sah." The ape remained silent. "Why don't you talk to me, mistah?" the darkey said; "you looks jes' like my poor brer John, who is done dead." The ape blinked sympathetically, but made no reply. Then the darkey's face broke into a smile, and he said, "You sho'ly is wise, sah; 'cause ef you said anything de white folks would cut off yo' tail, put a hoe in yo' hand, and set you to work plantin' cotton."

As I was going to Dunleith plantation a negro passed down the car and he was enough like Mick, a friend of mine in London, to have been his brother. A good many years ago I went one afternoon to the Zoo with "the Bloke with the White Teeth." (This was the name given to a friend from California who had helped

to wait at a tea-party for some of my little slum friends in London by a little girl, a big-eyed, silent eater, who had made but one remark—"Tell the Bloke with the White Teeth to give me more cake.") A cold, yellow fog obscured the sun and the air was full of a desperate chill. One of the keepers who knew me asked if we would like to see a baby chimpanzee. He said, "He is very ill; I 'm afraid he has pneumonia and is going to die. He has only been in the Zoo a month, and is just two years old." We went into a little room, warmed to a tropical degree of heat, and there, lying on the bottom of his cage, with a bit of blanket thrown over him, even covering his head, lay the poor little black ape.

As the door was opened he turned down the blanket and looked at me with an expression of recognition in his one exposed eye. The keeper said, "It 's about time he took his medicine; I 'll give it to him." As he unlocked the door and opened it, the poor creature gave one bound into my arms, locked his feet round my waist, laid his poor hot feverish head and his dribbling unclean nose on my fur collar, and gave a chuckle of satisfaction. I took out my pocket-handkerchief, and, while drying his nose, said to the keeper, "He thinks I am his mother. Whether I look like his mother or not I don't know, but evidently in his eyes I do."

He took his medicine from my hand, and I nursed him for quite half-an-hour. "The Bloke with the White Teeth" said he did n't know how I could do it. Mick got well, and until he grew to manhood we were the most devoted friends.

I used very often to go to the Zoo to see him. He was always delighted at my coming, sat in my lap, kissed me, made a little boutonnière for my coat out of the straw of his cage, and really tried to talk. He was

always charmingly polite, asking me to stay longer, and never failed to stretch out his long hands to catch hold of me as I went away. The keeper said, "You need n't be ashamed, madam, of Mick's affection; it 's honest. Not all the bananas nor all the nuts in London could buy one smile from him. He don't do any pretending, Mick don't." Mick has now grown into a tall, slender, strong, very athletic young chimpanzee gentleman of sixteen; he is less interesting in his adolescence, and is shut off from the public by a wide plate of glass, so that after all our years of friendship we are separated. But if ever I saw a close relation of Mick's it was the negro who walked through the car the day I was leaving Dunleith.

All the time I was on the plantation my thoughts were constantly in England, for I knew I was seeing the possibilities of future homes for young Englishmen with or without capital, if they care to pitch their tents in the South. As Harris Dickson said to me, "There is a close sympathy between the men of the South and Englishmen. While in the Sudan I found their point of view of the negro and his management identical with our own." There is nothing that makes so much for success as contentment, and friendliness, and our progress has not been so rapid as to do away with our English kinship.

Then, in our mild climate, only a very small capital is necessary. Fuel, heavy clothing, stoutly built houses, the expensive necessities of the North, are not needed in the South, and with ordinary industry and intelligence a man can always make his living, and even more. There is no country so rich in all the world as that wonderful Mississippi Delta. The air is delightfully quiet and tranquillising and with the improvements due

to science it is quite possible to live with health the whole year on a plantation. The screens now universally used to keep out the flies and mosquitoes have done much towards establishing a sanitary condition, and bathrooms, quantities of ice, which is very cheap, fresh vegetables, and fine fruits all make life not only tolerable but pleasant during the summer.

A young Englishman who came from Yorkshire to Alfred Stone's plantation with a letter of introduction has been very successful, and any industrious man would have the same chance. Beginning with five hundred pounds capital, he could rent for one year or a term of years, as he pleased, forty or fifty acres of land at a rental varying from six to ten dollars an acre, according to the quality of the land and the improvements already made on it. If he takes up good land and pays eight dollars an acre for it, the rent is not due until the fall of the year, when he gathers his crop, so that he would not require to use any capital for that. He could easily handle this land with two good mules, which would cost five hundred dollars cash. Another hundred would more than cover the cost of his tools, planting seed, and small expenses. He would have to hire a "hand," one man, to help him. This would cost him twenty dollars a month, or say two hundred and forty dollars for the year. He would want to set aside ten acres for his corn, garden patch, stable, etc., which would leave him thirty acres for his cotton crop. With anything like a normal season, he should make three hundred pounds of lint per acre. This would be nine thousand pounds, or eighteen bales of five hundred pounds each. If the price were good that fall, he might easily get fifteen cents a pound for his cotton, or seventy-five dollars a bale. This would give him thirteen

hundred and fifty dollars for his crop. The seed from his eighteen bales would be about nine tons, worth, say, fifteen dollars per ton. This would be one hundred and thirty-five dollars. This would bring his total crop proceeds to fourteen hundred and eighty-five dollars. He would have planted eight acres in corn and should have two hundred and forty bushels as his crop.

The cash outlay on his crop would vary with prices. He would, however, begin with no corn for his mules, and their feed would cost him about one hundred dollars. This would be more than ample, and indeed it need not be so much. He might allow himself fifty dollars for extra help at a time when he and his one labourer could not do all that was necessary. The cost of hiring labour to pick one bale of cotton is about eight dollars, but he and his helper could do enough picking themselves to reduce the amount paid out to, say, five dollars per bale or ninety dollars. In fact it would, or should, be considerably less. If he has been able to go through until fall without a waggon, he will certainly need one in gathering his corn and hauling his cotton to the gin. This would cost him fifty dollars, and if he had a wife, he would want to pay fifty dollars for a good cow, or he could get one for less. He might also invest fifty dollars in hogs and chickens as a starter. Ginning his cotton would not cost him three dollars a bale, but, allowing that, the cost would be fifty-four dollars.

The above items would total twelve hundred and eighty-four dollars. His crop has brought fourteen hundred and eighty-five dollars, which leaves him a balance of two hundred and one dollars, with his mules, tools, waggon, cow, hogs, and chickens paid for, and more than enough corn on hand to do away with the item of

mule feed next year. There has been nothing put down for household and living expenses, medical attention, and incidentals. These can be in large measure just what he makes them. If he and his wife have health, with chickens and a garden his actual cash outlay may be small. To make things balance, he might cover it with the two hundred and one dollars which he had left above.

I see that I have omitted the rent, so to make things plain it is better to begin at the beginning:

| | |
|---|---|
| Two mules | $ 500.00 |
| Feed for same | 100.00 |
| Waggon | 50.00 |
| Tools | 100.00 |
| Cow | 50.00 |
| Hogs and chickens | 50.00 |
| Incidentals | 100.00 |
| | 950.00 |
| Regular and extra help | 290.00 |
| Extra picking in the fall | 90.00 |
| Ginning cotton | 54.00 |
| Investment and operating expenses | $1,384.00 |
| Rent, 40 acres at $8.00 per acre | 320.00 |
| Total | $1,704.00 |
| Add for living expenses aside from vegetables and chickens raised at home | 296.00 |
| Total | $2,000.00 |

In other words, he could defray the entire cost of equipping himself, making his crop, living, etc., out of

his capital of $2500.00 and still have $500.00 left plus the proceeds of his crop, which I have put at $1485.00.

He could even manage with only one thousand dollars on the same amount of land, by simply using his capital for equipment and getting his supplies from an advancing merchant to be paid for out of his crop at the end of the season. Of course all such figures are subject to the variations incident to fluctuations of prices of cotton and seed, on the one hand, and of what he has to buy on the other, but this will give a fairly good idea, I hope, of the general situation and its possibilities.

Much information has been given to me by a man who started with no capital at all and has made his success on money borrowed at a rather high rate of interest. Very good land is to be had at from thirty to seventy dollars an acre. Newcomers are advised by planters of experience to rent land rather than to buy until they know the ropes. The Yazoo-Mississippi Delta is a section of land embracing some six thousand square miles lying between the Yazoo and the Mississippi rivers, and extending north from the confluence of those streams just above Vicksburg—and although I am a woman, if I had vigorous health I would pitch my tent on the Yazoo. The virgin soil is as black as tar; things planted there grow like enchantment—alfalfa yields six crops a year.

Corn is very successfully grown, and the peanut industry is bringing the farmers a large revenue. Peanuts are more dependable than cotton and more remunerative. The yield is running from twenty to fifty bushels an acre, and in many instances even higher. The price paid in the neighbourhood by the mills is from eighty cents to a dollar a bushel. Even were the

price to go as low as sixty cents a bushel, which contingency might arise through over-production, it would still be a good crop.

The peanut is a wonderfully grateful product to raise; every bit of it can be used; even the residue or cake is ground into meal which is said to be superior to cotton-seed meal, and is devoured with avidity by hogs without the injurious effect experienced from cotton-seed meal. For cooking, dressings, salads, soaps, and compounds, peanut oil is superior to cotton-seed oil. In fact a chemical analysis shows very nearly the same properties in peanut oil and olive oil. The peanut hay has been found to be a valuable feed for horses, sheep, and cattle. The crop does not draw heavily on the fertility of the soil, like clover and other greedy collectors of nitrogen, carbonic acid gas, etc. The rotted plant may also be used as a fertiliser. The market for peanuts is a large one, not confined to the mills making oil and peanut butter, for candy makers, confectioners, and the humble "corner peanut stand" consume large quantities. And brokers are kept busy supplying the ever-increasing demand. After passing through the hands of the peanut cleaner, the peanut sheller, the peanut-butter manufacturer, the total paid out for peanuts in various forms amounts to $35,000,000 annually. A practical plea for the peanut is that two great financiers and one leading theatrical manager began life as little boys by selling paper bags of peanuts. And the Commissioner of Agriculture says the South is entering upon the greatest era of prosperity it has known since the Civil War. Now is the time to buy land which for the moment is depreciated by the boll-weevil, for in another two years it will have doubled and trebled in value.

Douglas Jerrold said there were three kinds of liars,

"Liars, damned liars, and statistics." I don't believe much in statistics—truthful, frank, reliable people have quite different statistics—but I have *seen* the South, and I left it full of wonder and enthusiasm.

## CHAPTER XXI

### MY HERO

O stars that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right!
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

MY hero is not Napoleon, nor Nelson, nor Washington, nor Lee, nor even that great and good man, Stonewall Jackson, whose beautiful, prophetic words can never be forgotten—"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle. Tell Major Hawkes to advance the commissary train. *Let us cross the river and rest in the shade.*" He was only a private in the Confederate army, who died with steadfast eyes and a rope round his neck.

Towards the close of the war, in 1863, General Bragg was in command at Missionary Ridge. Before he could dispose of his army to advantage in any direction it was necessary for him to have a plan of the Federal army in Tennessee. Three scouts were selected who had before done valuable service, and they were informed by General Bragg of the extreme danger of the duty, and were asked if they were willing to undertake it, if need be, to the tragic end. They replied they

were. He noticed a young, handsome, eager lad, listening with great attention to his orders. When he had finished speaking, the boy, Sam Davis, came up to him and said, "General Bragg, I should very much like to be your fourth scout."

"Don't you think you are rather young for such a dangerous mission?" General Bragg asked.

The boy smiled cheerfully and said, "Well, try me."

The next day the four scouts started off together, and Sam Davis, with almost miraculous quickness, obtained all the information required. He found out that the Federal army in middle Tennessee was likely to move from Nashville to Corinth, and reinforce the army at Chattanooga. He got an exact account of the number of regiments and the whole of the artillery in the 16th Corps, and, what was even more remarkable, he got complete maps of the fortifications at all the principal points, including Nashville, and an accurate report of the entire Federal army in the whole of Tennessee.

Sam Davis was so pleased with his rapid success that he wanted the praise and sympathy of the person he loved best in the world, his young sweetheart, to whom he was engaged to be married; and he recklessly stopped to visit her. A small company of Federal cavalry saw a grey uniform enter a little rose-covered house, and they followed him as he came out. But their horses were jaded by a long march, while Sam Davis was mounted on a thoroughbred Kentucky mare, and he rushed past them on the roads he knew so well, making a detour, and they lost him in the sheltering darkness.

The Seventh Kansas Cavalry, however, were scattered over his entire course, and while he was resting the next

day in a scrub thicket at Pulaski, trying to conceal himself, a squad of soldiers belonging to the Seventh Cavalry discovered his hiding-place and captured him and his horse. They proceeded to take him to General Dodge, who was in command at Pulaski, only a mile and a half distant. When the frank, handsome, fearless, gay-spirited lad, in his shabby grey uniform, stood before the General, he was immediately prepossessed in his favour. At that moment there was no evidence against him, but when they unbuckled Davis's saddle a fat budget of papers was d scovered under the seat, and upon examination, General Dodge found that all the information given, the number of regiments, the movements of the artillery in the 16th Corps, the reinforcements from Nashville to Corinth, and to Chattanooga, the fortifications at Nashville, the fine maps, and the perfectly accurate report of the whole Federal army in Tennessee, had been furnished Davis by a member of his own staff, and that probably the man who stood at his right hand was a traitor of the deepest dye. A captured map was a copy of the very one he carried in his pocket.

He said, "Davis, you evidently have a good friend at court?" Davis made no reply. "I could have sworn to trust my life to every officer at my table, but the information which you have, could only have been given you by a friend. Young man, I must have the name of your informer." Davis was still silent, with, as General Dodge could see, a steadfast gleam of danger in his eye. There was no weakening there. And, at all costs, it was necessary to have the name of the traitor. "You will," he said, "without any court-martial have your freedom the moment you speak or write down the name of the man who has

betrayed me." And he handed Davis a pencil and a sheet of paper. "Write it," he said, "if you cannot speak it."

Davis gave back a clean sheet of paper and the pencil to General Dodge, and for the first time spoke, in a quiet, even voice. "General Dodge," he replied, "when I undertook this duty from my commanding officer, General Bragg, I did it with a full knowledge of what the consequences might be. I cannot give you the information you want."

The General said, "You are very young. Life must hold a good deal for you. Think over the situation for five minutes and speak again. I positively must have the information I am asking from you."

Davis answered without hesitation, "Honour requires no thought; it comes from"—he lifted his hand and pointed upward—"God. I can only repeat that I cannot give the information."

General Dodge said, "If you persist in this silence you know, of course, that, as a soldier, I must call a court-martial, and then the matter passes out of my hands."

"I know that," Davis replied. "I am a soldier myself; I don't criticise military methods. Call your court-martial."

General Dodge said, "It is with extreme regret that I am forced to such a measure. I am giving you your chance now; it won't be repeated later."

"A court-martial will give me a death sentence," said Davis, "but not even death will make me betray my word. We are both soldiers doing our duty. When the last moment of my life comes, I shall have acted fair to God and to myself."

By this time the young soldier's spotless honour and unassailable loyalty had deeply moved General Dodge,

and he began to plead with genuine emotion to the boy to be saved. But Davis, his young face set in noble lines, said, "General Dodge, I have never lied or broken my word in my life; I will willingly die now rather than do it. My mind is firmly made up. A court-martial may condemn me, but do not expect me to betray my trust. I will never do it, never."

A court-martial was then called. General Dodge was filled with regret, thinking that the very man who furnished Davis with the information was probably at that moment giving him his death sentence. It seemed too horrible. The execution was delayed while enquiries were made about Davis and his family. It was found that an old friend of his mother was living in Pulaski. General Dodge sent for her and said to her, "Talk to the boy about his home and about his mother. He looks to me, with all his courage and his steadfastness, a sort of mother's boy. Surely at twenty he is not going to sacrifice his life to save a traitor. I don't know who the man is who gave him the information, but he is n't worth the death of Sam Davis."

The lady used all her eloquence; she repeated what General Dodge had said; she spoke of his mother's devotion to him, of her love, and of the close bond that existed between them, and she asked if he realised that he was never to see her again and of the great grief he was to give her.

"Why," said the young man, crying like a little child, "my mother is the person who taught me never to lie and to keep my word. She will grieve, I know, not to see me again, but I will never betray the man who gave me the information, and he knows it. It is n't only the *other* man I am saving. How could I live through all the years and despise the man I have to live with,

Myself? How could I wake through the nights and remember the man I lied to and condemned? No, I will die with honour; I will never live dishonoured. God knows I will not."

The lady returned to General Dodge and repeated her conversation, and they both wrung their hands with helplessness.

On Friday, Davis was handcuffed, and he walked steadily and sat down on his coffin with the fresh-faced look of a boy who has slept well and is the possessor of a glorious conscience.

General Dodge had passed a sleepless night and was awake long before the condemned man. He called his staff together and ordered them to the place of execution, hoping that even at the last moment Davis would speak, or the man who had furnished Davis with his information would be touched by the boy's great valour, and that he might still be saved.

A rope was placed around his neck by hesitating hands; the lines of quiet determination in the exalted face deepened. There stood the martyr of all ages.

"Wait!" The voice of General Dodge rang out like a pistol shot. "Davis, in the name of God, give me the name of your informant! Your horse is waiting for you. Look, she is there in the thicket, and here is your escort to carry you back to your own lines in safety. One word, and you are a free man."

Davis turned his young head, and looked longingly at the horse. "Queenie, old girl," he called; the mare whinnied, the boy's eyes filled with tears. Then he smiled and with his handcuffed hands gently touched the rope around his neck and said: "General Dodge, this is my badge of freedom. I have only one life, and I give it for honour. Take it."

There he stood, tall, brave, healthy, strong, handsome, intelligent, unflinching, ready to die rather than betray his word. Officers and men were by this time quietly and unashamedly weeping. The only calm and steadfast soul was his. The boy gave some little keepsakes to the Provost Marshal for his mother and his sweetheart. Then he turned his young face squarely towards the sun, looked at it like a young eagle, and waited.

There was a dead silence. No man could speak. Presently a quiet, steady voice said, "Do your duty, men." Davis had himself bravely given the order. And his soul went home to God.

When John Trotwood Moore wrote his touching version of the story the end was not known, but years afterwards a dandified negro spoke, and said he had been a trusted servant in the camp of General Dodge. He was quick-witted, alert, and it was easy for him to get all the information that Davis wanted. They had played together as boys, and he liked Davis and served him willingly, and he, who had received many a sound thrashing from his young playmate, knew that no power on earth would make Davis betray him.

It is said that he saw Davis for one moment after the court-martial and asked, "Well, Marse Sam, who 's it gwine to be?" And Davis gave him his hand and answered, smiling, "Me, Tom; who did you think it was going to be?" The negro whimpered and said, "Dat 's what I thought. But you know you made me do it, Marse Sam, and I gets mighty skeered sometimes. I don't want to die." Davis said, "Don't you worry, death won't come to you through me."

So the white man, the white Southern man, the young Confederate soldier, fighting against the cause of the negro, gave his life to save him, and yet the politicians

of the country continually make capital out of the problem of the negro in the South. The problem was solved on the day Sam Davis, with a soul as pure as a flame, died for a negro rather than betray him. Carlyle was right when he said that loyalty is the greatest attribute of the human race. Loyalty to a cause, to a friend, is fine, but loyalty to a foe is God-like. There are no people anywhere who have so much understanding, so much tenderness, and such a divine patience towards the negro as the Southern people.

I am quite sure that when they come to die and appear at the gate of heaven they have only to say to St. Peter, "I come from South Carolina" (or from Mississippi, or Louisiana, or any of the Southern States), and the doors of heaven will be thrown wide open, and in they will walk as a reward for the great trials which the negro has inflicted upon them and which they have borne with laughing, Christian, enduring fortitude.

It was the great President Lincoln who said, "I am not and never have been in favour of bringing about in any form the social and political equality of the black and white races. There is a physical difference which prevents them from living together on terms of social and political equality, and inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be a position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favour of having the superior position assigned to the whites."

What good things President Lincoln said, both grave and gay! Some one was praising a man to him, and his comment was, "A good fellow, possibly, but sadly interruptious."

William Archer, a man of cultivation, with a just and fair mind, has said in his interesting book, *Through*

*Afro-America:* "What I *think* about the colour question must be superficial, and may be foolish, but there is a certain evidential value in what I *feel.*" The subconscious man in the white man rises up in revolt at a too close contact with the negro. The white race is undoubtedly superior to the black race. It is not a question of argument. It is a matter of instinct in both races.

There are assuredly people in the world, even nations, who are born to be dominated. God has given to certain men the qualities of leaders, and because the negro is inferior to the white man that does not lessen either his usefulness or his power for inspiring affection in the man above him. Nor does it lessen the necessity of the Southern people for the labour of the negro. White men can never work in rice fields; they cannot labour with impunity in the cotton fields; they cannot plant and cut sugar-cane. They have tried white roustabouts on the Mississippi steamboats, and it has been a failure; they have been obliged to employ black labour again. When the negro realises his limitations and accepts them, and the white man develops him as far as his capacity permits and insists upon all laws for his good being strictly enforced, and when the politicians find another shibboleth than the negro in the South; then there will be a natural and humane solution of the race problem.

When my grandfather was Governor of Florida, the President, for the purpose of civilising the Indians, sent down a mandate from Washington that schools should be built for their education. The chiefs gathered together and held a solemn conclave. Then Neamathla sent for the Governor and said, "My good brother, we have a message to send to the Great Father in Washington. He knows a great deal, but perhaps he does n't

know this, that Indians and books are far apart; the Great Spirit never intended one for the other. You see," he went on to explain, "when the Great Spirit first made man he was black. He did n't like him at all, and said to himself, 'A very bad bit of work on my part; I must try my hand again.' He did, and the next venture was a red man. The Great Spirit liked him a good deal better, but still he said, 'There is nothing like try, try again.' He then made the white man. He was tall and fair with blue eyes. And the Great Spirit was at last quite satisfied with his work. The white man is the youngest of the three brothers, and yet, he can always govern.

"Then the Great Spirit said, 'Now I am going to find out what these three men want.' And he made books, and maps, and charts, and bows and arrows, and tomahawks, and long knives, and spades and hoes, and he called, 'White man, come here and make your choice.' The white man looked long and earnestly at the bows and arrows, for he, too, likes hunting, while the red man, knowing exactly what he wanted, stood by with his heart fluttering like a bird. After a while the white man, not even looking in the direction of the hoes and spades, gathered together the books and maps and charts and slowly walked away. Then the Indian, darting down like a hawk on lesser prey, seized the bows and arrows and rushed off to the woods. And there was nothing left for the poor black man but the hoe and the spade. You see, my young white brother, the Great Spirit knows his work best, and what his people want." And the Indians, acting on the moral of this fable, refused absolutely to go to school.

Delve deep enough into any folk-lore, and sound philosophical truth will be discovered under its charm-

ing fantasies. The white man, the Anglo-Saxon in particular, is undoubtedly made to govern. He has done it admirably in all countries, but whether admirably or not, he has done it and will continue to do it. Whatever land has come under England's rule has progressed and prospered. Curiously enough, no people more generously acknowledge this fact (when not applied to themselves) than the Irish. The soldiers who fought with the most desperate courage in the Boer War were Irishmen, shouting with their last breath, "Long live the Queen!" although only a few weeks before these very men had sailed from Dublin and thrown their bayonets into the Liffey with cries of "Long live Kruger!" Something must be allowed for temperament, but given a new environment and quick assimilation of the Irish with other peoples, there are no better rulers in the world. This is proved by the long roll of distinguished and honoured names in those dominions where the sun never sets.

Booker Washington, who has done such excellent work for the negro, tells a story of which even he does not see the true significance: "A negro preacher was late for a train. He stopped and said to a white hack driver, 'Will you drive me to the depot?' 'No,' said the white man, 'I can't afford to be seen driving a negro through town.' The negro said, 'All right, can you be seen with a negro driving *you* through town? If you can, just you get into the back seat, and I will drive the hack to the depot and pay you my fare as well.'" And he did.

Booker Washington adds, "The main thing is that both got to the depot." That, however, is *not* the main thing; it is that even in this little matter the white man took the lead over the black one, for the white race will always dominate.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CIVIL WAR

Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies:
. . . . . .
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply:
That rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A FRIEND in New Orleans asked me, "Betty, what has pleased you most in America?"

"That," I said, "is a big question. So many things have pleased me—the faithfulness of my old friends; the generous hospitality of my new ones; the brilliant blue skies; the scent of the familiar flowers. And, then, I am not altogether displeased with myself—when I see how quickly I have fallen into the patient ways of the South, I know that my very being is rooted here. For instance, I engage a negro seamstress to come on Monday for two days' mending. She turns up on Thursday, having highly inconvenienced me. I welcome her with a smile and listen sweetly to her absurd, mendacious excuses. I engage a woman to wash my

hair on Tuesday. She turns up on Friday. I make no reproaches, but sit down, thankful to have her arrive at all. I make my washerwoman swear to bring me a white dress on Thursday evening. I say, 'You know, Emily, I 'm not like people living in America, I have n't many washing clothes, and only one white dress, and I really and truly need it. You won't disappoint me, will you?' 'No, indeed, Miss Betty, I won't, I 'll suttenly bring you dat dress Thursday, maybe Wednesday night; 't ain't much to wash.' The following Monday comes before she brings my dress—and I am quite amiable. I only say, 'Emily, how *could* you have disappointed me so?' And she says, 'I could n't help it, the weather 's bin so hot dat I des could n't git here.' And I have seen so quickly how useless complaint is. You simply must exercise patience and philosophy. It would be like getting into a rage with an irresponsible child to quarrel with a present-day darkey, and yet how terrible it is not to have the slightest authority over these foolish grown-up black children! In the cotton South, where negroes can make enough money picking cotton in the summer to exist in idleness in the winter, no servant will sleep in the house at night, and every housekeeper wakes up with an anxious heart in the morning. If she hears the kitchen fire being raked out she gives a little sigh of relief, for she knows that, with the slightest excuse, or no excuse at all, both the cook and the housemaid will stay at home if they feel disinclined to work.

Mary Clark's cook in Washington told her she was going to the hospital for an operation and would be gone for two or three weeks. Mary was all sympathy and help. What the woman did was to take a place with one of Mary's friends to find out whether she liked

the place, but as she did n't she returned in a week, saying the doctor could n't find her appendix. Every Southern woman now has to know how to build a fire and cook and clean a house, and nurse, and sew, and above all she learns quick resource and cheerful philosophy. A race of Old Reliables, or Young Reliables, are developing a wonderful power of endurance, forbearance, and fortitude in the South. Harris Dickson's "Busy Day" speaks more eloquently than many political tracts of the trials and long-suffering of Southerners; and though he has, with gifted pen, rendered the negroes into humorous photographs, they are none the less sore trials and ceaseless aggravations.

We all have our limitations, our prejudices, our opinions, which are occasionally founded upon simple instincts, regardless of facts; but it is a question whether these opinions are of sure value. There are also those clever, twisted, contrary intellects, with a point of view so foreign to their own country that they seem to belong to another nationality.

Mark Twain said of himself that he was a "de-Southernised Southerner." Certainly he had little sympathy or taste for the South, and nowhere does he show it more prominently than in his assertion that Sir Walter Scott was in a great measure responsible for the Civil War.

> Then [he says] comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single might checks this wave of progress and even turns it back; sets the world in love with dreams and phantoms; with decayed and swinish forms of religion; with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the sillinesses and emptinesses, sham grandeurs, sham gauds, and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long-vanished society. He did measureless harm; more real and

lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote.

Most of the world has now outlived a good part of these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. Not so forcefully as half a generation ago, perhaps, but still forcefully. There, the genuine and wholesome civilisation of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott Middle Age sham civilisation, and so you have practical common sense, progressive ideas, and progressive works mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech, the jejune romanticism of an absurd past that is dead, and out of charity ought to be buried. But for the Sir Walter Scott disease, the character of the Southerner—or Southron, according to Sir Walter's starchier way of putting it—would be wholly modern, in place of modern and mediæval mixed, and the South would be fully a generation further on than it is.

"It was Sir Walter that made every gentleman in the South a major, or a general, or a colonel, or a judge before the war; and it was he also that made these gentlemen value these bogus decorations. For it was he that created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them. Enough is laid on slavery, without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter.

"Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character as it existed before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war. It seems a little harsh towards a dead man to say that we never should have had a war but for Sir Walter; and yet something of a plausible argument might, perhaps, be made in support of the wild proposition. The Southerner of the American Revolution owned slaves, so did the Southerner of the American Civil War; but the former resembles the latter as an Englishman resembles a Frenchman. The change of character can be traced rather more easily to Sir Walter's influence than to that of any living thing or person."

Unfortunately, in this assertion Mark Twain can be bolstered up by evidence, for nowhere in the world was Sir Walter Scott so much loved or so widely read as in the South. M. Jules d'Avezac, an émigré from San Domingo, translated *Marmion* into French and sent it to Sir Walter, who replied with a letter saying how pleased he was that the Muse had repeated his verses in another hemisphere. There are Southern men,—and my dear father was one,—and there are certainly Southern women, who know every novel and every scene in the novels of all the twenty-seven which Sir Walter has written. Mark Twain said he did measureless harm, more real and lasting harm, than any other individual who ever wrote. But what did he teach? Loyalty and self-sacrifice, a sense of obligation to your kinsfolk, chivalry, tenderness, and protection to women, honour and truth to your neighbour, courage and valour in battle, open-handed hospitality, and a sense of responsibility towards those dependent on you. Is n't that just as good teaching as "practical common sense, progressive ideas, and progressive works"?

There is no place where brutality is exhibited with such pride, or where the manners of the lower classes are so detestable, or where there is so much friction to a person of refinement, as New York—our greatest city of "progressive ideas and progressive works." And there is not the smallest consolation to an American in the suggestion that the brutality, vulgarity, and bad manners are imported with our bonnets and dresses from various ports, for it is more difficult to endure the insolence of aliens than that of your own people.

Even Sir Walter Scott, with all his genius, could not impose one dream or vision upon the stony soul of New York. And what would life be worth to some of us

without dreams and visions? There *are* other things besides progress and "practical common sense." I doubt if Shakespeare had the latter. There are no traces of it in *Romeo and Juliet* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and yet he is immortal. Carlyle said, "The problem of politics is, how out of a multitude of knaves to make an honest people." New York, in the midst of its splendid progress, can be left to solve this problem.

Mark Twain complains of the "Sir Walter Scott Middle Age sham civilisation," yet under that "sham civilisation" before the war the South created politicians who were gentlemen of property, distinction, and honour. They did not put their hands into the pockets of the government and withdraw them contaminated with "graft," as so many of the politicians of the North have done since the war. Their ideas were not progressive enough for the worship of money; they still believed in honesty, truth, straightforwardness, and, if it need be, self-sacrifice and poverty. What statesman was it who said, "The Southern statesman went for honours and the Northern one for profit"?

The trusts, that have done such infinite harm in America, did not originate in the South. The high tariff that is impeding the universal progress of the United States has been established by Northern men. The enormous fortunes which are a menace and danger to the country have been amassed by Northern men. Slavery had its drawbacks, for anything that gives men unlimited power is wrong; but it had its advantages in that it established a sense of responsibility in the masters towards the individuals and that sense of responsibility extended itself to the State. Southern men had, and still have, very great civic pride. Like the English,

they have taken root in the soil and love of country is with them instinctive. As for the "romanticism of an absurd past that is dead," who have a better right to a romantic past than we of the South? And Mark Twain is wrong in imagining that for us it can ever die. It is indeed history's most thrilling page, and "Once upon a time" would be the fit prelude for the most commonplace story that could be told of our beloved South. Its beginnings run like a fairy tale, whispered in breathless morsels, for the shuddering delight of children. The quest of glittering El Dorado, the fables of Florida, the demon-haunted Mississippi with its tangled brakes and bearded forests, the wondrous Children of the Sun, the burial of De Soto, the pity of Evangeline are tales of which the world will never weary.

The sailors of Columbus, returning, filled Europe with marvellous stories of the Indies, the realms of Prester John, the fabulous wealth of Cipango. Spain, the credulous, emerging from her victorious wars with the Moor, turned eagerly towards the West. Ponce de Leon searched the wilds of Florida for the Fountain of Eternal Youth. De Soto led his mail-clad knights through the forests of Alabama, weaving a story of gold and goblins, more weird than any adventure that ever passed with the wine around King Arthur's Table.

Through this country the Chevalier La Salle led the most quixotic expedition ever conceived by mortal man —composed as it was of impoverished nobles, released felons, Castilian peasants, and San Domingo buccaneers thirsting for the pillage of the Seven Cities of Gold. A tidal wave hurled him upon the shores of Texas where he built his melancholy fortress called "The St. Louis of Sorrow." In an effort to reach Canada on foot he

died by an assassin's hand on the bank of the Neches River.

Iberville, Knight Errant of the Seas; De Tonty of the Iron Hand; Lafitte, the pirate of Barataria; Murrell, the robber of the Natchez trail—traditions such as these cast a glamour of glory and a ray of romance athwart the long lean record of commercial entries.

Bienville the Builder, brother to the chivalrous Iberville, was the first of all these pioneers who saw that unlimited wealth, power, and human happiness lay concealed in the earth beneath their feet. He it was who foresaw the mighty destiny of this temperate climate, this fructifying sun, these fertile lands lying fallow for the conquest of the plough and reaping-hook. The kings of France and Spain, every monarch and potentate who sent out a colony, charged them specially to seek for mines, to sift the sands of the sea, and filter the waters of the Mississippi which would give up their rich sediment of gold. The gold for which Pizarro had sinned and De Soto died, Bienville found in the rich soil. When he built the ramparts of New Orleans, discouraged the search for mines, and set his thrifty immigrants to work in the fields, Bienville wrote the preface to a history of Southern change.

In later explorations and settlement such men as Boone and Crockett led the way. The axe and the plough followed the trail of the rifle, and the smoke of the housewife's kitchen uprose beside the temporary fire of the huntsman's camp. The dream of the adventurer began its fulfilment, realised through patient labour and not by the hand of conquest. The Knight Errant passed away; the farmer came, and the farmer has changed the spirit of the South. Throughout the period of exploration the South attracted the adventure-

loving cavalier; the North drew to itself a steady middle-class folk who hoped for more enduring success in the fruits of their toil.

When Napoleon's empire fell, many of the highest nobles of France sought an asylum in the South. Alabama granted them lands and named their country "Marengo" in honour of the Little Corporal's great victory. Dukes and marshals, in knee-breeches and powdered hair, worked in the fields, while their grand ladies in silks and satins spread their remnant of silver plate upon rough-hewn tables in the humblest of log cabins. Louis Philippe taught in a school in Mississippi and a runaway daughter of the Emperor Charles lies buried and forgotten in a cemetery of Louisiana. There has been so much of romance, both of fact and fiction, woven into the country's history that it has tinctured the life of the people and added a distinct touch of idealism to their character.

With a past like ours, we can never be altogether practical and commercial, but the day will come, and in many instances it has already come, when men and women of the South will do great things inspired by the memory of that "romantic past" of which Mark Twain so slightingly speaks. Notwithstanding his disparagement of my country, I am not ungrateful to this great writer who has added so much to the gaiety of nations; to no one has he given more pure delight than myself. How humorous he could be in a few words! Some one in Germany asked him if he had heard any of Wagner's operas. "Yes," he said, "last night I listened to one of his Insurrections." And when a girl asked him his favourite motto he answered, "Not Guilty!" He was far more convincing with his humour than with his serious writing. His little attack on Sir

Walter Scott and the South leaves one cold and unresponsive; the way in which it is done is unconvincing, undistinguished, and even acid.

Our bodies do not always match our souls. I know a man in England, tall, fair, fine of stature, perfect of physique, classic in feature, yet his soul is a little, dark, mean, petty, stunted affair. I know another man, small and deformed of body, with a wizened face, but his soul is tall, handsome, graceful, beautiful, and statuesque. Mark Twain ought to have been a Southerner, but he was born with a too practical soul. His hardness made him understand the North, and he did it more than justice; his want of romance made him misunderstand the South, and he did it less than justice.

Sometimes a man is born to another nationality. Sir Richard Burton was without doubt an Oriental; Byron was an Italian; Parnell was an American. All these oddities and mysteries seem to fit in with the theory of reincarnation, which is to those who have it an infinitely comforting belief.

While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, hath smiled before.

Lost in a gay and fatal throng,
I tremble at some tender song

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### GALLANT, BRAVE, HEARTY KENTUCKY

Sometime, from the far away,
Wing a little thought to me,
In the night, or in the day,
It will give a rest to me.

FATHER THOMAS RYAN.

I THINK no city in the South has a larger number of agreeable and cultivated women than Louisville, Kentucky. Without a realisation of it, perhaps, they have always lived where the standard of literature is high. For Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, is one of the most brilliant and versatile journalists in America. His editorials are an education, his style is always scholarly, and he writes with force, tenderness, and charm. Nothing can be more poetic than his description of the great hunter Daniel Boone's discovery of Kentucky:

He came afoot, and was followed by a little troop of heroes and poets like himself. I say heroes and poets for, stirred by the fine frenzy of true poetry and the adventurous daring of true heroism, they set out upon an enterprise which brought forth an epic. Nature herself seemed conscious of the coming of an important embassy, and put on her richest apparel to receive it. The pomp of all the heraldries in the world could not have furnished out a splendider fête than that which waited these humble

ministers and envoys in buckskin. It was when the June skies were softest and the June fruition was at its full; when the elm and the maple vied with one another which should show itself the more hospitable and magnificent; when the welcoming bluebirds' call was clearest and sweetest, that the mysterious pathway through the forest which had opened day after day, not like the fabled avenue in the enchanted garden, but like the track pointed out to Christian by divine inspiration, brought the little band to an elevation from which its members beheld, for the first time, the land they had come so far to see. Moses, stretching his weary eyes from Pisgah into Canaan, was not gladdened and refreshed by a lovelier prospect. It was, Boone declares in his autobiography, "a second paradise."

Mrs. Clay in *A Belle of the Fifties*, gives a description of Henry Watterson as a boy:

Though not members of our resident circle, my memories of dear old Brown's would scarcely be complete without a mention of little Henry Watterson, with whose parents our "mess" continually exchanged visits for years. Henry, their only child, was then an invalid, debarred from the usual recreations of other boys by weak eyes that made the light unbearable and reading all but impossible; yet at fifteen the lad was a born politician and eager for every item of news from the Senate or House. "What bills were introduced to-day? Who spoke? Please tell me what took place to-day?" were among the questions with which the youth was wont to greet the ladies of our "mess," when he knew them to be returning from a few hours spent in the Senate gallery, and, though none foresaw the later distinction which awaited the young invalid, no one of us was ever so hurried and impatient that she could not and did not take time to answer his earnest enquiries.

Much of Mr. Watterson's work has been lost in the ephemeral life of the newspaper, but some beautiful essays have been gathered together and preserved in his book of *Life's Compromises*. And under his unconscious guidance a little group of Louisville women have made world-wide reputations and fortunes. Alice Hegan Rice is, as her name betokens, of Irish descent. Both she and her mother have always worked among the poor, and out of her philanthropical experiences came her first book, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, which is now known throughout the entire world, both as a story and a play. She has since married Cale Young Rice, a dramatist and poet.

These little verses of his are full of grace and feeling:

I met a child upon the moor
A-wading down the heather;
She put her hands into my own,
We crossed the fields together.

I led her to her father's door—
A cottage 'mid the clover,
I left her—and the world grew poor
To me, a childless rover.

I met a maid upon the moor,
The morrow was her wedding,
Love lit her eyes with lovelier hues
Than the eve-star was shedding.

She looked a sweet good-bye to me,
And o'er the stile went singing,
Down all the lonely night I heard
But bridal bells a-ringing.

I met a mother on the moor,
By a new grave a-praying,
The happy swallows in the blue
Upon the winds were playing.

"Would I were in his grave," I said,
"And he beside her standing!
There was no heart to break if death
For me had made demanding."

The poet and the authoress have a pretty house filled with souvenirs of wanderings in many lands. Mrs. Rice is a delightful woman, generous and inspiring to other writers. She is, indeed, the fairy-godmother of that popular book, *The Lady of the Decoration*. Mrs. McCauley, a cousin of Mrs. Rice's, went to Japan as a missionary, and while there wrote such charming letters home that Alice Hegan thought the public should have a share in their pleasure, and she carried them to a publisher who said that, with the addition of a slight love story, he would publish them. So the little romance was deftly threaded through the chain of letters and the book made an enormous success. Think of the delight of waking up in the morning, and finding the post had brought you a book written by yourself of which you knew nothing!

Elizabeth Robins is another of the remarkable women born in Louisville. I have seen her act in many plays, and she has the same rare and unique intellectual gift as an actress that has made Mrs. Fiske so famous. It is what she is keeping back and *might say* and not what she *does* say that is so curiously thrilling! Who will ever forget her in the *Master Builder*—an exterior of ice covering a fiery volcano, with a manner mysteriously compelling and excitingly evoking curiosity. She was

equally good as Agnes in *Brand*, and she was quite real and heartbreaking in a little unacknowledged play of her own. It was the story of a woman who worshipped health and strength and physical beauty, and deplored and abhorred deformity and weakness. The husband of the woman was a master machinist, a man of physical perfection. Before the birth of their child he was brought home maimed and dead. The baby born into the world was a malformed cripple, and the mother, rather than have him grow up never to walk or run or jump like a normal boy, smothers him, although she loved the poor little creature with great intensity, and is tried for murder. Miss Robins in this strange story was appealing, intense, and touchingly convincing, but the critics with one accord slaughtered the play. Men —even critics—so dislike the painful problem of a woman's life. Now she is known through her pen. *The Open Question*, if not absolutely satisfying, is still a powerful novel, and, intellectually she has taken her place among the first writers of her generation.

George Madden Martin, another successful woman, tall and slim with pretty flower-blue eyes, has an engaging personality, most agreeable and gentle manner, and is the author of *Emmy Lou*, a little book which has deservedly gone into innumerable editions. Like Margaret Deland, she is childless, but she needs no children of her own to give her the humorous, tender understanding of a child's heart, and the creations of her brain only require flesh and blood to become human, lovable boys and girls.

And there is dear Maud Cossar—with her beauty, her many-sided nature, her varied accomplishments, her quick sympathy, and her stern discipline by Fate, she is more the figure for a novel than a real woman. But

who so full of resource, and so practical as she? An accomplished journalist, she turns out a column of copy daily for the *Herald* with infinite ease, and her nimble brain finds only amusement in those absurd questions propounded by the curious and the idle to the all-wise editors of newspapers. Then, she is a deft needlewoman, an excellent cook, whenever she has the opportunity an open-air woman with a keen appreciation of nature, a born gardener, and a true lover of animals. Even Jack London cannot write more tenderly of dogs than Maud can talk of them. Her tale of "Stray Baby" a humorously pathetic story of a homeless dog afterwards adopted by the staff of the *Herald*, might well be made into a little book.

And there is Barbour Bruce who might have been a writer, but is only known as a trenchant wit—"Who," she asked at a party, "was that nice, well-dressed, refined, common woman who has just had her cup of tea and gone away?" This complete description fitted the lady like her skin. She was an American educated in France and Italy, had lived much of her life in England, and, given every advantage of education and society, was quietly refined in manner, but her soul was common. Only the quickest and most penetrating eye however would have discovered the deal beneath the shining veneer.

The night after my arrival in Louisville, Barbour had asked half a dozen friends to supper, and when she went into the kitchen of the apartment to give the cook an order, she found this independent black lady had gone to church. When my hostess with a vexed and anxious face opened the door and looked in, Maud, who was in the little flower-decked drawing-room, dressed in white chiffon, with a wreath of silver leaves

on her thick burnished hair, immediately went to her. Presently Barbour returned with a relieved, cheerful expression, and her serviceable guest, with her delicate gown covered by a big apron was in the kitchen gaily cooking supper, which she had been invited to eat. How good and how hot it was; never, never, have I eaten such deliciously flavoured macaroni. Its delicacy may have been enhanced by the chaplet of silver and the white gown, but certainly that dish was perfection, and Maud's very pink cheeks were the only evidence of her most beneficent occupation. Perhaps, after all, the best thing about her is not her beauty, which is of the noble, classical, durable kind—a low broad brow, fine eyes, straight nose, a well-cut mouth, and a correctly modelled contour of face—but her great heart, and her firm hands constantly busy in service. She has made just the right marriage, to a fellow-journalist, young and ambitious, who first appealed to her by his affectionate attentions to "Stray Baby,"—for only a man who loved children and animals, flowers, trees, a home, and friends could attract Maud.

Barbour writes to me:

> Maud and Aubrey have bought a cottage that I always loved as a child. I never remember all through the winter the many-paned windows not being ablaze with beckoning lamplight and firelight. I longed to go in but never did. Now at twilight I shall often lift the latch, and what a home Maud will make Aubrey! But he knows it, and is proudly grateful.

Pretty, tall, young Letetia MacDonald, another aspirant for literature, is having the way of the story-writer made exceedingly easy for her. And there are other clever women who have not expressed themselves

through the pen. Mary Johnson is one of them; not the great little Mary Johnston of Richmond, who wrote *To Have and To Hold*, but Louisville's Mary Johnson, a well-known Friend, devoted, unselfish, and uncompromisingly loyal. With her "The King can do no wrong," and Kentuckians are proverbially generous. She gets back what she gives. On one of her late birthdays her friends gave her a dinner, with a speech and a loving-cup filled to the brim, and running over with love. There was a long silence before she could frame her thanks for their unexpected appreciation. Then came a hearty "Hurrah Friend!" to cover the feeling her trembling speech brought forth. Her judgment is as good about books as about men and women. An omnivorous reader of both foreign and American literature, her opinion has the value of a professional reviewer's.

Louisville prides itself, and with reason, upon its open-armed hospitality, and lavishly as those delightful women entertained me, one unforgotten field-day stands out in my memory. It began in the early morning with flowers and friends, then followed a luncheon party, a concert, a tea, a small dinner, a large opera party, and then a supper at the Pendennis Club completed the festivities. In spite of the strenuous day I was quite fresh for a dinner the next night, and sat at the right hand of Judge Humphrey, a most entertaining man, who informed me that through the Popes we were distant cousins. And we are cousins. Far-away relationships are so convenient; if you like your kins-people you boldly acknowledge them, if not, like Peter you deny them.

Having settled our cousinship, we fell to discussing our families, and when my grandmother's name was mentioned, Judge Humphrey said, "Then you must be

a relation of Colonel Hynes, who had such a remarkable experience during the war. He was suspected of being a Confederate spy, and being hotly pursued by the Union infantry, he took refuge in the house of a friend whose wife was ill in bed. He had only been in the house a few minutes when the measured tread of soldiers marching up the garden path was heard. 'Quick!' said his host. 'What am I to say? What are you going to do?' 'Fumble at the lock of the door,' said Colonel Hynes; 'don't open it any sooner than you can help. Will you let me hide myself in your wife's room?' 'Yes,' said his host, 'and for God's sake be quick about it!'

"Colonel Hynes ran up the stairs, explained the situation to the startled invalid, slit with his knife the feather mattress she was lying on, crept into it, and, although the soldiers knew he was in the house, no trace of him could be found. But there is something in mental telepathy, for, notwithstanding that every inch of every room was searched, the captain of the soldiers insisted on the lady's bedroom door being left open and stationed two men in the hall. There they sat for forty-eight hours, the prisoner never moving and scarcely breathing. At the end of that time the soldiers left the house and camped in the garden. The host said, 'Now what am I to do?' 'Give a party,' said Colonel Hynes. "Get me a suit of evening clothes and I 'll shave off my beard and walk past the guard, and he 'll never know me.' And he made his escape just as he said."

Judge Humphrey and his wife and daughters have the good fortune to live on the River Road. Years ago the old Fincastle Club, standing in solitary state, was for sale; being roomy and spacious they bought and transformed it into a delightful house. Now they

have a number of neighbours, Mrs. Avery Robinson, Mrs. Thurston Ballard, Mrs. Tom Smith, Mrs. Charles Ballard, and a large contingent of Louisville people live on the green hills overlooking the Ohio, which on its way to the Mississippi runs between green fields on the one side and lovely undulating hills covered with verdure on the other. Cedar, cotton, pine, and maple trees give ample shade, and the views are wide and varied. In the happy days of May, I stood on a noble crest which had been levelled and blossomed in the earliest flowers of spring. Beds of pale lemon, deep purple, and parti-coloured heartsease outlined lilies of the valley, while pink and yellow tulips lifted their tender heads, and down the emerald hills, like amber water, trickled many golden daffodils. On the level of the land ran the River Road like a golden-brown riband, and the river, blue from the reflection of the sky above, flowed swiftly between its green banks to the sea. As the gorgeous sunset poured its golden glamour over all things near and far, the summit of the distant hills blazed with colour. Rich amber, prismatic opal, misty blue, pearl and violet shone resplendent, until the sinking sun co-mingled them all in a lake of deepest, purest, transparent rose. Then, regretfully, the lambent twilight descended, turning the rose into a fiery purple, and the mantle of night enfolded the River Road in soft embrace.

Barbour came out on the terrace and said, "We must go to Frankfort to-morrow to see Mrs. Wilson." "Yes," I said, "I want to see Hoodie again. We have n't met since we were both sixteen. Her father, General Ekin, was then stationed in Texas. She was a charming girl." "She is a charming woman," Barbour said; "you won't be disappointed in her."

Next day, Governor Wilson, a frank, cordial man, met us at the station in Frankfort and we walked to the Executive Mansion, such a dear old-fashioned, comfortable Southern house. The floors of the large rooms were covered with white matting. There were comfortable chairs, plenty of books, magazines, and newspapers, and a noble blue-and-white drawing-room. The plans are drawn for a splendid new house opposite the Capitol, but will anybody enjoy it as much as the old one, I wonder?

Mrs. Wilson, an agreeable and hospitable woman, gave me a warm welcome. Through all the years she had never forgotten me. But after we had talked for a while she said it was hard to reconcile Betty Paschal, the girl who danced in Texas, danced in New Orleans, and danced in Washington, the teetotum in fact, with the grey-haired lady seeking information about politics, tobacco, trusts, corn, and cattle. I said: "Solomon, you know, mentioned that there was 'A time to weep, a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones.'"

"Well, at any rate," said she, "it is plain to see you are gathering information. You won't have to dance to-night, only to talk to a party of twelve at dinner. And it 's time for you to dress. Don't let my maid bother you with too much conversation. She means well, poor soul, but her mother died in a lunatic asylum and I 'm afraid she 's going the same way." We had a few minutes together before the guests arrived and Hoodie said the butler had no footman to assist him, but was so quick and capable that no matter how many there were to wait upon he was equal to the occasion. "How lucky you are to get him!" I said. "Where did he come from?"

"The Penitentiary," said Mrs. Wilson.

"A convict?" I asked.

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Wilson, "but nothing vulgar, my dear Betty, like thieving. It was jealousy."

"Do you know," I said, "he 's awfully like Salvini in *Othello*. Did he smother her?"

"No," said Mrs. Wilson, "he told her to stay at home and forbade her to go out and meet her lover. She defied him, got as far as the door, and he shot her, and nearly died of grief afterwards. He is only a ticket-of-leave man, but he is an inestimable treasure as a butler."

And with any number of courses at dinner, we were not more than an hour and a quarter at table. That tall, fine-looking Moor—I 'm certain he is a Moor and probably came from the colony in New Jersey where the negroes are proud of their Moorish descent—was as quick as lightning. The glasses of the guests were kept well filled, and he was quite equal to three ordinary waiters. After the guests had departed I said to Hoodie: "If it had been possible to loot the table to-night, I should have taken Mrs. Berry's beautiful hair, Mrs. Scott's old gorgeously painted Spanish fan, Mary Mason Scott's bunch of pearl grapes with diamond leaves, and your husband."

"Oh," said Hoodie, "you would n't take my husband away from me, Betty?"

I replied: "There 's no danger. You 've got him; he would n't come."

"I don't know," said Hoodie; "I 've brought him up to adore you," and with this charming compliment I went to bed.

"Are you," said Barbour, calling from her room adjoining mine, "enjoying yourself?"

"Yes," I said, "I 'm entirely happy."

"Well," said Barbour, "you like adventure. It is n't everybody who is waited on by a lunatic and a murderer!"

The next morning was spent at the New State Capitol which occupies a beautiful situation on a sloping hill, overlooking green valleys and the Kentucky River. The architecture is noble and impressive and the interior simple and good. Governor Wilson chose the furnishing, and though he says he knows nothing of art, he has made no mistakes. Men are so often wise in rejecting too much detail and over-ornamentation, and there is nothing so completely satisfactory as a fine simplicity. We went into the Governor's room. He was full of information and possessed any amount of local literature.

"Do you know," he said, handing me a leaflet, "this song in praise of Kentucky?"

"Know'st thou the land where the corn tassels bloom,
Where the mystical cocktail exhales its perfume,
Where the high-balls sparkle with flavour divine,
And the 'Schooners' sail fast 'neath the shade of the vine?
Know'st thou that land, that beautiful land?

"Know'st thou the land where the Julep was born,
Where the mint yields its breast to the spirit of corn,
Where the ice strikes the glass with a musical sound,
And the straw shrieks aloud when the bottom is found?
Know'st thou that land, that beautiful land?

"Hear'st thou the call of the Blue-grass to thee?
Come over the river, come Southward to me,
Where a welcome awaits from Kentucky's old boys,
Oh, come to that South land and taste of her joys!
Oh, come to that land, that beautiful land!

"Know'st not that land? Then thou art unlucky.
'T is gallant, 't is brave, 't is hearty Kentucky,
That calls from the River that flows to the Sea,
Come Southward to meet us, cross over and see.
Oh, come to that land, that beautiful land!"

"I don't believe," I said, "that even Kentucky cocktails are better than those in Virginia."

"Maybe not," replied the Governor; "Virginia is just across the river. Here 's something else for you."

And he gave me a little book, *Kentucky Arbour and Bird Day.*

I read the "Arbour Day Proclamation" while he and Barbour talked.

ARBOUR DAY PROCLAMATION

*To the People of Kentucky:*

It takes a long, long time during the lives of several people for a tree to grow great. It takes only a little while to kill it. We have wasted hundreds of millions of trees that it took more than one hundred years to grow. We are using millions of trees every year now and putting nothing in their place. We ought to plant more trees than we are using every year. We have millions of acres of lands that will not grow anything else but trees, and we could cover them all with trees. We have bare places along the roads and in the streets and in the yards and on the farms everywhere, that will not be used for buildings or crops or anything else, where trees could be planted that would make those who come after us rich, and would make the face of the earth beautiful for us.

Let us all get together and all plant trees and all ask everybody else to plant trees, and let us have a special meeting on the 8th day of April, 1910, in every schoolhouse and other good places for meetings, to talk over how to have more trees, how to make every place more beautiful, how

to plant, how to save something for the people fifty years from now who won't have any wood if we do not do something about it, how to put some of our prayers for blessings to come to people, hereafter in living shape, by starting trees that will answer our own prayers.

Let us plant trees for ourselves and for all whom we love. Let us plant trees for the future and for this year and next year and every year. Let us plant trees for profit, for gladness, for beauty, for conversation, for storage of the rain water, for houses and furniture, for everything for which we use wood, for our own sake, for our children's sake, for our grandchildren's sake, and for humanity's sake.

AUGUSTUS E. WILSON,
*Governor of Kentucky.*

March 10, 1910.

"What an enchanting idea to make the interest in birds, trees, and flowers a tangible thing," I said. As I turned the leaves of the book and dipped into it here and there, delightful woodland scraps of information met my eye.

"INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT TREES."

The largest tree in the world is the great chestnut tree at the foot of Mount Etna which is called "Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses," and is thought to be one of the oldest trees in existence. Five enormous branches rise from one great trunk, which is two hundred and twelve feet in circumference. A part of the trunk has been broken away and through its interior, which is hollow, two carriages can be driven abreast.

The costliest tree in the world is the plane tree growing in Wood Street, London, England, occupying a space which, but for its being there, would bring in a rental of $1500 a year, and this, capitalised at thirty years' purchase, gives value of $45,000.

How often I 've been to Wood Street and have never seen this plane tree. One of my first journeys will be to make its acquaintance on my return to dear smoky London.

In Terre Bonne Parish, Louisiana, the largest orange tree in the South grows. It is fifty feet high and fifteen feet in circumference at the base, and has often yielded 10,000 oranges per season.

To own one tree like this would mean happiness.

"Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So, living or dying, I 'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees."

"DEBATE"

*"White Oak Group"*

White Oak.
Bur Oak.
Chestnut Oak.
Overcup Oak.
Post Oak.
Cow Oak.
Live Oak.

A special talk topic—the commercial value of the oak galls. The oldest document in America was written with ink made from oak galls, and is practically indelible.

The oak in literature. Reading: Phocius, Lowell. Selections: Thoreau, Browning.

"I hear the wind among the trees
Play celestial harmonies."

How wholesome, cheerful, comforting and healthy is the love of trees and flowers, for—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'T is her privilege
Through all the years of this one life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us."

"There is no unbelief.
Who ever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Trusts in God."

"We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, golden ears,
Unless we first have been sowers
And watered the flowers with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

And I read for the first time Oliver Herford's charming lines on the origin of violets:

"I know, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn,
I know the place you come from
And the way that you are born.

"When God cut holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth,
The little scraps are you."

Turning a few pages, I came upon an appreciation of birds, beginning with those joyous lines:

"His gentle-joyful song I heard,
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that every year,
Sings, 'sweet! sweet! sweet! very merry cheer.'"

And Edgar Fawcett's colourful ode on the Baltimore oriole with his rainbow tints and his velvet song:

"At some glad moment was it Nature's choice,
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

Then came Henry Van Dyke's "Robin's Song":

"This is the carol the robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:
Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear,
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!"

Barbour said: "Would you mind discontinuing the reading of your book and saying good-bye to Governor Wilson? You can finish it in the train."

My visit to Frankfort was all too short, but I wanted to get to the Blue Grass Country, and see for myself if the grass *was* really blue, and truly it was, for the luscious juice makes it thick, dark, and heavy enough to cast shadows of blue over the shimmer of green. No wonder with such nutritious food the Blue Grass region produces splendid horses, ponies, cows, and sheep. We visited the fancy farm of Mr. Haggin and met whole regiments of cows walking at milking-time into their white marble stalls, where they were washed, curried, and apparently manicured. And at Castlewood we saw the splendid farms and stables and stroked the noses of the soft, silky, bright-eyed colts, which will probably in the future make celebrated race horses. On another smaller farm there were dozens of sturdy, shaggy little Shetland ponies being clipped and beautified for the market. The day before I left that wonderful rich grass region, it rained from early morning until misty evening, and looking out on the drenched garden I remembered Madison Cawein's "Grey Day."

"Long vollies of wind and of rain
And the rain on the drizzled pane
And the eve falls chill and murk;
But on yesterday's eve, I know
How a horned moon's thorn-like bow
Stabbed rosy thro' gold and thro' glow,
Like a rich barbaric dirk.

"Now thick throats of the snapdragons—
Who hold in their hues cool dawns
Which a healthy yellow paints—

Are filled with a sweet rain fine,
Of a jaunty, jubilant shine,
A faery vat of rare wine,
Which the honey thinly taints.

"Now dabble the poppies shrink,
And the coxcomb and the pink,
While the candytuft's damp crown
Droops dribbled, low-bowed in the wet.
And long spikes o' the mignonette
Like musk-sacks open set,
While the dripping o' dew drags down.

"Stretched taut on the blades of grass,
Like a gossamer-fibred glass
Which the garden spider spun,
The web, where the round rain clings
In its middle sagging, swings;
A hammock for Elfin things
Where the stars succeed the sun.

"Yet I feel that the grey will blow
Aside for an afterglow;
And a breeze on a sudden, toss
Drenched boughs to a pattering show'r
Athwart the red dusk in a glow'r,
Big drops heard hard on each flow'r,
On the grass and the flowering moss.

"And then, for a minute, maybe—
A pearl—hollow-worn—of the sea—
A glimmer of moon will smile;
Cool stars rinsed clean o' the dusk;
A freshness of gathering musk
O'er the showery lawns, as brusk
As spice from an Indian Isle."

And at last when the rain ceased, I wrapped a shawl round me, and went out to look at the "Cool stars rinsed clean," to breathe the soft, light, fragrant air, and to gather a posy of carnations, mignonette, and rosemary in sweet remembrance, for this was my last night in Kentucky.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

They declare that I 'm gracefully pretty,
The very best waltzer that whirls;
They say I am sparkling and witty,
The pearl, the queen-rose-bud of girls,
But, alas, for the popular blindness!
Its judgment, though folly, can hurt;
Since my heart, that runs over with kindness,
It vows is the heart of a flirt!

HAYNE.

MY first day in Richmond was almost as busy and as full of change as one of "Old Reliable's" days. I got up early and a friend called to go with me to select a hat. We saw one in a window and I said, "That 's what I want." We went in, I tried it on, and bought it. From the moment we left the hotel until the hat was mine only ten minutes elapsed. After that we walked down a beautiful street, where a noted belle once lived, who, in Southern fashion, was secretly engaged to three men at the same time.

"They all lived in different towns," my friend said, "but belonged to the same club in Richmond. Fate brought them together one night, and under the influence of mint juleps of a particular concoction and strength they became confidential, and finally found out that each one had the same sweetheart. They

resolved upon a plan of action, and determined to teach her a lesson, so next morning they all went together to call upon her. She entered the parlour looking so beautiful and fresh in her white muslin dress and little white shoes, that each man forgave her and hoped he was the fortunate one. The spokesman hesitated and stuttered, and, looking at her corn-flower blue eyes and crown of golden hair, he altered the severity of his speech and said, 'We are all engaged to you, and we all love you desperately, and we have all come to ask, with charity to all and malice to none, which one of us is it to be?'

"She looked very mischievous but at the same time very tender, and said: 'Well, gentlemen, there is a *fourth.* I have been ficklewise, but please forgive me. *This* time I am in love.'

"'May we,' said the spokesman, 'ask who is the happy fourth?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'he is John Gates.'

"'The Dev—I beg your pardon,' said the second lover. 'This is a surprise. Do you think you will make a good clergyman's wife?'

"'It 'll never do,' said the spokesman. 'You are a professional beauty, and professional beauties never marry clergymen. It is n't done.'

"'I am going to do it,' she said.

"'And,' said the third lover, who was rich, 'John 's poor.'

"She flushed up and said: 'I 'd marry him if he had n't a picayune.'

"'Then,' said the spokesman, 'it 's the real article.'

"'Yes,' she said softly, 'it 's just—Love.'

"Then they all wished her joy and went away. When they got outside the spokesman said: 'Well, that 's a blow to my vanity. I 'm six-foot-two, and

I 've got money. John Gates is a little insignificant creature, and, by Jove, she 's not only going to marry him, but she 's gone on him!'

"The second lover said: 'You can't count on women; they fall in love with queer chaps.'

"The third lover said: 'Have you heard about Nelly Smith? You know she 's been a belle for years, she must be thirty-five. The other night Tom Ridgely kissed her, and she looked at him as innocent as a baby, and said, "Do you know you are the first man that ever kissed me?" He said: "And you are the first woman I ever kissed. Will you marry me?" "No," she said, "I don't want to marry a liar." He said, "I don't know that I do either."' "

"And," I asked, "did the beauty ever marry the preacher?"

"Oh yes," said my friend, "she made a model clergyman's wife and had nine children, four beautiful daughters and five sons. For many years she kept her looks and her extraordinary charm. Her husband is a bishop now."

"And what became of Nelly Smith and Tom Ridgely?" I asked.

"They got tired of being witty and got married too," said my friend.

We walked a little way down Franklin Street, to see the old Lee mansion, a fine roomy house now occupied by the Historical Society. The Jewish tabernacle, with its great Moorish dome, glistened in the bright sunlight, and the long avenue of trees were in their earliest freshest dress of brilliant spring green.

My friend said: "This street reminds me that yesterday morning I met a negro girl here who had been a former maid of ours and had left us to get

married. I stopped her and said: 'Howdy, Jemima; is that your baby?' 'Yes Miss Mary, he 's my chile.' 'And what 's his name?' I asked. 'Hallowed,' she said. 'Hallowed! I don't think I ever heard it,' I said. 'Why, yes, you is, Miss Mary, it 's tole us in de Lord's Prayer, "Hallowed be Thy name." Mary added, 'Jemima had no idea of irreverence.'"

I laughed, and then my memory wandered back to poor little Joe, in *Bleak House*, who, when dying, faltered, "Hallowed be —Thy—dead."

"The light is come upon the dark benighted way." May the light shine upon the dark benighted way of the little piccaninny called in reverent absurdity, "Hallowed."

My friend left me at the door of the Jefferson hotel, where I found Rosewell Page, my good friend of many years, waiting to wander about with me and show me Richmond of the present. I remembered it well in the past, for I spent three months there as a little girl with Mrs. Canby, when some years after the war her husband was in command of the military post. In the afternoon the General and I often used to go long walks together, and he loved to stand before the beautiful old Capitol, whose noble architecture gave him extreme pleasure.

"You see here, Betty," he would say, "the result of knowledge. Jefferson was a good classical scholar, and he suggested as a model of the Capitol the *maison carrée* of Nismes, an old Roman temple, and those old fellows who first made history there lived themselves up to the tradition of Roman Senators. At the Constitutional Convention of 1829–30, the two former Presidents of the United States, James Madison and James Monroe, and one future President, John Tyler,

with Chief-Justice Marshall, Philip Pendleton Barbour, Benjamin Watkins Lee, and a number of illustrious men framed laws for the Constitution of the country. The illuminating idea of universal suffrage was born and went forth from behind those Ionic columns."

Another point of interest for us was the equestrian statue of General Washington surrounded by his famous advisers—Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; Chief-Justice John Marshall, who, my father always said, was almost the greatest lawyer that ever lived; Thomas Nelson, a diplomat by instinct, and a force in bringing the war of the Revolution to a successful close; Patrick Henry, the impassioned orator and leader of the Revolution; George Mason, another great jurist and the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights; and Andrew Lewis, whom General Washington considered a military genius.

"I tell you what it is, Betty," General Canby said regretfully, "this war of brothers has been one of the most terrible things in history. Politicians made it, soldiers fought and deplored it, but it is something to have kept the Stars and Stripes—the flag of Washington and Jefferson—floating and inviolate over an undivided Union to the last. Virginia has a better right to it than anybody else, and she will come back loyally under its proud folds some day. Just now she is sick and sore, but the grandsons of these brave Confederate soldiers will even rejoice over her defeat. I sometimes see an old friend in the street who refuses to speak to me, but I can't blame him." And the General sighed, for he had a tender, generous heart, and Mrs. Canby, a Southern woman, was filled with grief over the desolation of the South.

There was one native Virginian at Richmond who

had no feeling against the Yankees. He was the pet coon of one of the officers of General Canby's staff, who had named him Aaraaf, from Poe's fantastic poem of "Al Aaraaf." He used to say: "I found him

> "'High on a mountain of enamell'd head—
> Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
> Of giant pasturage, lying at his ease,
> Raising his heavy eyelids, starts and sees.'"

He had almost stepped on him while on a hunting expedition, on the plateau of a Blue Ridge mountain—a little soft, fluffy ball. He was such an amiable, tame coon, a fat grey and black beauty. Not having to forage for food, and always eating of the best—his favourite dish being oysters—his coat was beautiful, and his bright furtive eyes, widely surrounded by black circles, gave him quite a theatrical appearance. The wild animal had apparently been completely eliminated from Aaraaf, and like a dog he followed his master all over the barracks. If fortune ever smiles upon me and my vision is realised of a little home in Virginia, I, too, will have an Aaraaf.

It was in Richmond that I first met Mrs. Canby's friend, Mary Crook, the wife of General George Crook, the famous fighter of the Indians, who stopped on her way East for a little visit, and before she left our life-long unbroken friendship was formed, although I did not see her again for many years.

"Where," said Rosewell Page, "shall we go first?"

"To the old Capitol," I said. "Let me refresh my eyes with its unforgotten stately beauty."

"All right," said Rosewell, "then we will spend an hour inside and take a look at the State Library."

The statue of Washington by Houdon, which occu-

pies the Rotunda of the State Capitol, is America's most precious possession. I love the way that Jefferson wrote to the Virginia Delegation of Congress after he had selected the sculptor—"He is the finest statuary of his age." Houdon was four months at Mount Vernon, from October, 1785, until January in 1786, consequently he had ample time and opportunity to study the face and physique of Washington, who treated with equal justice and courtesy both artist and statesman. He wrote in 1785 to a friend:

"In for a penny on for a pound" is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touch of the painter's pencil that I 'm now altogether at their beck, and sit "like patience on a monument," whilst they are delineating the lines on my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly but with less flouncing. Now, no dray horse moves more readily to the thills than I to the painter's chair.

The figure is life-size, dressed in the Continental uniform; the hair is worn in a queue, and the face is proud, noble, and full of benignity and sweet reasonableness. But the mouth has the same firm grip of a death trap that I have noticed in the mouth of Parnell, Napoleon, and General Grant, a sort of tight-shut finality of expression that means "no yielding here." The figure is beautifully proportioned, but the General was either slightly inclined to embonpoint, or the waistcoat was ill-fitting. This was probably the case, as he sent for his "cloaths" to a London tailor, who evidently had no exact measurement, as Washington wrote in 1763:

Take measure of a gentleman who wares well-made cloaths of the following size: to wit, six feet high and proportionable made—if anything, rather slender than thick for a person of that height, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next it shall be pointed out.

My Mammy used to say, Straight legs for a dandy, bowlegs for a cavalry man, and knock-knees for nothin'. The General's legs were not only those of a "dandy," but were exquisitely tapering and rounded. Many a chorus girl would envy such a perfection, and the breeches fitted his graceful legs without a wrinkle.

Facing the statue are the busts of two later Virginia soldiers, General Fitzhugh Lee and General J. E. B. Stuart, the musical soldier of the Confederate army. He had a beautiful voice, and Joe Swinney, one of his soldiers, used to go often to his tent and play on his banjo the accompaniment of "Way down upon the Suwanee River" and other popular Southern songs of the day. He loved in the twilight to sing "Lorena," "Juanita," "Maryland, My Maryland," and with his soldiers, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Rosewell wanted to show me the warming machine bought by Lord Bottetourt when Governor of Virginia, as a present to the House of Representatives. He died before it was finished, and it was finally sent to America by his son, the Duke of Beaufort. It was made in England by Buzalo, a famous stove maker with artistic ideals (for the lines are good and the stove is of fine proportions), who was evidently an Italian or of Italian extraction.

"Now," I said, "enough of the past for the moment.

Let us go and see Mr. Koiner, the Commissioner of Agriculture."

After our introduction, Mr. Koiner said: "I 've recently been in your country, Mrs. O'Connor, and found the English people most hospitable and eager to assist me."

"Is there," I said, "an opening for all classes of settlers in Virginia, and do you help and advise them?"

"Yes," said Mr. Koiner, "of course we do. Ask Mr. Page there his experience of us."

"I came one spring morning," said Rosewell, "at my wits' end to find a gardener, and asked Mr. Koiner if he knew of one. He said: 'I 've an Englishman who has been in the building only five minutes, perhaps he will do.' I interviewed him, and ten minutes later we had boarded a car for Beaver Dam and the man, a competent gardener and an excellent servant, has now been with me for four years. According to my Virginian upbringing I use the 'broad *A*,' and he said to me on my way to the country, 'I see you speak Henglish, sir.' And I think from that moment he approved of me."

"Yes," said Mr. Koiner, "we have plenty of room here in our land and in our hearts for the English."

"And why not?" said Rosewell. "Our good beginning was from the English, who settled Jamestown over three hundred years ago. The language of the whole American Republic is English, although we are accused by our English cousins of speaking Americanese. But, after all, the home of the English and Scotch is in Virginia. The names our heroes bear are English; a preponderance of our counties have English names: Portsmouth, Norfolk, Manchester, Charlottesville, Bristol, Sussex, Surrey, Stafford, Southampton, New

Kent County, King George County, King and Queen County, Isle of Wight County, Chesterfield County. This very city is named after Richmond-on-Thames, while General Lee's birthplace was Stratford in Westmoreland County."

"It 's all quite English," I said, "but of course, the brains, the statesmanship, the soldiery, and the military genius of the Scotch and English of the Old Dominion and their lineal descendants have made America the nation she is to-day."

Mr. Koiner smiled. "Are you a Virginian?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I am a Texan, but I have a claim upon Virginia, for my great-grandfather and my grandfather were Virginians. I see that Richmond has graciously named a street and a place 'Duval' in honour of my great-grandfather. But you, who have studied the question, tell me why Virginia offers the best opportunity for the English settler of to-day?"

"Well," said Mr. Koiner, "for the man who wants a mild climate and sunshine, Virginia gives the opportunity of going out every day in comfort, with none of the extremes of heat or cold that prevail in less favoured localities. Her geographical position destines her to become one of the richest states in the Union. Located midway between the North and the South, she escapes the cold winters of the North and the hot summers of the extreme South. And then her soils are so varied; they easily furnish blue grass and all other pasture grasses for cattle and sheep. We are now shipping direct from the pasture to England. Piedmont grows beautiful fruit, and Albemarle County and Patrick and a dozen other counties are famous for apples. Tobacco, peanuts, and cotton all grow in Middle Virginia."

"Don't forget, Mr. Koiner," said Rosewell, "the eastern boundary of the State where last year the truck farms made about fifteen million dollars. Corn, wheat, and oats grow, of course, almost anywhere in the State, and the Valley is now taking prizes in every county fair for its fine apples."

"And," said Mr. Koiner, "one great and inestimable advantage of Virginia is that the land is so well watered. No one thinks of fencing in a field without one or two springs. On the average, there are half a dozen or more springs on every square mile in Virginia. The Blue Ridge Mountains, running north and south through the entire State, bubble with mineral waters which have not even yet been fully developed."

Rosewell said: "I am something of a farmer and know that Virginia can grow almost every crop. Stock-raising is improving, and the breed of cattle and horses is finer every year. The long growing season and the kindness of the soil furnish natural grasses for the cattle and that is a great aid and benefit to the farmer."

I got up to go and Mr. Koiner followed us to the Farmers' Hall of Exhibits. Beautiful wax apples in glass cases, reproductions of the originals, were suspended from real branches. There were splendid pyramids of perfect corn, golden and wine-coloured. Specimens of giant peanuts. Monster sweet potatoes, huge wax canteloupes, and enormous watermelons weighing from thirty to fifty pounds.

Mr. Koiner said, pointing to some lovely fruit, "Now, is n't that branch of apples a work of art on the part of nature?"

I replied: "It is indeed; but give me the name of some particular Englishman who has succeeded in farming in Virginia."

"I will," said Mr. Koiner, "give you the names of two—Mr. James Bellwood, an Englishman in Chesterfield County, came here from Canada. He is one of the leading farmers of the State and owns three farms amounting to about two thousand acres. He keeps from eighty to a hundred head of dairy fowls, one of the best large herds in the State, and he is an energetic, wide-awake, public-spirited citizen and an authority on agriculture. He had a special yield of one hundred and sixty bushels of corn on one acre last year, and his entire crop from eighty acres yielded a hundred bushels per acre. Then there is Mr. O. D. Belding, a Scotchman, who owns a farm of twenty-five acres on the James River at Claremont. Five out of the twenty-five acres are waste land; three are kept in pasture, and the remaining seventeen are in constant cultivation. When Mr. Belding took this farm fifteen years ago, he was without means and was forced to 'hire out' a part of his first year to meet current expenses. What this little farm has produced is best shown by the buildings which he has erected from his profits. Wait a moment, and I will go back and get a list from my office."

"Just look," I said to Rosewell, "at that wonderful bird of the forest the wild turkey, in this case. He stands there with his head erect like an Indian warrior, and his perfect plumage is bronze in the high lights and black in the shadows, and the broad tips of his tail and wings are opaline, with a satiny sheen of orange, green, purple, and white. Is n't he a raving beauty?"

"You," said Rosewell, "are as enthusiastic about the wild turkey as Benjamin Franklin. You know he wanted him for our national bird instead of the eagle."

"If ever I have a home in Virginia," I said, "Mr. T. A. Green of Hemlock Hill Farm in Michigan has

promised me half-a-dozen turkeys. He has a famous breed, and one monarch, weighing seventy pounds, has travelled to various fairs in different States and taken all sorts of first prizes."

"This," said Mr. Koiner, returning, "is a list of what Mr. Belding has built from his profits":

An excellent and convenient house.
A large barn, well arranged for stock, grain, and hay.
Two good silos, one made of cement blocks.
A good potato cellar, with two-storey granary above it.
A good tool shed, automobile house, and a corn crib.
A large wood-house and a large coal-frame.

"He has also purchased the following machinery":

Ensilage cutter, 5 h. p. gasoline engine, small threshing machine.
Acme riding barrow, potato planter, cream separator.
Sulky plough, buggy, automobile, and other implements.

"He has made an average crop of six tons per acre in alfalfa, and his corn crop always averages one hundred bushels per acre and has gone as high as one hundred and fifty. This shows what can be done on a small Virginia farm."

"I should like," I said, "to meet Mr. Belding. Good-bye, and thank you for all your information."

"Here is a hand-book of Virginia," said Mr. Koiner. "Don't forget that we will give you a warm welcome if you settle among us, that the soil is kind, the people kinder, and that with a good manager you can prosper on a little farm near a market."

"Now," said Rosewell, "just take a peep in at the State library, where you will see a Caxton in good condition, bound in cowhide and horn. And there are

some portraits that will interest you. One is of Governor Alexander Spottswood, who led an exploring party beyond the Blue Ridge, mounted on the first horses shod in Virginia. On his return he dubbed them 'Knights of the golden horseshoes,' and presented each one with a horseshoe of gold as a memento of the expedition."

"Yes," I said, "and how charmingly Mary Johnstone uses that incident in *Audrey*."

Then we looked at the portraits of the Earl of Dunmore, Thomas Jefferson, and Rochambeau. I remembered seeing as a child an old portrait of Pocahontas, and I asked the custodian where it hung. He led us to it, saying, "Here she is in her court dress." But the costume, a brilliant jacket of silk and velvet, with a lace collar and a high hat, is for the morning. The picture was copied in 1891 by W. L. Shepherd, the original being in possession of the Reverend Whitwall Elwin, rector of a Boston parish, and a writer and editor of repute. He told Mr. Shepherd that no question as to the authenticity of the portrait had ever been raised. There is documentary proof of its having been in charge of that branch of the Rolfe connection since 1730. The physiological evidence is convincing; the high cheek bones, the nose with the broad base, the suggestion of the stolidity of her race, are conclusive proofs of its having been taken from life. The complexion is considerably lighter than that of the North American Indian as we know him, and the hands are much lighter in colour than the face. The picture records that she was "Ætatis May 27, 1616, Matoaks als Rebekkah, daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperor of Attanoughkomouk, als Virginia, converted and baptised in the Christian faith, and wife to the

Hon'll Mr. Thos. Rolfe—from the original of Boston Rectory, Norfolk, England." The Parish Register of Gravesend Church, England, has also this entry: "Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thos. Wrolfe Gen. a Virginia lady born; was buried in ye chancel." What a singular thing that the mistake should have been made, of calling her husband Thomas instead of John.

But in all the library nothing interested or touched me so much as a neatly-written, gracious letter of Poe's:

PHILADELPHIA, March 24, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:

With this letter I mail to your address a number of the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, containing a Prospectus of *The Stylus*, a Magazine which I design to commence on the first of July next, in connection with Mr. Thomas C. Clark, of this city.

My object in addressing you is to ascertain if the list of *The South: Lit: Messenger* is to be disposed of, and if so, upon what terms. We are anxious to purchase the list and unite it with that of *The Stylus* provided a suitable arrangement can be made. I shall be happy to hear from you upon the subject.

I hear *of* you occasionally, and most sincerely hope that you are doing well. Mrs. Clemm and Virginia desire to be remembered to our old acquaintances.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
EDGAR A. POE.

The handwriting is rather small, clear, steady, graceful, with no slightest indication of nervousness or hesitancy. I stood looking a long time at it, and Rosewell said, "Are you a student of Poe?"

"I cannot call myself a student of anything," I said, "but I love Poe. What a pity that he lived in the

wrong generation! He was one of those restless spirits, too eager to be born, of whom Maeterlinck gives us a glimpse. Southerners at that period lived intensely; they loved, they suffered, they were part of a romantic era, their lives were lives of self-sacrifice and self-control. A divorce was a rare thing. Their personal experiences and those of their neighbours satisfied their longing for romance. And Poe, with the impassioned pen of a divine genius to inspire his immortal imagination, came upon us too soon. If he had only lived now, we would have appreciated and enriched him. I once saw the old house in Stoke Newington where he went to school, and I have a beautiful portrait of him. Like his "gallant knight," I have often searched long and wearily for the "mountains of the Moon." Do you remember?

"Oh yes," said Rosewell, who remembers everything.

"Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of El Dorado.

"But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like El Dorado.

"And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of El Dorado?'

"'Over the mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,
'If you seek for El Dorado.'"

I said, "Over my heart truly there 's a shadow."

"Then," said Rosewell, "come to Beaver Dam and we will try to lift it."

"I will come," I said, "in September, when the leaves are turned to gold and scarlet."

"Now," he announced, "we must have some lunch, and afterwards we will go and see St. John's Church."

We lunched at the Westmoreland Club. I ordered soft shell crabs, and Rosewell bacon and greens.

"I suppose," I said, "you do it in honour of that delightful story by Bagby in *The Old Virginia Gentleman*. What a fascinating book his sketches have made, and so well set forth by the appreciative foreword of Tom Page."

St. John's Church, one of the oldest and most picturesque in Richmond, has the original pews with the high backs lowered. The irregular hinges wrought by hand, and the nails on the exterior of the church with brass heads half an inch broad, are ruggedly decorative. The church was finished in 1741, and later was enlarged. It was in this church, at the famous Convention of 1775, when war clouds were gathering for the Revolution, that Patrick Henry made his great speech ending with, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Not relying on my sieve-like memory, I said to Rosewell, "He *was* the gentleman who made that speech, was n't he?"

"He certainly was," said Rosewell, "and George Washington, Edmund Pendleton, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, known in history as 'Light Horse Harry,' and Edward Carrington, fired with patriotic enthusiasm, wildly applauded his passionate outburst."

"Did you," I said, "ever hear of the schoolmaster who gave for a subject of composition to his history class the name of Patrick Henry? One small boy, finishing before the others, handed in this effort: 'Patrick Henry was tall, with fair hair, blue eyes and straight legs, he had a loud voice and got married, then he said "Give me liberty or give me death!" ' "

"I hope," said Rosewell, "the small boy did n't grow up to prove his premises. But, sorry as I am, no more churches or sight-seeing for me to-day. A tree surgeon from the Agricultural Department is waiting for me at Beaver Dam. I 'll put you in a car for your hotel, and if you stay over to-morrow, let me know."

On my way to the Jefferson I read the *Handbook of Virginia*, with lovely pictures of country homes, fat sheep, and splendid Clydesdale draught horses, with great fringed feet, and whiskers on their noses; mounds of Albemarle pippins and acres of alfalfa (Captain Jack's three-hundred-acre alfalfa field in King George County sold for eighteen thousand dollars in 1909). Great fields of wide-leafed tobacco, and warehouses filled with it. And a farm with acres of ground covered with plump, snowy white ducks, from which sixty thousand ducks were sold in one year. I turned next to the letters, specimens of which I give as they stand.

The first is from a Scotchman:

In the short time I have been in Virginia, some of the impressions I have formed are of the great number of farms

empty. The low prices asked for them (low when compared to Scotland), the railway facilities for market produce, and the good water on almost all the farms I have been on. Potatoes, beans, peas, poultry, butter, find ready sale at good prices; all the crops grown at home can be grown here; Indian corn, tobacco, sweet potatoes, etc., in addition, and the residents with good schools and churches are very orderly and law-abiding.

W. McKie.

*Box 6, Pemplin City, Va.*

A second is from a Dane:

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimonial to the excellent climate and almost uniformly productiveness of Virginia soil. Being born and raised on a farm in Denmark, I determined to locate in America. After going through Canada, and many States of the Union, especially the Western and North-Western, I at last located in Virginia, where I have been domiciled some 38 years, and have, to this date, not regretted the choice I made. Too much cannot be said of the excellence of its climate, being neither too cold nor too warm; the soil being adaptable to almost anything that grows.

Wm. Holsts.

*Richmond, Va.*

A third is appreciative of Virginia:

Two years ago I came to Virginia for the purpose of finding out whether what I read about Virginia was true or not, before I moved my family, and I saw and heard enough to convince me that it was, so I returned to Canada and made a sale and came the year after, and we all liked it; the climate is delightful, the season to get one's work done is a long one, the land is as good as any I have worked or seen in Canada, if properly handled, and I was from the best farming and dairying section in Elgin County, Ontario,

and was doing well there; but I wanted a home where I could live in comfort with a warmer climate and do the same as I did in Canada, and I find I can do it here.

Yours, etc.,

J. E. MARTIN.

*Ashland, Va.*

A fourth is more than encouraging:

My farm comprises only twenty-four acres, and from this modest area must be excluded eight acres of intractable ravine, of which I make a limited use as pasture, my farming operations being devoted to the remaining sixteen acres which are under cultivation. The use of certain portions of this land for a second crop makes the annual ploughing area on an average, twenty acres. During the past year my book shows the following results:

| | |
|---|---|
| 300 bushels of Irish potatoes | $ 180.00 |
| 50 bushels of sweet potatoes | 25.00 |
| Beans and black peas | 25.00 |
| Early cabbage | 75.00 |
| Garden peas | 40.00 |
| Snap beans | 40.00 |
| Apples | 25.00 |
| Cider vinegar | 125.00 |
| Milk and butter from 4 cows | 210.00 |
| Live animals | 62.40 |
| Slaughtered animals | 25.00 |
| 1000 lbs. honey, 15 lbs. wax, from 11 hives | 82.40 |
| Surplus eggs | 7.40 |
| Surplus asparagus | 10.00 |
| Hay | 72.40 |
| Total | $1004.60 |

These sales were made after full provision for the support of three horses, four milch cows, and some smaller stock,

including calves, pigs, and chickens. The farm pays full tribute to the home table, and only surplus is sold. We have the usual garden space which supplies us with a variety of vegetables and fruits for home use, which are not included in the list of money crops. My expenses I compute at about $250.00 for labour, fertiliser, wheat, bran for cows, and for interest on original investment and taxes and insurance.

Farms such as the above can be bought now from $10.00 to $20.00 per acre in near vicinity to the railroad.

A thousand pounds of honey—how delicious it sounds! What industrious bees to make it! What acres of sweet flowers they must have robbed with all their humming industry! I think, after all, if I were choosing for myself, I should like to have a fruit farm; the joy would begin with the blossoms and the sunshine and the bees.

Apples [the *Handbook* says] may be said to be the principal fruit crop of the State. They are extensively grown, and there is a yearly increasing number of trees planted. In one of the Valley counties, a seventeen-year-old orchard of 1150 trees produced an apple crop which brought the owner $10,000. Another of fifty twenty-year-old trees brought $700. Mr. H. E. Vandeman, one of the best known horticulturists in the country says there is not in all North America a better place to plant orchards than in Virginia. "For rich apple soil, good flavour, and keeping qualities of the fruit, and nearness to the great markets of the East and Europe, your country is wonderfully favoured."

The trees attain a fine size and live to a good old age, and produce most abundantly. In Patrick County, there is a tree, nine feet five inches in circumference,

which has borne 110 bushels of apples at a single crop. And there are other trees which have borne even more. One farmer in Albemarle County has received more than $15,000 for a single crop of Albemarle pippins grown on twenty acres of land. This pippin is considered the most deliciously flavoured apple in the world. Sixty years ago, the Hon. Andrew Stevenson of Albemarle, when Ambassador from this country to England, presented a barrel of Albemarle pippins to Queen Victoria, and from that day to this it is said to be the favourite apple in the Royal Household. And land in Patrick County, where the giant apple tree has produced 110 bushels of apples, is sold from six to eight dollars an acre. Air, water, land, corn, fruit, home, contentment, all to be had for a song—and yet people are hungry and starving in congested cities all over the world. There is mismanagement somewhere. I should like to be a Commissioner of Immigration.

The day was not half over when I got back to the Jefferson Hotel, so I decided to do a little more sightseeing, and I asked the porter to direct me to the Confederate Museum. He said: "Walk down one block, then turn to the right and walk three blocks, turn to the left, go straight down Franklin Street, then cross over and walk a block and a half, turn to the left, and take the car to the museum." And I, with a hole in my head for locality!

As I stood helplessly and hopelessly on the steps, looking vaguely down the street, I noticed a gentleman standing in a very leisurely attitude. He had a charming, rather delicate face, a composite likeness of John Ridgely Carter, that clever diplomat, and Edgar Allan Poe. I quickly decided it was the face of a man who could unravel a tangled skein, so I said: "I beg your

pardon, but the porter here, who I should say would be excellent at riddles, has just given me these directions for the car which will take me to the Confederate Museum. He said: 'Walk down one block, then turn to the right and walk three blocks, turn to the left, go straight down Franklin Street, then cross over and walk a block and a half, and turn to the left.' Can you tell me whether, if I don't get lost, I shall eventually find that car?"

He took off his hat, listening with his head uncovered. Then he said, smiling: "I am going in that direction myself. If you will permit me I will show you the way."

We both started off, a little shy, although I think my grey hair gave him confidence in the situation (I know it did me) and I said: "I 'm disappointed that Rosewell Page is not with me. He had to go back to the country. The Agricultural Department is going to be at his place this afternoon, to fill holes in his trees."

"Oh," said the gentleman, "I know Rosewell Page, so I think I may introduce myself to you as Mr. Page's friend, James Dunn. We both went to the University of Virginia, although my term was later, but still I know him, as everybody in Virginia knows everybody else."

Then I introduced myself as Rosewell Page's other friend, and we were quite comfortable and chatty together. When the car appeared I asked, "Does the car go past the Museum, or do I get out and zigzag about until I find it?"

He said, "There *is* a corner, so I had better see you safely to the entrance.

When we arrived, I said, "This is not my Museum, it is yours. Is it my place to invite you in?"

And he replied, "If you do, of course I will come in," which he did.

This small Confederate Museum is the most intensely human, touching, and appealing reliquary in all the world; certainly it is to the people of the South, for there hangs in the big case General Lee's shabby grey coat, braided in gold, with three stars on the collar. It has such a look of friendliness about it, that I wanted to put my hand gently on the empty sleeve. Beside it hangs the little tin cup he carried with him all through the war, which surely gave a draught of comfort to more than one wounded and dying soldier. Many silver beakers were sent to him from various admirers, but in preference to them all, he carried the plain cup of the ordinary everyday private.

I said, "What a truly god-like man he was!"

"Yes," said Mr. Dunn:

"'Defeat but made him tower grandly high—
Sackcloth about him was transformed to gold
. . . . . .
The winds may rage, the frightened clouds be driven,
Like multitudinous banners, torn and tossed,
Retreating from some conflict lost.
But far beyond all shapes and sound of ill
That star—his soul—is shining calmly still,
The steadfast splendour in a stormy heaven.'"

Perhaps, after the relics of General Lee, the most romantic object in the Museum is a Florida flag, which floated over a regiment through the whole four years of that terrible war. It looks as if it might have been used by Galahad, or Percivale, or Launcelot. King Arthur himself would not have disdained so beautiful a banner. It is a very old, heavily embroidered, red crêpe shawl, the red being somehow of the most ominous hue, as though it had been dyed in blood. The

staff of the flag is a long ebony golden-headed cane, one of those used in the time of Marie Antoinette, and the beaten circles which attach the shawl to it are heavy, hand-made gold rings, carved by a local jeweller out of melted breast-pins, rings, and bracelets, given by the women of the Land of Flowers. Surely there is no flag in modern times like this ragged, bullet-pierced, blood-stained, embroidered bit of silk.

Another larger flag with the stars of the Confederacy and the broad red-and-white bars had furled itself in heavy folds around the staff, and seemed to be the veritable Conquered Banner of Father Ryan:

Furl that Banner, for 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 't is hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there 's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! Furl it sadly,
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should for ever wave;

Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever
Till that flag should float for ever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! For the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it droop there, furled for ever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

Now a younger generation have grown up, hopeful, prosperous, and forgiving, and the "Conquered Banner" is but to them a cherished poem.

In another case there was a big wax doll, with china blue eyes, which originally must have been a beauty, but her hair is very thin now and all the paint on her face has been kissed away by appreciative adorers. A little tag pinned on her stiffly starched calico sleeve states that she was sent from Leamington, England, to a Virginia child in 1863 and that many children at this time had never seen a doll and they were brought miles to gaze longingly upon this celebrated English beauty.

When we left the Museum Mr. Dunn proposed that we should take tea with his sister-in-law, the wife of Dr. Dunn, and at the same time I could see West's pictures of Shelley. Mrs. Dunn, a very charming woman, was luckily at home, and received me most kindly, and her brother-in-law, the Virginia gentleman —and a true gentleman can always rely upon his judgment and instinct—was quite equal to the occasion. With authority he presented me as "My friend, Mrs. O'Connor," and though I wanted to laugh at his daring, from that moment we *were* friends.

A link between the old world and the new is an authentic portrait of Shelley which hangs on the drawing-room wall of a house in Richmond, together with the sketch from life which in the first place inspired the portrait. The canvas used is only eight by nine inches in size. The portrait was painted by Edward West, at that time a young, handsome artist himself, and was evidently executed in spontaneous admiration. The full, soft, brown hair is pushed back from a high, intellectual forehead, the eyebrows are well marked, and the brilliant blue eyes, expressive of youthful hope and an ardent temperament, are beautifully set in the head. The face, a pure, long oval, with a delicate nose, tenderly moulded mouth, and strong chin, is that of a man in the

very heyday of his youth—happy and probably full of enjoyment of his new, but ill-fated sailing boat, that "perfect plaything for the summer," which, like many perfect playthings, produced a sad tragedy.

The Shelleys and their friends the Williams were living at Lerice, while Byron was at Montenero, where West was painting his portrait. Shelley, who probably sailed over from Lerice, appeared one afternoon, and Byron, all cordiality, seated him facing West's easel, and the three remained in interesting conversation for more than an hour. During a momentary rest from Byron's picture, West was so impressed by Shelley's radiant personality that he slyly made an accurate sketch of him. When Byron saw it, he thought it an excellent likeness, and West then and there determined to use the sketch for a portrait, which he subsequently did. The artist said: "Never have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness; its benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness as one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements."

Subsequently, on the first of July, Leigh Hunt, Byron, Shelley, and West spent some days together at Pisa. Here it is most probable that the artist began the portrait. The original pencil sketch is made on a fine quality of drawing-paper seven inches by eight, and this is the inscription: "Sketch of Percy B. Shelley by William West, taken at Villa Rossa, near Leghorn, in 1822, and thought by Byron to be a good likeness."

West was a quiet, modest man, a lover of poetry and a true artist. Shelley's joyous youth and wonderful personality had made an indelible impression upon him. He never tried to dispose of the portrait, and at his death it was left to a member of his family, and is

now, with his fine picture of *Judith*, owned by Dr. Dunn.

When we left the house and resumed our pleasant walk, my new friend said to me:

"Of course it was n't only to show you West's picture that I carried you off to my brother's house. I wanted you to see the sponsors for my respectability."

"And what," I said, "of my sponsors? They are all far away."

He replied gallantly, "You are a lady. You need none."

Could Lord Chesterfield have done better than this modern young Virginia gentleman?

It is strange how such a thing happened to me, being generally impervious to chills, but I developed a severe cold in Richmond, which cut short my visit and sent me to Washington to Bee. In the midst of my eloquent description of Mr. Dunn she asked, "You did n't just speak to him on the hotel steps?"

"Yes," I said, "I did. You see, if you are a grandmother, and the man 's a gentleman, it 's perfectly permissible. No woman knows true joy and independence until she 's a grandmother! I wish I had been the mother of many children and grandchildren. But, after all, adopted daughters are quite satisfactory. I have hurried from Richmond just to have you take care of me."

Bee, with the beautiful look in her eyes, said, "You know I 'll do that, Swizzlegigs."

## CHAPTER XXV

### A BRAVE LADY

"She is dead, you say, master?"
"Yes."
"And did you know her?"
"I knew her well. She had the face of a primrose, the heart of a child, the love of a woman, and the loyalty of a man."

ALTHOUGH Becky Sharp plays her part so entrancingly in *Vanity Fair* that she overshadows every other character in the book, except, perhaps, poor Rawdon Crawley, the scene between Mrs. O'Dowd and the Major the night before the battle of Waterloo is not easily forgotten.

"I 'd like ye to wake me about half-an-hour before the assembly beats," the major said to his lady. "Call me at half-past one, Peggy dear, and see me things is ready. Maybe I 'll not come back to breakfast, Mrs. O'D." With which words, which signified his opinion that the regiment would march the next morning, the Major ceased talking and fell asleep.

Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, arrayed in curl papers and a camisole, felt that her duty was to act and not to sleep at this juncture. "Time enough for that," she said, "when Mick 's gone." And so she packed his travelling valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his hat, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him, and stowed away in the coat pockets a light

package of portable refreshments, and a wicker covered flask or pocket pistol, containing near a pint of a remarkably sound Cognac brandy of which she and the Major approved very much; and as soon as the hands of "the repaythers" pointed to half-past one, and its interior arrangements (it had a tone quite equal to a cathaydral, its fair owner considered) knelled forth that fatal hour, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her Major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any maid that morning in Brussels. . . . The consequence was, that the Major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sat on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted her when the regiment marched by the balcony on which this brave woman stood and waved them a cheer as they passed; and I daresay it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of female delicacy and propriety, that she refrained from leading the gallant —th personally into action,

History repeats itself. The mould is altered but never broken. Mrs. Crook, like Mrs. O'Dowd, was a brave soldier, and she, too, could have led the —th into action. To the bravery and powers of endurance of a man, she united the generosity, the quick tenderness, and the self-abnegating love of the woman. She married General Crook at seventeen. After an ideal honeymoon, he was sent to San Francisco and was stationed in California in the Indian country, where it was quite impossible for his young wife to accompany him. But for these six months of enforced separation, Mrs. Crook spent her whole life in the army at her husband's side. She literally buckled on his sword every morning and unbuckled it every night. If they were stationed in the barren plains of Arizona or New

Mexico, with only canned food to eat for the entire summer and boiled water to drink, Mrs. Crook never thought of going East. What General Crook could endure she endured cheerfully, uncomplainingly, and bravely until death parted them. And next to her husband she loved the army, having the good name, the courage, and the honour of the regiment quite as much, if not more, at heart than he had. There was no pretty, flighty, or imprudent young woman who ever went to Mrs. Crook for protection or help without getting it, and it was given with a generosity that even few men possess. She kept husbands and wives together by her devoted example in never leaving her own husband, and the camp, wherever it might be, was her home, the regiment her child.

When they were stationed in Chicago an order came from the War Department ordering General Crook to transfer all the Indians from the reservations in Illinois to the Indian territory, now the State of Oklahoma. The order was unnecessary, for they were industrious, prosperous, inoffensive, law-abiding, quiet citizens. Notwithstanding the fact that he was a celebrated Indian fighter, General Crook, curiously enough, liked the Indian, understood him, and was, above all, just to him. He said to Mrs. Crook: "Mary, the latest order from the War Department is going to take me out of the army."

Her heart stood still with fear, but she said, "Why, George, you can't leave the army, you don't know anything else. You are a good soldier, but you could n't make a dollar a day at any other profession to save your life."

General Crook said: "Nevertheless I am going to resign. I can fight the Indian, but I can't take ad-

vantage of him. I have never done a cowardly thing that I can remember, or one directly against my conscience. If I do this, I should be lowered in my own estimation, so I am going to send in my resignation."

She said: "Why can't you write to the War Department and protest?"

"No," he said, "I can't do that. I am a soldier and the War Department issues orders for its soldiers to obey. That is the first thing in a soldier's code—obedience. I could n't possibly write to the War Department. The only manly thing for me to do is to resign."

She rejoined, "The only mad thing for you to do is to resign. George, think of our leaving the regiment! It is not to be contemplated for a moment."

"That is just what is going to happen," he said.

"Can't anything be done?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "what about that God of yours that you are always telling me is so just and merciful? Where are your prayers?"

Mrs. Crook looked at him for a moment and said, "Do you realise, my dear, that you have been my god for so many years that I don't know whether I have a right to pray to the other one whom I loved and trusted as a child? And, now, you are going to do something to break my heart."

He said, "You should be more familiar with your Bible. Don't you know it says, 'Put not your faith in Princes,' and adds—to cover the whole ground—'nor in any man'?"

She said, "I have always remembered about the Princes."

"Well," said General Crook, "I am the other fellow, and I am going to resign."

"No," she said, "I will make one last effort. Have

the carriage ready, and I will go to every clergyman in Chicago and beg of him to preach a sermon on the injustice of the Indians being removed to the Indian territory."

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Crook, with her eloquence, her great heart, and her emotional appeal, had so wrought upon the feelings of the clergy that they thundered forth from the pulpit heartfelt condemnations against the contemplated injustice of the government. The order from the War Department was rescinded and Mrs. Crook saved a gallant soldier to the army.

She had the misfortune to outlive her husband, and her widowhood was one of the saddest things on earth. If she could have remained Colonel of the regiment it would not have been so empty, but to be bereft of George and the regiment too, that was indeed supreme loneliness. She wandered about America, and even got as far as Europe, trying to forget, but only learned to endure.

One afternoon Mrs. Labouchere was giving a party at Old Palace Yard. There was a distinguished concert first, with Patti as a "bright particular star," and afterwards strawberries and cream. It was early in June, before the London frocks had time to lose their pristine freshness. Everybody looked their best, and it was a very gay and charming scene. Mrs. Harter particularly attracted Mrs. Crook. Her hair, exquisitely dressed, was surmounted by a tricorne hat with a bunch of white feathers; she wore a thin, gauzy gown bespangled with soft pink roses, a pink sash, and beautiful old ornaments of pearls and diamonds. She was a charming figure as she stood there, neat, trim, dainty, fashionable, and complete.

When we got out into the street and walked slowly up to St. James's Park and sat down on a bench, Mrs. Crook gave a long sigh and said, "Oh, Betty, I am longing 'for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.' To-day I do so badly want to see my dear old George. You know, all this civilisation is extremely interesting and artificially charming, but it is only the slight veneer of reality. What do these women, with their silver tissues, flower-wreathed hats, wrinkled gloves, high-heeled shoes, and pretty little artificial manners, know of the big things of life or of the heart? They have had nothing to waken it, and the years have gone so smoothly with them that not a line has been written upon their faces. I don't know why in that white and rose drawing-room among those gaily dressed people, memory should have taken me back more than thirty years to a tragic experience. Perhaps it was the law of contrast."

"Tell me, dear Mrs. Crook," I said, "what happened?"

"When George and I were married," she said, "it was with the understanding that I should stay in Baltimore with my family until he could send for me, that is, until he was stationed at a post where a woman could live in safety. I don't say comfortably, because in those days there was precious little comfort in the army. Well, I waited for six months, and there was no prospect of such a post, so, without letting him know I travelled to San Francisco alone, and wrote to him to say I was there and ready to join the army. Of course, a girl of eighteen could not be left in that gay city by herself, and he really did not want to send me home again, so there was nothing to be done but come for me. He asked for an escort, and they gave him a very small

one, and we had to travel right through the heart of the Indian country to get to the post. The old sergeant took stock of me and said, 'Mrs. Crook, you look as if you were going to be a permanent recruit, now if you want to be real comfortable you had better put on a blue flannel shirt, boy's trousers, a soft hat, and ride astraddle.' So I did, and George thought I was the sweetest boy on earth. The third day out, I think it was, a terrible look came over the face of the sergeant. We were just behind a grove of scrub oaks, for we tried to get out of the danger of the open whenever we could. By peering through the foliage, away to the left, we saw about two hundred Indians, and from the dim outline of the upstanding feathers on the heads of the braves, evidently they were on the war-path. My husband called a sudden halt, and quickly pulled my horse close against his, with a face like the face of the dead. He put his arm round me, opened the collar of my flannel shirt, placed the muzzle of his pistol against my heart, and said, 'If we are discovered, dear, it must be. Better this than an Indian!' We stood so for ten mortal minutes, with the cold steel chilling my warm flesh. Once, when an Indian chief lifted his head, sniffed the air, and looked round, it seemed as if even the horses understood and became as rigid as stone. With the disappearance of the last Indian, my husband dropped in a dead faint. The sergeant was just in time to catch his pistol. When George came round and opened his eyes, he said, 'My God, I am ten years older, Mary!' These are the moments, Betty, that weld a man and a woman together and give them one soul. Half of me is dead. Tell me how to make the other half live until I find George." And, strong and well and vigorous as she was, it was not long before their meeting came.

Buffalo Bill had his show in London that spring. He had been a scout for General Crook, and he wanted to do honour to his wife, so he placed a box at her disposal and gave a large luncheon to a party of army people and other distinguished men and women then in town. Mrs. Crook asked me to sit in her box, and we found it draped with the American flag, and bunches of roses, tied with the national colours, were waiting for us. Colonel Cody had asked us particularly to be in time for the entrance of the procession. We did n't know that an unexpected honour had been prepared for Mrs. Crook. The colour-bearer and the company of American soldiers, the Indians following behind, the cowboys, and all the rest of the procession, galloped straight up to the box and made the military salute to the distinguished lady sitting within it.

Mrs. Crook divined what was going to happen, and seized my hand, saying, "Oh, Betty, a reminder of the past! God bless the army!"

I added, "And our flag!"

"Your flag and my flag, and how it flies to-day
In your land and my land, and half a world away,
Rose-red and blood-red, its stripes for ever gleam,
Snow-white and soul-white, the good forefathers' dream,
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars that shine aright,
The gloried guidon of the day and refuge through the night."

I wonder if there is anything in all the world that stirs the blood so much as the sight of Old Glory in another land. It is not seen as often as it should be, for we no longer send down ships to the sea, and I have often felt lonely in a foreign port for the sight of that banner spangled with stars.

Mrs. Crook said, as Colonel Cody rode out, "Look at Bill. Is n't he a gallant figure? I never see him without remembering that furious, single hand-to-hand duel of his in the Black Hills country after Custer's tragic battle, which did not leave one man alive. When Colonel Merritt marched against eight hundred Sioux Buffalo Bill and a number of picked men were sent in advance on scout service. They met two couriers hotly pursued by Indians, and in protecting them a fight began, in the midst of it the Indians suddenly fell back in serried ranks, while a great chief wearing a war crown of black and white feathers, his face painted in a hideous mask of black and scarlet, hate and vengeance flashing from his eyes, rode forward, crying hoarsely to Buffalo Bill, 'Death to you, Pa-has-ka, or death to me!' And the armies waited, while at a distance of fifty yards those two brave men fought. The Indian's horse fell wounded. At the same moment Buffalo Bill's mare stumbled and threw him, but in a second they were both on their feet and, at a distance of twenty yards, fired again. Bill's hat tilted to one side—a bullet had gone through it; but the Indian fell forward, shot through the heart. The duel over, Colonel Merritt ordered the army to charge. Bill, with the Indian's top-knot held aloft, rode ahead, his eyes blazing with victory, shouting 'The first scalp for Custer!'"

I said, "He ought to make that a feature of the show."

At the luncheon I asked Mrs. Crook what had become of M—— of the —th Cavalry. She said, "He 's all right. He was your first suitor, was n't he?"

"Yes," I replied, "the very first, and I have never forgotten him."

She said, "You might have done worse than marry M—— He 's a good fellow, although once he would

have got into a lot of trouble if it had n't been for me."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "a pretty, flirty, foolish, harmless, reckless young married woman was seen, or was said to have been seen, coming out of his quarters. (He is a bachelor yet, by the way.) I saw that we were going to have a big army scandal, with two officers fighting a duel and a woman's reputation ruined, and I just could n't have it, so at any cost I had to prove an alibi for this indiscreet young woman."

"Did you do it?" I asked.

Mrs. Crook's eyes twinkled. "Of course I did," she said. "By the strangest good-luck the lady was in *my* quarters, and I could answer for her. Naturally, the word of the wife of the Colonel of the regiment had to be accepted."

I said, "If you said she was with you she was."

"Well," said Mrs. Crook, "if she was n't she ought to have been."

I held up my glass. "Mrs. Crook, I have always said you were a soldier, an officer, and a gentleman."

Buffalo Bill stood up. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that is a good toast. I ask you to drink to Mrs. Crook, a gallant soldier, an officer, a gentleman, and a true and loyal *woman!*"

And we drank that toast, wishing there were more of her generous kind in the world.

Mrs. Crook continued, "I said to General Crook, 'George, I suppose you know I 've been obliged to tell a very white lie. What would you have done?' He said, 'I don't know; I never told a lie in my life.' I said, 'You never told a lie in your life?' He said, 'No, I don't remember ever to have told a lie. Sometimes I

have remained silent, sometimes I have evaded a question, but I don't remember ever to have directly lied.' Then I said to him, 'George Crook, would n't you lie for a woman?' He said, 'I don't know, I have never had to do it.' Still I persevered, 'Would n't you if you had to?' He said, 'Mary, I would n't *like* to do it.' 'Then,' I said, 'if you are not prepared to lie, don't ever fall in love with any woman but me.' And he never did."

I think in all her life Mrs. Crook never had but one rival, a little baby cousin of mine. While they were stationed in Arizona and the weather was at its very worst, Colonel Cyrus Roberts's wife became the mother of twin girls. One of them died, and the other who lived was an extremely delicate little child. When she was a woman of three she developed a wild adoration of General Crook. If Mrs. Crook patted him on the shoulder or smoothed his hair, she would fly at her like a jealous fairy virago, and her devotion to him never ceased until they left the post.

Her elder brother, Charlie Roberts, a boy of five, had seen the nurse coming to the house the day the babies were born with a large basket, and he dated their arrival from that basket. The poor little things were so cross, cried so continually, and required so much attention, that his poor little nose was completely out of joint. One day when the remaining baby was about four months old, the nurse appeared carrying the same basket. Charlie, without a word, rushed over to Mrs. Crook's quarters, saying, "I 'm going to live here. I 'm never going back any more to my mother and father, 'cause we 've got twins again. The nurse brought 'em in her basket. I did n't see 'em, but I know they 're there, and I won't live in a house with any

more twins." And it was only when he was assured of the emptiness of the basket that he could be prevailed upon to go home.

After Mrs. Crook returned to America she wrote to me from time to time, long, affectionate letters, and sent me several cookery books, for she was an excellent housekeeper, could make a tasty dish out of nothing, and was anxious for me to follow in her footsteps, believing, as they say in England, that you should "feed the brute," and do it artfully and well.

But in spite of her seemingly practical interest in the world, her heart was broken, and without any particular illness she died. It was a very poignant regret to me that she could not witness her own funeral, for she had a love of pomp and circumstance and a very keen sense of gratitude for manifest affection. The day she was buried was golden with sunshine, a large gathering of people followed the brave soldier to her last rest, and there was an opulent luxuriance of flowers which would have gladdened her appreciative spirit. Her coffin was hidden in them, and carriage after carriage followed the hearse heaped with wreaths and crosses and hearts and pillows, and then quite small bunches of flowers from humbler friends, who had loved her and had received her sympathy and optimistic help. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, it rested on the hearts of thousands of beautiful roses, and each flower contained love and regret for one who had given so much love and loyalty to the world.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### MY HEALING SOUTH

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy:
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventures and a crown.
My heart will keep the courage of the quest
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

MY Utopian idea was to spend the summer in Washington, and yet I had a warning of what the weather was to be when the Thomas Nelson Pages gave a dinner to Chief Justice and Mrs. Lamar. The thermometer stood at,—well anything. The asphalt streets, having absorbed the heat, gave it out in large purgatorial waves, but with the windows all open, the dinner-table a long bed of cool, white and pink sweet-peas, a few blocks of ice and electric fans, to forget the weather was within the range of possibility. But we —the Pages, that boyish, popular woman, Belle Hagner, Rosewell, and I—wondered how, if the heat continued, we would survive Alfred Thom's party arranged to start the next evening for Gettysburg.

The sun next morning rose like a brazen copper shield. The heat never abated during the day, but neither did our courage. Mrs. Page provided us with a dozen palm-leaf fans, guidebooks, and literature appropriate



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to the occasion, and after dinner we drove to the station and entered a special car for Baltimore.

I had never been in one before and found it surprisingly comfortable. There were real bedrooms, with brass beds and proper furniture; a long observation room furnished in green, with luxurious chairs; and a fine dining-room with a kitchen adjoining, where a negro chef prepared frequent and tempting meals. Alfred Thom is a Virginian, a successful and brilliant lawyer, and the sort of man socially whom his hostess places at a dinner party next the woman she wants to be happy. We had not long finished dining, but like the little boy who when asked if he was hungry replied, "No, but, thank God, I 'm greedy," we did justice to the supper of planked shad, soft-shell crabs, hot rolls, salad, and coffee which was served about nine o'clock.

I, like the streets of Washington, was so thoroughly baked that when we got out of the car at Baltimore there seemed no abatement in the temperature to me. But Florence Page has quick susceptibilities. She sniffed the air with her little nose, and said, "A change in the weather; it 's cooler." And so it proved to be. The next morning was sunless, the sky a pearl grey, and the day an ideal one for our expedition. Charles Scribner and David Peyton had joined us at Baltimore, and a quick run brought us to Gettysburg, a pretty little clean village, which has its memories of the war. But we were too impatient to tarry there. A large char-à-banc, with a couple of strong horses, conveyed us to the great battle-field, and we got out at any point which specially interested us.

Tom Page, with field-glasses, was keenly observant. The battle-field contained vital interest to him, as he was at the moment finishing his life of General Lee. The

guide had a stentorian voice, a steady flow of words, and such a rhythmical way of speaking that, although discoursing of battle and sudden death, he had rather a stultifying effect. I, at least, only heard from time to time the beginning or the end of lengthy descriptions.

He said: "The men who fought on the field of Gettysburg were among the bravest that ever faced the cannon's mouth. Not even Napoleon's Old Guard was more courageous than Longstreet's column as they marched across the fatal field to be shot and mangled by the murderous fire of the Union batteries. And Lee's men stood as firmly on the crest of Cemetery Ridge, as Wellington's battalions at the battle of Waterloo. Fifty years have passed since the Sixteenth Battle of the world was fought, but the daring deeds and desperate courage of the brave soldiers who lost and won that mighty contest will go sounding down through all the ages. In the spring of 1863, General Lee, emboldened by his many successes, determined to move his army into the North. The capital of Pennsylvania, used for organising and equipping troops, was the first objective point. Washington, the capital of the nation, was the second. And Gettysburg was felt to be the decisive battle of the war, for across the sea foreign powers waited to aid the South if they saw success ahead of her." (Success can always get help, failure never, no matter how righteous the cause.)

"Freedom and Independence were visible to the eyes of the Confederate soldiers, when those inspiring words were blotted out by rivers of blood. Lee moved the main part of his army to Gettysburg by the Cumberland Valley—" the guide droned on. And then my imagination took flight and a battle appeared before

me full of action and horror. I seemed to hear General Howard issuing an order to Colonel Biddle.

"Extend the line to the south!"

"Keep the enemy from flanking on the left!"

The Colonel gallops on his beautiful sorrel, well in front of his guns, his aide keeping close to his side. A shell whistles between them and swerves to the left. God! how steadily a headless man can ride! The aide drops from his mare, she gives a whinnying scream, staggers, and falls. A second shell has ploughed its way deep into her side. The Colonel scarcely pauses in his gallop, but hoarsely calls to his men:

"Move forward!—For—ward!"

"Guns to the front! Guns to the front!"

Look, the peak of his cap hangs down, his face is blue and bruised. He has been struck—no, it is only powder, from an empty shell.

"Battery gallop!" he orders.

The Federal troops behind him are being mowed down like corn; sharpshooters are in their rear; the Bucktail brigade, Biddle remembers, is new, and this is work for the soldier of experience. Eight guns are now galloping over the rough ground. A slow, vicious, chilling hiss, and a big shell flies along, explodes not a foot away from his horse, a piece of iron darts up in the air in front of him; his eyelashes are singed, he rides now in a cap without a visor. A long grey line to the left pours a steady, murderous fire. His men are confused; they are being killed, not singly, but in sixes and tens, making little mounds of piteous, bleeding humanity.

"Fire! Fire!" The guns roar, but when the smoke clears away only one gunner is left. A broad sheet of red flame comes unceasingly from the line of grey.

"God in Heaven! Is it all artillery?"

Colonel Roy Stone shouts above the wild conflicting roar:

"Charge Bucktails!"

And the Bucktails charge after their Colonel, stand the fire, and are mowed down, leaving big gaps, made by Pegram's batteries. Smoke, shot, shells, wounded and dying are clogging the way, but on they go with a rush, Roy Stone always ahead, his loud voice cheering and encouraging:

"Bravo Bucktails!"

Suddenly he gives a long, dull, smothered scream; his teeth clench tightly together. Blood gushes like a fountain from his limp body, and from a great hole in the shoulder of his wounded horse, dyeing the grass a vivid scarlet. He will lead the diminishing number of Bucktails no more.

Brave Wister takes his place, shouting hoarsely:

"Don't lose courage, boys! On to the cannon, capture the cannon!"

His next order no one can hear, for Hell has set up her orchestra of horrid sounds to madden men and turn them into bloodthirsty tigers. They are getting closer to the enemy, the long grey line, and losing, losing every minute. Wister looks to the right and yells:

"Hold your ground! For God's sake, no surrender!"

The wavering line of blue steadies; the heaving guns are drawn forward, crunching over bodies still warm, and fire—fire—until smoke comes forth from without as well as within the cannon.

"The sponge! The sponge!"

The gunner uses it, drops it, and fires with blistered hands. Men are running now everywhere. The heat of the day, the constant firing, the hot earth ploughed

up by shells, makes them pant like dogs. They move brokenly backwards and forwards.

Colonel Wister, his cap gone, his hair stiffened by powder, his eyes blazing, opens his mouth to shout an order. God in Heaven! He has no tongue to give it with. A bullet has cut through his mouth like a sabre and ploughed its way down his throat. He is stifled with blood and falls heavily across his horse, which a moment later crashes down with its front legs broken and bleeding. The men falter, wheel, and turn. At last the order has been given, "Fall back! Fall back!"

But one man, a colour sergeant, young, passionate, defiant, stands as if turned to stone, while the battalions double-quick by him. He is left alone, holding high the flag with one hand, the other clenched towards the enemy; but he falls quickly, shot through the heart, with his face buried in the stars, and his life blood turning the white stripes to crimson.

Colonel Fremantle, a British officer on the staff of Lee, said, "My God, what a pity to kill such a brave Yankee!"

Then I found myself looking over a green field more than a mile long, with nothing, not even a tree, to break the fire that mowed down Pickett's division. Yet Fate had one moment of mercy on that day, as, on his black war horse, a shining mark for bullets, followed by the men who, imbued with his iron nerve, marched to certain death, General Pickett, through all that murderous battle, was spared.

But, gallant soldier as he was—and George Pickett is one of my heroes,—I like best to remember him on the day when he first met his beautiful wife.

"Almost from babyhood," she says, "I knew and

loved him, and from the first time I ever spoke to him until the end, I always called him, 'Soldier,—my soldier.' I was a wee bit of a girl at that first meeting. I had been visiting my grandmother, when whooping-cough broke out in the neighbourhood, and she took me off to Old Point Comfort to visit her friend, Mrs. Boykin, the sister of John Y. Mason. I could dance and sing and play games, and was made much of by the other children and their parents there, till I suddenly developed the cough. Then, I was shunned and isolated.

"I could not understand the change. I would press my face against the ball-room window-panes, and watch them merry-making inside, until my little heart would almost break. One morning, while playing alone on the beach, I saw an officer lying on the sand under an umbrella, reading. I had noticed him several times, always apart from the others. I could imagine but one reason for his desolation, and in pity for him and desire to comfort him, I crept under his umbrella to ask if he, too, had whooping-cough. He smiled, and answered, 'No.' But as I still persisted, he drew me to him, telling me that he had lost his wife and little girl and was very lonely. I asked their names. They had both been called Sally.

"'You can call me Sally,' I suggested, 'I 'll be your wife and little girl.'

"'That 's a promise,' he replied, 'you shall be named Sally and shall be my wife.'

"My soldier took a little ring from his watch-guard and put it on my finger and gave me a tiny heart-shape locket with 'Sally' engraved on one side, and I crept from under the umbrella pledged to Lieutenant George E. Pickett of the United States Army for life and death.

He claimed my promise later, and I still hold most sacred the little locket and the ring."

The guide's dull monotone reached my ears: "Pickett's brave Virginians emerged from the wood with their guns to the right shoulder shift, marching shoulder to shoulder, not a man out of step but as steadily as though on dress parade. When they were half-way across the field, all the guns drawn up along the Union lines concentrated their fire on the unwavering grey column, mowing great gaps in their ranks. But on they came, keeping steady step, time after time closing up the gaps, not firing a shot, but unflinchingly pressing on and on across the field of death, with undaunted faces turned towards that rain of shot and shell, as if they had been facing a summer shower. . . .

"General Armistead had reached the stone wall. He replied to Cushing by saying to his men, 'Boys, give them cold steel!' With his cap on the point of his sword, he leaped the stone wall, followed by hundreds of his men, and had reached thirty odd paces within the Union lines when he fell wounded, near the body of Cushing. Then came the hand-to-hand conflict which had lasted only a few minutes when they were obliged to throw down their arms and surrender. Pickett's division had been almost annihilated. Those who fought along the stone wall at the Bloody Angle surviving to-day can testify that they could walk from the stone wall to beyond the Emmettsburg Road, a great distance, over the dead bodies of Pickett's men."

They made the noblest carpet of grey and red that Fate ever laid upon this green earth. In a little village between the Emmettsburg Road and beyond the stone wall, over six hundred of Pickett's men were afterwards buried, and out of the fifteen field officers of his division,

only a single one escaped unhurt. Pickett's men did all that mortal men could do; they could do no more. And oh, the pity of it all! The heart-break of it all! Men who saw it say, "I never saw, and I never expect to see, so superhumanly grand a sight as Pickett's fearless men when they crossed the field of death."

How I ached as we drove back to our car! My heart, my head, my very soul ached with the memories of that great and terrible battle. I stayed by Rosewell Page, who is that rare combination, a witty man and a Christian gentleman (for piety is too often serious; I once saw an advertisement in an English paper—"Wanted, a lady companion, a Christian; cheerful if possible"), and I begged him to give me comfort, for I do not believe in war and am enrolled among that honoured body who fight for the universal peace of the world.

In spite of the overpowering heat I remained in Washington until the 18th of July, a regretable stay when my time might have been spent at the Warm Springs, where the atmosphere of the old romantic South—of my long vanished childhood—still lingers. Invalids came as early as 1800 to the Warm Springs, and it is quite possible that even Queen Elizabeth may have heard of their existence, for all these healing waters in Virginia were known and used by the Indians before America was discovered.

As early as 1814 there was evidently a sort of Inn and general Exchange. The old account books of that date are filled with well-known English and Scotch names—Cameron, McClintock, Campbell, McGuffin, Page, Byrd, Wallace, Berkley, Sitlington, Hamilton, Warwick, and Brockenbrough.

The accounts of William Hunter Cavendish, a brother of the Duke of Devonshire, show that the

gentleman lived well and had a large establishment, as he bought a hundred and seventy-six pounds of beef at —lucky man!—threepence a pound:

The Honourable Wm. Cavendish, Esq.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buy | 56 Venison | @3d. | 14 |
| Buy | 2 Pigs | @6/- | 12. |
| Buy | 176 Beef | @3d. | 44. |
| Buy | 1 Bear Skin | @10/- | 10. |
| | | | £4. |

George Washington, who was not only a devoted husband, but a model son-in-law and step-father, brought his family over the mountain in 1796 for the benefit of the health of little Patsy Custis, and camped at Warm Springs, hoping that the healing waters would cure Patsy. Probably there was a large party, as he had invited his brother-in-law, Colonel Bassett, and his whole family, which meant wife, children, servants, and horses, to join him and wrote, "You will have occasion to provide nothing if I can be advised of your intentions so that I may provide accordingly."

Doubtless then, as now, there was a pool, and this kind, warm, sulphur water flowed at the present rate of twelve hundred gallons a minute. The open-air life must have been exhilarating and health giving, as the visitors lived in strong tents pitched underneath the trees of the primeval forest. Certainly George Washington enjoyed his stay. He wrote to a friend:

I think, with you, that the life of a husbandman is the most delectable. It is honourable, it is amusing, and, with judicious management, it is profitable. To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty

of the labourer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed.

And the Washingtons in 1911 are still faithful to the Warm Springs. Maria Washington Tucker, an unpretentious, simple, friendly lady, the daughter of George Washington's nephew, Augustine, and wife of Bishop Beverly Tucker of Virginia, the happy mother of thirteen children, has been with her husband and some members of her family at the Warm Springs this summer.

By 1820, the Warm Springs had become a fashionable resort. The arrivals and departures of half the well-known families of the South are recorded in the mottled-backed, musty, brown-leaved old registers. On August 7, 1818, ten years after he had been President, Thomas Jefferson arrived there with one servant and two horses. He always maintained republican simplicity of life, although his house, "Monticello," near Charlottesville, was modelled after an Italian palace. I don't understand how the Clerk of the Registers confined himself to merely writing, "Thomas Jefferson, two horses and one servant." He should have added: "This great man, a former President of the United States, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the father of the Virginia University, an intelligent lover of architecture who made the design for the Capitol of Richmond, the University, and his own beautiful house, looked well, and was modest and simple in his demeanour. He spoke to his friends among the guests with gracious dignity. After the long journey, his body servant unpacked his carpet-bag and made him comfortable. He likes the baths and will remain some days or a week." Jefferson must have been an

abstemious man, for there is neither whiskey, brandy, nor gin charged to his account.

Alexander Hamilton arrived at the Springs on March 10, 1800, with one horse and no servant. He must have loved the Warm Springs, or perhaps Mrs. Hamilton and the children were spending the summer there, and he could never remain long away from his beloved eldest daughter, who, young, gifted, and beautiful, lost her reason and never recovered it at the time of his tragic death. For he visited the Springs again in May, June, and July and made frequent visits in the following summer also.

In July, 1820, Austin Brockenborough arrived with his "ladye," his daughter, three servants, and two horses. Probably the place, then as now, was already celebrated for "mint juleps," for Mr. Brockenborough had several charged to his account each day. On July 5, 1820, Craven Peyton, "ladye," daughter, two servants, and two horses arrived. They were cousins of the Duvals, my mother's family, and lived in Richmond. On August 1st came James Chesnut from South Carolina with his "ladye," six children, five servants, and eight horses. He drank ale, port, and brandy and in a few days his bill amounted to four hundred and twenty dollars. The Chesnuts were rich and evidently lived well. John L. Barnwell arrived from Charleston on September 16, 1820, with "daughter and son, three servants, and seven horses." The Barnwells were apparently a clean family, for they favoured the laundress in their week's stay with seventy-one pieces of clothing, "to be washed and clear starched." Also, the father and son drank a good deal of porter (what a strange fancy for a summer drink!) and Madeira, and smoked many cigars.

Charles L. Francisco evidently ordered many things through the Warm Springs Company, for his accounts are long, complicated, and extensive. He built and lived at the beautiful place a mile from the hotel called "The Oaks" which is rather a misnomer, as the house looks like an Italian villa.

The present hotel, built not later than 1820, is in the English style of architecture with the addition of a noble pillared balcony. It stands in extensive wooded grounds with grass as green as that of Windsor Park. Already the beautiful maples are turning scarlet and gold, for this sweet valley is three thousand feet and more above the sea, and the nights, cool throughout the summer, are almost frosty in October.

Mrs. Eubank, a tall, dignified, handsome lady, came here from South Carolina to spend the summer many years ago. She met Colonel Eubank, a fine, dashing widower, and he followed her back to her mother's plantations and there she married him. Mr. McGuire, president of the Corcoran Art Gallery, who, with his wife, has spent thirty summers here, told me that Colonel Eubank was the very soul of open-hearted hospitality. He heard him enquire of a Professor who was leaving the next day, "Why are you going away so soon?" The Professor hesitated a moment, and said, "The fact is, I cannot afford to stay any longer." And Colonel Eubank answered, "It will give me the greatest pleasure to have you remain another fortnight as my guest." The spirit pervading the house was that of kindliness, obligation, and protection to the people under his roof, and to his employees, and it remains so still.

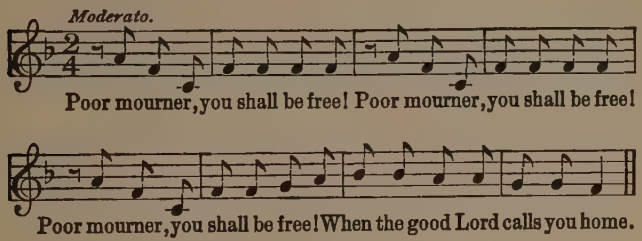
After his death Mrs. Eubank assumed the responsibility of the hotel, her lifelong friends and servants

making it comparatively easy for her. The head-waiter, a courtly black gentleman, with flowing, Dundreary side-whiskers, has been here twenty-nine years. One of the cooks who lately died of old age had been here forty years. The old watchman, who walked about the place all through the night, swinging his old-fashioned lantern, and who often stopped by my wakeful window to give me a word of sympathy and ask, "When in de name of sense is you gwine to sleep?" had been here forty-five years. He, too, died in September. The negroes know they have not only an understanding mistress but a friend in Mrs. Eubank, and they return again and again, imbued with the feeling of coming home.

The fine white ballroom has been the scene of more than one jollification for them this summer. There was a splendid cake-walk, the darkies all in fanciful and gay attire, with several big frosted white cakes as awards for the best dancers at the end of it. John Carter, the chief cook, a really talented comedian, was Master of Ceremonies. Later there was a midsummer wedding with my maid Constance as the bride, wearing a white silk dress and a tulle veil so voluminous that it looked like a Norwegian waterfall near Christiania called "Bride of the Mist." The clergyman stood in an arch of white flowers with a bell suspended from the centre. The groom and the bride, kneeling on hassocks in front of him, were married according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church and every detail was quite *comme il faut.* Afterwards they danced in the lower room of a house with a ballroom and a piano which is used entirely for the entertainment of the servants.

But the concert of the waiters and chambermaids was by far the most interesting of their entertainments.

They gave a number of characteristic part-songs in wonderful rhythm, with hands and feet and body in swaying movement and expressive gestures, keeping perfect time. The songs were all negro words and melodies. Some of them were even improvisations. They received many encores and John Carter, at my request, gave "Poor Mourner You Shall be Free." William, who brings my breakfast in the morning, wrote the music.


Moderato.
Poor mourner, you shall be free! Poor mourner, you shall be free!
Poor mourner, you shall be free! When the good Lord calls you home.

"I got a gal, she 's just the card,
She works over in the white folks' yard,
She cooks de chicken, she saves me de wing,
She thinks I 'm workin' when I don't do a thing.

*1st Chorus*: Swing easy, you shall be free,
On pork chops greasy, you shall be free,
Ain't I teasin', you shall be free,
When de good Lord calls you home.

Every night at half pas' eight,
I go marchin' to de white folks' gate,
When I get there I take a stand,
Get my meals out de white folks' pan.

*2d Chorus*: Ain't I foolin', you shall be free,
Ain't I foolin', you shall be free,
Ain't I foolin,' you shall be free,
When de good Lord calls you home.

My old mistus, she promised me
Befo' she died, she was gwine to set me free,
She lived so long, till her head got bald,
I thought the poor old lady would n't die at all.

*3d Chorus*: Poor mourner, you shall be free,
Poor mourner, you shall be free,
Poor mourner, you shall be free,
When de good Lord calls you home.

See dat nigger layin' behind dat log,
Hand on a trigger and his eye on a hog,
De gun went bang, the hog fell blip!
De nigger jumped on him with all his grip.

*4th Chorus*: He loves his pork chop, you shall be free,
He loves his middlin's, you shall be free,
He loves his chitlin's, you shall be free,
When de good Lord calls you home.

Bake dem biscuit, bake 'em brown,
Turn dem flapjacks roun' and roun',
Shake dat feather bed and shake it light,
'Cause Ole Marse Johnson's gwine to spen' de night.

*5th Chorus*: In his slumber, you shall be free,
A sleepin' easy, you shall be free,
A sleepin' easy, you shall be free,
When de good Lord calls you home.

The negroes here are usually from Charlottesville and are very often employed in the University of Virginia, or in the houses of the Professors there. They are thoroughly respectable servants with excellent manners and untemptable honesty, for, living in a little cottage, I have left money, jewellery, and clothes in unlocked drawers, and have lost nothing all the summer, which is

more than I can say for the white servants in New York hotels who never fail to appropriate a few of my belongings (alas, my tiger's whisker!) whenever I visit that rapacious and ruthless city. Faithfulness is indeed the fashion of the Warm Springs; it is in the very atmosphere of the place.

"Have you been at Warm Springs before?" "No," you say, "have you?" "Oh yes," the lady answers sweetly, but with a superior and patronising air; "we have spent twenty summers here." Another says, "This is our twenty-fifth summer." Some one else meekly remarks, "We have only been here thirteen summers." No one would have the hardihood to mention four or six summers. Why announce yourself as a vulgar newcomer? When you see a girl dive like a blue or a pink arrow, according to the colour of her brief bathing-dress, and swim fifty feet under water across the pool, you may be sure her first experience was as a baby when her black nurse held her in her arms and let her see all the pretty ladies swim, her young mother among them. Now her mamma, not quite so young, sits and crotchets on the balcony, while the daughter swims.

Louise Gibson, a strawberry and cream goddess, is eighteen, and she has spent just eighteen summers here. Her grandmother probably came at about the same age. She still comes with her son, George Gibson, the father of Louise, an accomplished musician and a man of many parts. His tall, graceful wife, in her gardening gloves and wide hat, always suggests to me "Elizabeth and her German Garden." She is a picturesque conversationalist, and without any effort is a vivid maker of word pictures. How I have begged her to write a book and call it "The Worship of Ancestors," for she be-

gan her married life as a young bride with a household consisting of her mother-in-law, an elderly cousin of her mother-in-law (now eighty-eight), a nurse of her husband's (now ninety-two), and Charlotte, an old negro cook, who belonged originally to her husband's grandmother. Old Charlotte's young mistress once said politely and appealingly to her, "Don't roast the beef so much, Charlotte; we like it rare." Charlotte looked very determined and said, "Dead Mrs. Gibson liked her meat well done." And well done it was always served, until Charlotte, very unwillingly, died. Mrs. George Gibson is still young and handsome, but she says the elderly cousin has now entirely forgotten the difference between their ages. "Do you remember," she asks her, "when the Indians were camped just outside Baltimore?" And one day she complained of the want of gallantry among men; "no one ever comes to serenade Sara."

"Fancy," said Mrs. George, "on our broad street, a constant thoroughfare for traffic, a young man standing under Sara's window on a moonlight night, tuning up a guitar and beginning,

'From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire—'

Honk! Honk! from a motor—

'And the winds are left behind
With the speed of my desire—'

Ping! Ping! from a street car, Ping! r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—ur as it curves round the corner—

'I love thee, I love but thee
With a love that cannot—'

Rumble, rumble, rumble from a truck waggon—

'die.
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old—'

Ping! Ping! 'Hurry up,' from the car conductor, 'Gee! but you 're slow.' Ping!

'And the leaves
Of the Judgment Book unfold.'

Honk! Honk! 'Cheer up. Come along' (from the conductor of the car).

"No," said Mrs. George, "the horn of the motor has killed the twang of the guitar, but Eighty-eight happily lives in the past of serenades and does n't even realise the present of electricity."

In the South, Duty is a thing still in observance and the impossible is made possible through the power of that almost obsolete word. This summer a young Judge used to sit on the balcony with his two mothers-in-law, two sets of children, and one wife. After the death of his first wife, his mother-in-law came to live with him and take care of his children. He married again, an only daughter, and her mother could n't live alone, so she too joined the family circle. Then came more babies and there they all were, quite united and happy together.

This is, indeed, a dear old-fashioned place. The people, the habits, the customs are all of the antebellum South. "Aunt Fanny," a sprightly black lady of seventy-five years' slim alertness, with great dignity and self-respect, and reserved manners, has had charge of the bath for thirty-five years. A party of Northern people, gay young men and women from the Hot

Springs, drove over to see the place, and going into ecstasies over the great pool they said, "How delightful it would be to have a swimming party here. Could we," they asked Aunt Fanny, "arrange something of the kind?" Aunt Fanny was shocked, looked severe, and said, "Ef you-all is all kin folks maybe you might go in togedder." Her modesty created great mirth in the party, to whom, nevertheless, she could have given lessons in dignity and reticence.

I slip out of Hollyhock Row, where I live, at twilight, and run down in my kimono to the bath after closing hours, but Aunt Fanny extends her clemency to a working woman, and I swim oftentimes for an hour round and round in the soft, warm, velvety water, in that magic pool, sometimes floating on my back and looking up through the open dome at the big brilliant stars with the beautiful constellation of Lyra in the centre. Once a little owl flew in, circled round and round, looked at me with his big eyes, and flew out again. At half-past seven exactly a familiar, delicious perfume floats in, the smoke of Virginia tobacco from a corn-cob pipe. My Mammy, oh, so long ago, smoked a corn-cob pipe every evening in her cabin, and I say softly to myself, "I am in my Beloved South, in Virginia." The water is very warm, the stars are very near. I shall have hot rolls, fresh butter, quince jelly, and "crumbs of comfort" for my supper.

Edmonia Francisco, not the fancy name but the real one of a beautiful girl, with blue eyes and eyebrows of so entrancing a shape that they must, in an idle moment, have been drawn by Cupid, is typewriting my book. She has borrowed a buggy for to-morrow and is going to drive me through Dunn's Gap and afterwards I am to sup with her and eat generous ears

of "Country Gentleman," a brand of corn which I can highly recommend. As I come up from my bath, surely I must be a child again, for a very sweet, little young voice is singing to the accompaniment of a guitar:

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun 's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been,
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh.
Oh, the sun can never dip so low
As down affection's cloudless sky.

"A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat high, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months, 't was flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

"We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well.
But then, 't is past, the years have gone,
I 'll not call up their shadowy forms,
I 'll say to them, 'Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's perilous storms.'

"It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is the eternal past;
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast;
There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part—
'T is dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 't is heart to heart."

"Lorena," "Juanita," and "Kathleen O'Moore," are the first songs I remember. They belonged to the repertoire of my mother and my aunt, Florida Howard.

As George Gibson left the supper room he stopped for a moment at my table. Looking at a dove-coloured bit of brocade fastened with crystal buttons, I said, "What a smart waistcoat!"

"My grandfather wore it at the coronation of Queen Victoria," he said, "when he was visiting his cousin, Lord Macaulay."

"Good gracious! And you speak of it," I said, "as if you had bought it at Wanamaker's! I think you should put it in a glass case. Where are the rest of the clothes your grandfather wore?"

"My grandfather, to his credit," he said, "was more impressed with the beautiful voice of the young Queen than by his own attire."

"Maybe," I said, "Fanny Kemble was seated by your grandfather. She was a splendid elocutionist herself, and wrote:

"The Queen's voice was exquisite; nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than the 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose gaze

was riveted upon that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

After my long swim I had a good night's sleep which was lucky, for next morning Thomas Underwood Dudley woke me rather early. He is familiarly known by his initials as "Tud" and is an unusually silent, fascinating, haughty black spaniel. He lives in the picturesque cottage opposite mine, where his popular mistress, Mrs. Woodward, dispenses true Kentucky hospitality.

If any one is depressed or down, one of her mint juleps changes the entire complexion of the world to *couleur de rose*. "Tud," finding some delightful mysterious thing in the grass, had put aside his usual aristocratic indifference for excited sniffles and barks. I was glad to get up and was fresh for work in the morning and my drive with Edmonia in the afternoon.

In spite of her occasional fancy flights in typing, I can say to this charming girl:

Thou wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway 'part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Being nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

What an entrancing drive we had in the goldenest of afternoons, through the close greenery of Dunn's Gap,

with brown waterfalls tumbling over great banks of ferns, and everywhere bushes of rhododendron and laurel. Bluebirds darted across the road and the voice of the thrush was heard far away in the woods, and as he sang his song, the meadowlark answered him with sweet neighbourliness in clear flute-like notes. The goldfinch, who is afraid of nothing, cocked his head on one side and made an impudent remark as we passed by. Where the sun penetrated through the dense foliage and induced the goldenrod to blossom, it seemed weighed down with drifting autumn leaves, but presently the leaves rose, opened, and butterflies flew away, disclosing beneath the pale brown an undersurface in rich mottlings of grey and orange. In wonderful contrast there were black velvet butterflies, very large and languidly lazy, which, when disturbed as they hovered over some flower, obligingly rose slowly above our heads, that we might see the glittering blue and silver lining of their wings.

Sometimes we met cows being driven home by a negro woman who would call to them, "Soo-kee, So-o-o-kee, Soo-cow," and once a young cow came along looking archly astonished as if to say, "I did n't know you wanted me," then stopped again to snatch mouthfuls of grass before entering the cow-shed to be milked. One solitary redbird in a little tree of silver poplar called, "What-cheer! What-cheer!" as we drove along, and we saw a few late groups of that charming windflower, the anemone, white and pink and purple. Back in the woods a little patch of harebells grew, and lower down, in a protected hollow, were bleeding-hearts and adder's-tongue, closely guarded by the clasp of their furry silvery leaves. Farther along, near a maple tree, the top scarlet, the centre green, with golden under

branches, bloomed belated Dutchman's-breeches, and the sweet purple daisy, "farewell-summer," for summer going all too quick, had already begun to crowd and push and jostle the other flowers.

When we left the Gap and followed the open road, the wonderful waves of towering mountains as far as the eye could reach were bathing themselves in blue, violet, and purple shadows, and where a delicate mist had floated over a hill it was the soft colour of palest lavender. The sunset was splendidly gorgeous, as mountain sunsets so often are. The sky, a deep transparent sapphire blue, was smeared with masses of torn, flame-coloured clouds like long fiery streamers, stretching across it to the east. And in the west, a translucent lake of ruddiest gold was flecked with thick, rugged little clouds of deepest purple. Below this line flowed a river of clear, vivid aquamarine, and long waterfalls of purest gold descended from the high dome centre, flanked by great clouds which, like saffron ships, scudded away to the north. A splendid, glowing, flaming riot of colour, full of richness and soul-satisfying beauty, thrilled the world.

Let the world roll blindly on!
Give me shadow, give me sun,
And a perfumed eve as this is,
Let me lie,
Dreamfully,
When the last quick sunbeams shiver,
Spears of light athwart the river,
And a breeze, which seems the sigh
Of a fairy floating by,
Coyly kisses
Tender leaf and feather grasses,

Yet, so soft its breathing passes,
These tall ferns, just glimmering o'er me,
Bending goldenly before me,
Hardly quiver.
I have done with worldly scheming,
Mocking show and hollow seeming!
Let me lie
Idly here,
Lapped in lulling waves of air,
Facing full the shadowy sky.
Fame!—the very sound is dreary!
Shut, O soul! thine eyelids weary,
For all Nature's voices say,
' 'T is the close—the close of day.'
Thought and grief have had their sway;
Now sleep bares her balmy breast,
Whispering low
(Low as moonset tides that flow
Up still beaches far away;
While, from out the lucid West,
Flutelike winds of murmurous breath
Sink to tender-panting death),
'On my bosom take thy rest
(Care and grief have had their day!);
'T is the hour for dreaming,
Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming!'

At nine o'clock as I enter the hotel grounds and walk towards the little white cottage which in the last three months has grown like home to me, I look to the right and see the friendly lights of a larger grey cottage, nestling against the side of a hill almost in the arms of three protecting trees. On the balcony is a big stone jar filled with great branches of scarlet autumn leaves, and inside is the familiar sound of a typewriter. It is

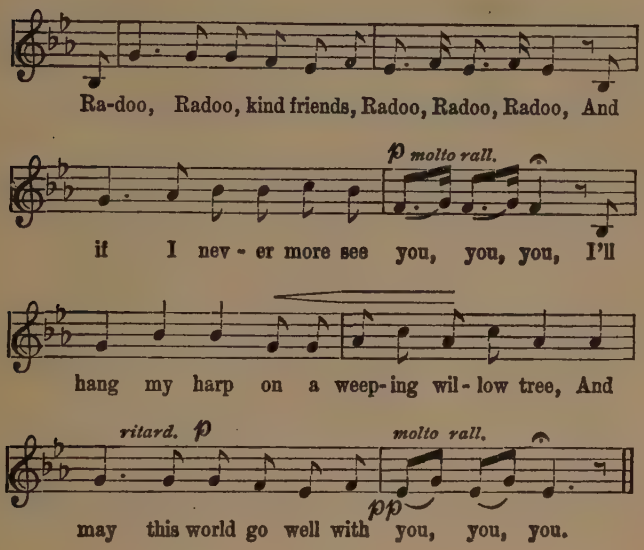
gifted Mary Johnston giving little taps and bringing forth big ideas, for she is busily at work on her second great battle book, *Cease Firing*. I have had what I hoped for, the four blessed seasons of the year in my beloved South; the soft and friendly winter, the early spring, when all nature breaks into bud and blossom. What joy it has been to go once more into the woods and to hunt for the faint pink shy arbutus, and to see May's starry crown. First the little, soft, many-leaved dandelion, the orange disk that Henry Ward Beecher said was the most democratic flower in the world, for it blossoms in every land; and the pale early primroses, and golden crocuses and fragrant narcissus, the tender jonquil, the marigold and daffodil—they have all bloomed in their sweet time, for spring loves to pattern her green carpet with these delicate shades of yellow.

And I have had the summer which has brought back the sight of many sweet and longed-for friends—the early oleander, the crêpe-myrtle, the jessamine, the silver bells, the pink mimosa—and I 've listened for the whisper of the snow-white fringe-tree and the rustle of the leaves of the aspen. I have seen the flash of the redbird and heard his sweet song, and have waited in the dusk of the evening for the myriads of fireflies to dart upward like fairy lighthouses, and the glowworm to make his path of fire through the warm, scented grass. I have heard the frogs sing their mellow midsummer chorus, and the mockingbird his full-throated, passionate, midnight love-song. And I 've listened for the big horned owl, far away in the deep cool wood, to give his long hoot and awaken the whippoorwill to his plaintive note, and I have looked up once again into the penetrable sky of a Southern night and found regal Corona, splendid Sagittarius, proud Scorpio, and the beautiful

clear-eyed Virgo shining with friendly nearness, and in the depths of the heavens that mysterious luminous radiance, as if battalions of unseen stars were approaching with silver footsteps to make themselves visible.

I have waited for the Indian summer, and seen the crimson sun slowly, softly, regretfully dying into the west, the deep purple twilight shadows giving warm-hued foliage ruddier tints, and the mildness of the season inducing a little delicate grain to peer out from the rich ground. The far-away mountain tops are brilliant with a reticent rose light, and the shadows are tenderer, softer, bluer than in the first days of spring. The tall poplars, the linden trees, the drooping willow, the birch, the lowly pine, the maple, and the laurel are all turned to gold, scarlet, and a deeper toned green. The grape vine, the sassafras, the Virginia creeper mingle green and crimson together, the beautiful bunches of coral berries of the bittersweet are daily growing a mellower red, and deep in the woods the exquisite fairy-like Indian-pipe is heavy with great bunches of shining pearls mounted on waxlike stems. The ash and the sumach blaze, and the wind has a different voice from the spring. It is sadder but tenderer, yet wild and melancholy. The days are still full of an amber radiance; the Indian summer is but a glorification of autumn —the sun's jubilee before the winter begins. The nights are flooded with moonlight, and when the moon sinks to rest the heavens are like a sapphire chalice set in silver stars. The still evenings hold a late breath of summer, and the South—my South—has brought healing to my spirit. Hope speaks to me again. I can laugh. The sudden glory is mine that temporarily blots out all

sad memories. And in my journeyings to and fro in the world it shall never again be a long farewell to my beloved land but only:


Ra-doo, Radoo, kind friends, Radoo, Radoo, Radoo, And
p molto rall.
if I nev - er more see you, you, you, I'll
hang my harp on a weep-ing wil - low tree, And
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